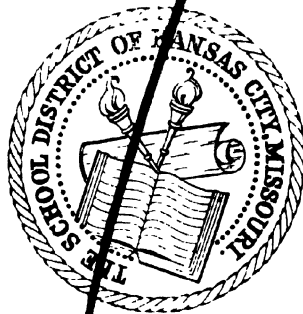


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THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE

*Celebrations for Patriotic
Days*

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By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

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INTRODUCTION

Realizing that some readers consider any introduction an impertinent superfluity, I will try to be telegraphically brief.

The present series has been planned to complete and bring down to date the twenty-one volumes of OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS, and PLAYS FOR OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS. Except for occasions not covered by the first series, most of the plays, poems, stories, essays, articles, games, projects, exercises, activities, etc., which are provided here for each celebration, are of more recent date than the corresponding volume of the standard set. In THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE will be found some of the best work of such authors as Eleanor Farjeon, Rose Fyleman, A. E. Housman, Vachel Lindsay, Alfred Noyes, Walter De la Mare, John Masefield, Leonora Speyer, and Sara Teasdale—all written too recently for inclusion in the parent series.

There is a large proportion of easily staged-and-acted plays, pageants, masques, dances, and tableaux. These have nearly all been planned with an eye to economical production. Most of them have been written specially for these volumes. Much material has been provided for the use of teachers, and of children of all ages.

Together with its two parent series, I trust that THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE will provide a practical and down-to-the-minute library of holiday literature for everybody.

R. H. S.

CONTENTS

CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

PLAYS

	PAGE
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST CASE <i>Delle Oglesbee Ross</i>	3
LINCOLN FINDS A WAY <i>Ivy Bolton</i>	16
MOONLIGHT <i>Mary Stewart Sheldon</i>	24

POEMS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT <i>Vachel Lindsay</i>	37
TOM LINCOLN'S SON <i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	38
AT GETTYSBURG <i>Thomas Curtis Clark</i>	39
ABRAHAM ANN <i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i>	39
A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN <i>Witter Bynner</i>	40
KENTUCKY CABIN <i>Velma West Sykes</i>	41
AUTOBIOGRAPHY: LINCOLN <i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	42
FEBRUARY TWELVE <i>Sara F. Hills</i>	42

STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES

STORIES ABOUT ABRAHAM LINCOLN <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	45
---	----

ESSAYS

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A HERO <i>Ernest J. Chave</i>	47
OLD ABE <i>John E. Boos</i>	53

CELEBRATIONS FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

PLAYS

A LOYAL DESERTER <i>Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg</i>	63
THE POST HAS COME <i>Lettie C. VanDerveer</i>	69

POEMS

LINES AT THE HOME OF MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON <i>Leigh Hanes</i>	77
--	----

	PAGE
MISTRESS CARY'S CARRIAGE	<i>Mary Sinton Leitch</i> 78
A WORD ABOUT WASHINGTON	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i> 81
GEORGE WASHINGTON RIDES	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i> 82
PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON	<i>Robert Haven Schauffler</i> 83
WASHINGTON CROSSES THE DELAWARE	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> 88
FEBRUARY TWENTY-TWO	<i>Sara F. Hills</i> 89
BORN TO THE SADDLE	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i> 89
PELTERS OF PYRAMIDS	<i>Richard Hengist Horne</i> 90

STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY	<i>Alice Thompson Paine</i> 93
GEORGE WASHINGTON	<i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i> 95

AN ESSAY AND AN ANECDOTE

WASHINGTON AS SOLDIER AND STATESMAN	<i>Clifford Smythe</i> 97
A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON	<i>Anonymous</i> 102

A PROBLEM AND AN ACTIVITY

A WASHINGTON PROBLEM	<i>Lillian B. Turrell</i> 105
A FEBRUARY SAND TABLE	<i>Edythe A. Finkelstein</i> 106

CELEBRATIONS FOR MEMORIAL DAY

PLAYS

"SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT"	<i>Olive Price</i> 111
LEST WE FORGET	<i>Ethel Blair Jordan</i> 121
MEMORIAL DAY PARADE	<i>Lettie C. VanDerveer</i> 129

POEMS

ABOVE THE BATTLE'S FRONT	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i> 135
"O HAPPY MOURNERS—"	<i>Josephine Johnson</i> 135
1887	<i>A. E. Housman</i> 136
LAMENT IN WAR	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i> 137
FROM BEYOND	<i>Lucia Trent</i> 138
THE SOLDIER	<i>Humbert Wolfe</i> 139
AT ARLINGTON	<i>Thomas Curtis Clark</i> 140

CONTENTS

xiii

PAGE

MORE THAN FLOWERS WE HAVE BROUGHT	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	141
DECORATION DAY	<i>Irene Wilde</i>	141
THE VOLUNTEER	<i>Herbert Asquith</i>	142
MEMORIAL	<i>Paul H. Oehser</i>	142
WHO GOES THERE?	<i>Thomas Curtis Clark</i>	143
TO THEM THAT MOURN	<i>Gilbert K. Chesterton</i>	144
DAY OF MEMORY	<i>Irene Wilde</i>	145
AFTER THE WAR	<i>Richard Le Gallienne</i>	145
MAN'S DAYS	<i>Eden Phillpotts</i>	146
CHILDREN OF EARTH	<i>Josephine Johnson</i>	147
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	148
UNLEARNED LESSON	<i>Dorothy Brown Thompson</i>	150

A PRAYER

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRITUAL UNION OF MANKIND	<i>Harry Emerson Fosdick</i>	151
---	------------------------------	-----

*

A PROGRAM

SCHOOL PROGRAM FOR MEMORIAL DAY	<i>Prepared by Community Drama Service</i>	153
---------------------------------	--	-----

CELEBRATIONS FOR FLAG DAY

PLAYS

WHICH FLAG?	<i>Elbridge S. Lyon</i>	161
STARS, YOURS AND MINE	<i>Lettie C. VanDerveer</i>	168
THE BIRTH OF A SONG	<i>Donald Sellers Klopp</i>	173
VOICE OF THE FLAG	<i>Alpha T. Brady</i>	189

POEMS

BETSY ROSS	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	193
A TOAST TO THE FLAG	<i>John Daly</i>	194
IS OUR FLAG STILL THERE?	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i>	195
OPPORTUNITY	<i>Edward Rowland Sill</i>	195
FLAG SONG	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	196
ONWARD, AMERICA	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i>	197
A MASCOT	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	198
OUR FLAG	<i>Mary Howliston</i>	199

STORIES

	PAGE
THE FLAG-MAKERS	<i>Franklin K. Lane</i> 201
THE MAGIC FLAG	<i>Alice Thompson Paine</i> 203

EXERCISES AND A DRILL

THE UNITED STATES FLAG	<i>Mary S. Hitchcock</i> 209
WHEN THE FLAG GOES BY	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i> 210
GOOD SCOUTS	<i>Harriette Wilbur Porter</i> 211

ACTIVITIES, A GAME, AND A LESSON

A FLAG DISPLAY	<i>Edith Maxine Kelly</i> 215
FLAGS IN THE SCHOOLROOM	<i>Edith Hunter</i> 215
TEACHING CHILDREN TO DRAW THE FLAG	<i>Mary B. Grubb</i> 216
FLAGS AND CAPITALS	<i>Lucile Simmons</i> 217
A LESSON FOR FLAG DAY	<i>Juanita Cunningham</i> 217

CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

PLAYS

SONG OF THE FREE	<i>Olive Price</i> 223
A FOURTH ON BENNINGTON LANDS	<i>Ivy Bolton</i> 240
TUMULT IN THE CITY	<i>Lettie C. VanDerveer</i> 252
THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i> 256
INDEPENDENCE DAY	<i>Eleanor Hubbard</i> 268

POEMS

PRINCETON	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 271
FOURTH OF JULY	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i> 273
HERITAGE	<i>Dorothy Brown Thompson</i> 273
PROCESSIONAL	<i>James Stanton Park</i> 275
NATIONAL SONG	<i>William Henry Venable</i> 275
THE STATUE OF LIBERTY	<i>Arthur Upson</i> 277

ESSAYS

WORK FOR A SANE FOURTH	<i>Alfred E. Smith</i> 279
WE CELEBRATE FOURTH OF JULY	<i>Clara Savage Littledale</i> 281
THE SIXTH OF JULY	<i>Clifford P. Morehouse</i> 284

CONTENTS

xv

CELEBRATIONS FOR ARMISTICE DAY

PLAYS AND A PAGEANT

	PAGE
IN THE EMPEROR'S GARDEN	<i>Marion Holbrook</i> 291
THE ROBBER	<i>Grace H. Swift</i> 300
PEACE PAGEANT	<i>Hazel Carter Maxon</i> 309

POEMS

WAR	<i>Dana Burnet</i> 315
THE ILLUSION OF WAR	<i>Richard Le Gallienne</i> 316
WAR TIME	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i> 317
FARRAGUT	<i>William Tuckey Meredith</i> 317
DULCE ET DECORUM EST	<i>Wilfred Owen</i> 319
HIT	<i>Robert Haven Schauffler</i> 320
"THIS IS NOT THE TIME"	<i>MacFlecknoe</i> 324
ARMISTICE MIRACLE	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i> 325
VICTORY BELLS	<i>Grace Hazard Conkling</i> 325
ARMISTICE DAY	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i> 326
FIRST ARMISTICE ANNIVERSARY	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i> 327
THE GODS OF WAR	<i>George Russell (A. E.)</i> 328
YOUNG MAN DEATH	<i>Margaret Lathrop Law</i> 330
THE ENGLISH GRAVES	<i>Gilbert K. Chesterton</i> 330
VIOLET FOR A STONE	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i> 331
PSALM FORTY-SIX	<i>Translated by Robert Haven Schauffler</i> 332
A WORD	<i>Gilbert K. Chesterton</i> 333
LET US HAVE PEACE	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i> 335
TWO SONNETS FOR ETERNAL ARMISTICE (1931)	<i>Ernest Hartsock</i> 336
IN SALUTATION TO THE ETERNAL PEACE	<i>Sarojini Naidu</i> 337
WAR RELICS	<i>Tertius Van Dyke</i> 337
FROM SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE FALL OF 1914	<i>George Edward Woodberry</i> 338
BROTHERHOOD	<i>Edwin Markham</i> 340
THE UNBORN OF YOUR DEAD	<i>Maxwell W. Allen</i> 340
AFTER ARMISTICE DAY	<i>Isabel Fiske Conant</i> 341
NEW EARTH	<i>Carrie Ward Lyon</i> 342
GOD'S-EYE VIEW	<i>Robert Haven Schauffler</i> 342

AN EDITORIAL AND A SKETCH

THE LAST ARMISTICE AND ITS LESSONS FOR THE NEXT ONE	<i>William Philip Simms</i> 345
UNKNOWN	<i>Bruce Barton</i> 350

CELEBRATIONS FOR COLUMBUS DAY

PLAYS

	PAGE
THE KING'S PAWN	<i>Ruth Reno Smith</i> 355
THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA	<i>Marieta F. Russell</i> 367
THE WESTWARD VOYAGE	<i>Lottie E. Morgan</i> 373

POEMS

LANDFALL	<i>Dorothy Brown Thompson</i> 379
THE DISCOVERY	<i>J. C. Squire</i> 380
THE YOUNG COLUMBUS	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i> 380
OVERSIGHT	<i>Dorothy Brown Thompson</i> 382
ON THE DEFEAT OF A GREAT MAN	<i>William Wilberforce Lord</i> 382
COLUMBUS	<i>Dorothy Brown Thompson</i> 383
BOOB BALLADS	<i>Berton Braley</i> 383
Q. E. D.	<i>Dorothy Brown Thompson</i> 384

ESSAYS

GREATEST OF DISCOVERERS	<i>Emilio Castelar</i> 387
HIS SOUL WAXED STRONG AND HEROIC	<i>John L. Spalding</i> 388
THE GREATEST EDUCATOR WHO EVER LIVED (From <i>The New York Herald-Tribune</i>)	389
THE FAITH THAT SAVED COLUMBUS	<i>Maurice Francis Egan</i> 390
THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC MAKES PAYMENT TOWARDS CO- LUMBUS MEMORIAL LIGHTHOUSE	
From the <i>Bulletin</i> of the Pan American Union, November, 1938	390

AN ACTIVITY AND A LESSON

A COLUMBUS PROCESSION	<i>Edna Fortsch</i> 393
A LESSON FOR COLUMBUS DAY	<i>Russell L. Connelley</i> 394

Celebrations for Lincoln's Birthday

PLAYS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST CASE *

A Play for Lincoln's Birthday

BY DELLE OGLESBEE ROSS

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

SARAH LINCOLN, *about 19, Abraham Lincoln's sister*

MRS. ANDREW CRAWFORD, *a brisk, good-natured woman*

ANDREW CRAWFORD, *a former school teacher*

ANN ROBEY, *about 17*

JOHN LOGAN, *the plaintiff*

AARON GRIGSBY, *engaged to Sarah Lincoln*

JAMES GENTRY, *a man of importance in the community*

ALLEN GENTRY, *about 18, his son*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *about 17, an awkward youth*

ISAAC JONES, *the defendant*

SQUIRE LAMAR, *who was the judge appointed to try the case*

TWO LAWYERS

Other men and women in the schoolroom

TIME: *Summer, 1824.*

PLACE: *Gentryville, Spencer County, Indiana.*

SCENE: *Interior of a one-room school house, used as a court room.*

* This play may be produced without royalty where no admission is charged. Otherwise a fee of three dollars must be paid to the author, 317 North Marion St., Oak Park, Ill.

4 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

NOTES: *The characters are dressed in the style of the 1820's, some in backwoods attire, others in better fashion. SARAH LINCOLN is neatly, but rather poorly dressed. ABE, in outgrown backwoods clothing. ANN ROBEY and ALLEN GENTRY, JAMES GENTRY and the CRAWFORDS have a more prosperous appearance.*

The play is based upon an anecdote about ABRAHAM LINCOLN told by a former neighbor. The account is found in "A Missing Chapter in the Life of Abraham Lincoln" by Bess V. Ehrmann.

The schoolroom is a bare unattractive place. An open door, center back, is the only entrance. Small windows are at left and right center. On left of door is a bench with a water pail and gourd dipper. At right back a desk or table is placed across the corner. Short benches are on either side of the desk, and several longer ones are directly in front. On the left side of the room, benches are placed diagonally so that the occupants face the audience. There may be a blackboard, globe, books or other evidences of a schoolroom, though it is now vacation. It is apparent that the weather is very hot. The women fan themselves and some of the men drop off to sleep and are nudged awake by their neighbors. During the action of the principals the rest enter, whisper to each other, change places, pull the benches around, and in other ways give the impression of subdued activity. The room is empty when the curtain rises. SARAH LINCOLN, with MR. AND MRS. ANDREW CRAWFORD, enters at once.

SARAH. Seems we're the first ones—

MRS. CRAWFORD. (*Takes off her bonnet and fans vigorously.*) Well, we'll have our choice of seats 'tany rate.

ANDREW CRAWFORD. (*Wipes his brow with a large colored handkerchief.*) Whew! This weather should hurry the corn along!

SARAH. Here comes someone else—must be— Oh—it's Ann Robey—

(ANN ROBEY *enters.*)

MRS. CRAWFORD. Howdy, Ann—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Well, Ann, you are as red as a rosy—

ANN. Oh, it's so hot! The sun just seems like a ball of fire shinin' down—

SARAH. A picnic in the grove would be more to my liking than this here trial—

ANN. Mine, too!

MRS. CRAWFORD. I'll agree there—but Andrew thought we oughter come—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. It will be an interesting point of law. If I were still the schoolmaster—

ANN. What's it all about? I don't seem to get the hang of it—

SARAH. Seems like I don't either—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Then I will attempt an explanation—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Make it clar—now—none of them long new-fangled words you and Abe Lincoln like to fling at us—

(They all laugh.)

SARAH. Oh, Abe! He's a one for you!

ANDREW CRAWFORD. To continue—

MRS. CRAWFORD. You haven't started yet—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Now, Mrs. Crawford—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Don't "now" me! Get on with the tale—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. It seems that Isaac Jones and John Logan each have a flock of geese—

MRS. CRAWFORD. They live right next door to each other you might say—

ANN. Just that pond and piece of woods between them—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Both flocks are gray geese—

SARAH. Mis' Logan promised me some feathers fer my bed, time Aaron and I get married—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Sarah—Ann—Mrs. C.! Have you ever heard me speak of the heinous crime of interrupting?

SARAH. I'm sorry, sir.

(She curtsies. They laugh. MRS. CRAWFORD and ANN seat

6 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

themselves on the benches facing the audience.)

ANDREW CRAWFORD. To continue—the pesky varmints—
(to quote John Logan)—the pesky varmints from the woods
kept getting those geese—

ANN. That's the trouble raisin' fowls—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. So Logan and Jones decided to shut the
birds up at night—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Weasels can git through them cracks be-
tween the logs.

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Perhaps—if I may be allowed to go on.—
At any rate one night John Logan missed one of his geese when
he went to shut them up—

MRS. CRAWFORD. And he made tracks fer Isaac Jones' barn—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. There he found the missing goose—

MRS. CRAWFORD. (*Sarcastically.*) So he sez!

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Yes. But Isaac says differently. Since
then there have been arguments and accusations—

MRS. CRAWFORD. They've threatened each other, too—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. So they agreed to let the law decide—

SARAH. Makes a holiday like, 'tany rate—

ANN. Sh! Here comes John Logan now—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Him and his witnesses.

(JOHN LOGAN *enters accompanied by several men. He seats himself on the bench at the left of the table. His witnesses sit upon the benches facing the desk. They whisper to each other.*)

MRS. CRAWFORD. Ain't Abe comin'? He wouldn't miss a thing
like this, would he?

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Yes, where is Abraham?

SARAH. He'll be along right quick now, I reckon.

ANN. Allen said they would come with his father—

SARAH. (*Tauntingly.*) Ho! "Allen said"—seems like you're
quoting considerable of Allen lately—

MRS. CRAWFORD. How come, Ann—used to be Abe you quoted

—wasn't it?

ANN. Oh, Mrs. Crawford— (*She is very shy and confused.*)

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Sho' now, Mother, don't you be teasing our pretty Ann Robey!

(AARON GRIGSBY *enters with several others. SARAH quietly slips over to him. They whisper a moment then join the CRAWFORDS.*)

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Well, Aaron, have you also come to see who stole the old gray goose?

AARON. Me and several others, seems like—

SARAH. Did you see anything of brother Abe, Aaron?

AARON. Can't say I've seen him, exactly—

SARAH. What do you mean?

AARON. Well—I *heard* him—goin' by the field towards James Gentry's place—he was readin' out of a book—

ANN. What a boy he is to read!

ANDREW CRAWFORD. I understand he has found a new place to borrow books—

SARAH. Yes, sir, at Daniel Glass's house—near the ferry landin'—

MRS. CRAWFORD. I'm told Dan'l Glass has a sight of books—

SARAH. A hull case full of them!

ANDREW CRAWFORD. That will be a godsend to Abraham. He has read all there are in this neighborhood.

AARON. Guess he must have been comin' from there. He was readin' at the top of his voice—sounded like law—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Prob'ly tryin' to find out how old Squire Lamar is goin' to conduct this case—

ANN. Well I bet *he* could do it! (*ANN goes to look out of the door. Turns back to her friends.*) I thought I heard Allen's voice. They ought to get here soon—it's most time for the Squire to come—

SARAH. Oh, Isaac Jones ain't here yet.

ANN. Seems it's time for all to be here—

8 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

MRS. CRAWFORD. I wouldn't git in a bresh about it. Abe may be slow but he's most giner'ly in the place he aims to be when it's time—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Slow and sure—that is Abraham Lincoln.

SARAH. I've seen him move quick enough—

AARON. If there's a good reason—

(Voices are heard outside—then ABE's loud and clear.)

ABE LINCOLN. I tell you now, the Lord never meant for one human being to own another—

JAMES GENTRY. I agree with you there, Abe—

(They enter. JAMES and ALLEN GENTRY salute the assembled people. ALLEN moves quickly to ANN, his father pauses to speak to JOHN LOGAN before joining the CRAWFORDS, etc. ABE stands in the doorway. He is tall, gangly, homely, but there is something different, something set apart that is sensed by his neighbors. His coonskin cap is pushed on the back of his head. He carries a large book under his arm, and is evidently still full of the subject about which he has been talking; and his eyes flash as he stands looking in, then soften as he sees ANN.)

ABE LINCOLN. Howdy, neighbors—

VARIOUS VOICES. Howdy, Abe.

MRS. CRAWFORD. What are you so warm about, Abe?

ABE LINCOLN. Well—I'm warm because it is warm—and then—I've just been reading in the Statutes of Indiana—and I thank the great Power that we are not allowed slaves in this state.

ANDREW CRAWFORD. I think we all join you in that—

ABE LINCOLN. It's against all reason that such a thing be right—

JAMES GENTRY. Aside from the moral right and wrong it's bad business—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Bad business! How? I don't believe in slavery—but I thought it was good business.

JAMES GENTRY. What chance is there for a free white man, who is not a large land-owner, against slave labor?

ANDREW CRAWFORD. He has no chance at all!

JAMES GENTRY. That is the reason many of us left Kentucky—

ALLEN GENTRY. Do you mind, Abe, when we went to N'Orleans on the flat boat?

ABE LINCOLN. I do mind, Allen—'twan't so long ago—

ALLEN GENTRY. That slave auction we saw—

ANN. Tell us about it, Abe—

ABE LINCOLN. I'll never forget it! It is burned into my mind forever!

ALLEN GENTRY. Mine too!

ABE LINCOLN. There in front of a big building—a warehouse, I think, was a sort of block or platform—

ALLEN GENTRY. We were right close to it—

ABE LINCOLN. (*Emphasizing his word-picture with gestures.*) A crowd of colored folks was huddled up against the building—and a lot of white people stood around—

ALLEN GENTRY. Some of 'em mighty fine-lookin' too—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Many slave owners are fine, intelligent upright men— That is what I can't understand—

JAMES GENTRY. Go on, Abe—

ABE LINCOLN. When we came along, a husky young negro was standing on that block—and they were auctioning him off like he was a beef critter—or such like—

JAMES GENTRY. Yes, yes, that's the way it's done. I've seen it myself when I've been down river on the flat boat—and over in Kentucky—

ABE LINCOLN. That was bad enough—but there was worse—

ANN. Oh, Abe—worse? (*She puts her hand on ALLEN's arm.*)

ABE LINCOLN. Worse—even if it seemed like the Evil One himself couldn't have done worse—but they did!

SARAH. Abe!

10 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

ABE LINCOLN. They did! There was a young girl standing with her mother—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Darkies!

ABE LINCOLN. Yes—but what of that? It was a mother with her girl child, wasn't it! Like you and your mother, Ann—

MRS. CRAWFORD. What—

ABE LINCOLN. (*Growing more intense.*) And a big, dirty, white ruffian took hold of that young girl—and tore her out of her mother's arms!

ANN. Oh!

(*The crowd are all listening, their attention centered on ABE.*)

ABE LINCOLN. That's what he did! Tore her away from her mother's arms—and sold her—like a shoat!

(*There is a gasp of horror.*)

ALLEN GENTRY. It was just like Abe tells—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Can't nothin' be done to stop such doin's?

ABE LINCOLN. I—don't—know. But this I do know—if ever I get a chance to hit that thing—I'll hit it hard!

(*He brings one fist down on the other. There is a murmur and low talk among the listeners.*)

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Abraham, my lad, I believe you will! Who knows how God will move to destroy that blot on our fair land?

SARAH. Aaron—you never would hold with ownin' slaves, would you?

AARON. Never—not even if we go down to Kaintuck to live after we git spliced—

ABE LINCOLN. When's this splicing coming off?

SARAH. You know mighty well it'll be a good while yet, Abe Lincoln! I haven't earned my housekeeping gear—even—

ANN. Oh, Sally, I'm weaving two blankets—one for you and one for me—

SARAH. That's mighty good of you, Ann—

ABE LINCOLN. Well, you want to look out, Sarah, Aaron may get tired and go on to Kaintuck without you—

AARON. None o' that now, Abe Lincoln—

ABE LINCOLN. Mighty fair ladies in old Kaintuck—

SARAH. Now, Abe, don't torment—

ABE LINCOLN. None of us homely Lincolns could keep a man in Indianny when Kaintuck beckons—

AARON. I'll lay you out fer that, Abe—

(They begin to wrestle and horseplay, laughing and shouting while the others laugh with them.)

ANDREW CRAWFORD. I'd like to see Aaron Grigsby lay out Abe Lincoln—

ALLEN GENTRY. Huh—I'd like to see anybody do it!

SARAH. Oh, brother Abe, do be keerful—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Come now, Aaron—come, Abe—this ain't no place fer such ructions—

JAMES GENTRY. This is a court of law—remember its dignity—

MRS. CRAWFORD. What fer a kind of a feller air you, Abe Lincoln? Giving a speech so solemn it makes us weep one minute, and wastlin' like a ba-ar the next—

ANDREW CRAWFORD. What *are* you going to make of yourself, Abraham?

ABE LINCOLN. *(Dusting himself and picking up his cap.)* Who—me? Why I'm—I'm going to be President of these here United States— *(He says this laughingly, but sobers, stands very erect, the laughter and taunts of the crowd die away, and they look at him almost in awe. Repeats slowly.)* President of the United States!

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Then God help you, if that be your destiny, Abraham!

(There is a silence. Then ISAAC JONES, his witnesses, and others enter.)

ISAAC JONES. Howdy— Howdy—

12 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

SEVERAL IN CROWD. { Howdy, Isaac—
 { Howdy, Jones—

ISAAC JONES. Hot day fer a trial, ain't it?

(He walks past LOGAN with averted face, and sits on the other side of the desk. His witnesses sit near him on the front benches. They whisper to him and to each other. ALLEN and JAMES GENTRY go to the door and stand there for a moment, ABE seats himself near ANN ROBEY.)

ABE LINCOLN. Ann, do you remember when we were young 'uns, and had a playhouse near the big grape-vine swing?

ANN. Of course I do, Abe, and how you used to fix all sorts of play pretties to surprise me—

ABE LINCOLN. I had the thought, Ann, that maybe I could fix play pretties for a real house some time. Our house—Ann—

ANN. Oh, Abe, you never did!

ABE LINCOLN. Well—if I did—'twas just a boy's dream, I reckon—

ANN. But, Abe—you know that Allen and I—

ABE LINCOLN. Yes—yes—I can see. Allen's a fine fellow, Ann. You couldn't do better—

ANN. Abe, you see—I'm just a quiet homebody kind of a girl. Strangers make me shy like—Allen and I will live here, likely, all our lives—but you—

ABE LINCOLN. What about me?

ANN. I have a feeling about you—you're different from the rest of us somehow—

ABE LINCOLN. Sho'—now—

ANN. 'Tis true, Abe! I couldn't keep up with you—where—where—you're going—

ABE LINCOLN. Who knows where I'm going? Where anyone is going?

ANN. Well, you—

ABE LINCOLN. Stick to Allen, Ann. You are sensible to do so—

(Excitement has been growing in the crowd. Voices become

loud—JOHN LOGAN *and* ISAAC JONES *stand up facing each other.*)

ISAAC JONES. Wouldn't need to take time for a trial this hot weather—and the crops needin' our attention—if you weren't so sneakin'—

JOHN LOGAN. Me—sneakin'! I'll thank you—

ISAAC JONES. Thank me fer nothin'! You pulled that goose outen my flock—

JOHN LOGAN. Think you kin get another goose fer nothin'—that's what—

ISAAC JONES. Call me a thief! (*He doubles up his fists.*)

JOHN LOGAN. If the shoe fits—

(*He threatens ISAAC with his fists. Several witnesses try to hold them. There are cries of "Shame!" "Wait for the Squire!" "Cool down!" etc. ABE has been sitting, hands in pockets, engrossed in his thoughts. Then, becoming aware of the quarrel, watches them, takes his hands out of his pockets, gets up awkwardly, leans against the bench.*)

SARAH. Abe—Abe—what you goin' to do?

(JAMES *and* ALLEN GENTRY *turn from the door.*)

ALLEN. Don't mix in, Abe—

ABE LINCOLN. (*Smiling as though amused.*) Time somebody mixed in— (*The men are still hitting out at each other. ABE makes up his mind and drawls.*) What means this gathering here today? (LOGAN *and* JONES *stop in surprise, all look at ABE.*) I can tell you what it means—

ALLEN. (*To his father.*) Now he's getting started—you can't stop him—

ABE LINCOLN. It's all on account of an o-l-d g-r-a-y g-o-o-s-e! Worth about two bits! (*Turns to LOGAN and points.*) John Logan, if you win your case today, what have you won?

JOHN LOGAN. Wal—

ABE LINCOLN. I can tell you. You'll have won an o-l-d g-r-a-y g-o-o-s-e! Worth about two bits! Just about!

14 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

(JOHN LOGAN *opens his mouth to speak; but ABE whirls and points at ISAAC JONES.*)

ABE LINCOLN. Isaac Jones—what will *you* get if you win *your* case today?

ISAAC JONES. What'll *I* get?

ABE LINCOLN. You will get an o-l-d g-r-a-y g-o-o-s-e! Worth about two bits—just about!

(*Here and there someone laughs. A man calls out "Good fer Abe."*)

AARON GRIGSBY. Go it—Abe—

ABE LINCOLN. (*Flinging his arms about.*) Not two geese—just one o-l-d g-r-a-y g-o-o-s-e! Worth about two bits—just about!

MRS. CRAWFORD. Abe's right.

ABE LINCOLN. (*Very seriously.*) But you, Isaac Jones—and you, John Logan, whichever one wins—you will lose!

SARAH. What's he gettin' at?

ABE LINCOLN. For you will lose your one-time friendship—(*The men look at each other. There are calls of "Right!" "Abe's right!"*) and put a whole community here at outs—

JAMES GENTRY. It would come to that, sure—

ABE LINCOLN. The heat of the summer has heated your tempers. I urge upon you to do the manly thing—the proper thing—the right thing—

ANN. They surely can't hold out—

ABE LINCOLN. Stand up—and shake hands— Make up! And have no more to do with this goose case!

(*The two men clasp hands, there is laughter and applause. Calls of "Good for you, Abe!" "It takes Abe!" "Hurray for Abe!"*)

JOHN LOGAN. We're a couple of old fools, Isaac—

ISAAC JONES. Abe has the right of it, 'twan't wuth splittin' friendship—

(*Voices are heard outside. SQUIRE LAMAR and two lawyers*

appear in the doorway. They see the plaintiff and defendant with their arms around each other's shoulders. ABE, making his way to the door, is held back as his neighbors slap him on the back, seize his hands, etc.)

SQUIRE LAMAR. What's this! What's this!

ANDREW CRAWFORD. You are too late, Squire—

AARON GRIGSBY. Court's over—

SQUIRE LAMAR. John Logan, Isaac Jones— I was to try a case for you—

ALLEN GENTRY. Abe Lincoln did it for you, Squire—

ISAAC JONES. He made as pretty a plea as ever you see—

JOHN LOGAN. And won the case fer both of us—

ISAAC JONES. We're satisfied, ain't we?

JOHN LOGAN. We are! We are!

SQUIRE LAMAR. Well, Abraham Lincoln, so I have a rival in my own court room—

ABE LINCOLN. Pretty poor rival, Squire Lamar.

SQUIRE LAMAR. Ever read law, Abe?

ABE LINCOLN. Some. I'm going to read more when I can find the books—

MRS. CRAWFORD. Books—books—and ever more books!

ANDREW CRAWFORD. Well, Abraham, looks like you will be a lawyer before you are President.

ABE LINCOLN. Maybe so—maybe so. I've had a taste of the law—and it's sweet on my tongue.

SQUIRE LAMAR. You'll do, my boy, with that desire. Come to Rockport some time and see if I have anything on my shelves that will suit your fancy.

ABE LINCOLN. Thank you kindly, sir. I'll do that. I would go further than that for a chance at a new book.

SQUIRE LAMAR. Then I will be expecting you.

ANDREW CRAWFORD. It is a shorter road to Rockford than to the President's chair, Abraham. It is a long, long road to Washington.

16 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

ABE LINCOLN. A long road—and a lonesome one, I reckon—

ANN. But at the end—

ABE LINCOLN. At the end? (*He turns and his gaze passes over his neighbors' faces.*) There is an end to every man's road. Who can tell the end of mine?

CURTAIN

LINCOLN FINDS A WAY *

A Play for Lincoln's Birthday

Time about 30 minutes

BY IVY BOLTON

CHARACTERS

PEGGY ANNE GLANMORGAN, *a debutante*

RALPH GLANMORGAN, *her brother*

WILL HETHERINGTON, *her kinsman*

AUNT DENISE, *her aunt*

HELENE GLANMORGAN, *her cousin*

MRS. EDMONSTONE, *a fashionable leader of society*

UNCLE WALTER, *her uncle*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President of the United States*

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

POLLY, *a parrot*

TIME: *The last year of the Civil War.*

SCENE I: *A room in the Glanmorgan mansion. It is well furnished with sofa, chairs, etc. A very high bookcase is at the back with a step ladder before it. A parrot is on a stand at left.*

* For permission to produce, apply to the author, Miss Ivy Bolton, St. Mary's Hospital, 407 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

PEGGY ANNE *comes running in. She picks up her wide skirts and dances.*

PEGGY ANNE. I am grown up at last—really and truly. (*She runs over to the parrot.*) I am grown up, Polly, do you hear?

POLLY. Go 'way. You're a liar. Go 'way. Po-oor Polly.

PEGGY ANNE. You unmannerly bird! I am grown up, I tell you. Greet Marguerite Annette Glanmorgan and say goodbye to Peggy Anne. (*She drops a curtsey.*)

(*Enter RALPH. He stands and looks at her.*)

RALPH. What on earth are you doing, Peggy Anne?

(*PEGGY ANNE whirls round to face him.*)

PEGGY ANNE. I am grown up, Ralph. What do you think of that?

RALPH. Much you are, Peggy Anne! If you live to be a hundred you will never grow up.

PEGGY ANNE. Marguerite Annette Glanmorgan, Ralph. I am grown up, you rude boy; for I am going to Washington to the President's Birthday Ball. I have to make a real curtsey to Abraham Lincoln himself—so."

(*She curtsies; but her foot slips and only an undignified clutch at her audience saves her from a fall. RALPH catches her and drops her on the sofa. He takes an easy chair himself.*)

RALPH. Let's hope you improve upon that, Peggy Anne. Shall I stand by to catch you gracefully in my arms or are you planning to seek the help of the President?

PEGGY ANNE. I think the help of the President would be the most exciting, Ralph. Oh, what fun it is to be grown up!

RALPH. Again I say you are not, Peggy Anne. I shall not be of age for two more years and how is a chit of seventeen to get ahead of me?

PEGGY ANNE. I have done it. I went to my first dance last night, and I was a belle too. Aunt Denise said so.

18 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

RALPH. Don't be too modest, Peggy Anne.

PEGGY ANNE. What a tease you are, Ralph. I am just telling you the truth. Of course I am not a beauty like Helene; but Aunt Denise really called me a belle. Think of her approving of me to that extent! What a tomboy I was five years ago, and how horrified she was when she saw me.

RALPH. H-m-m. What about the tree you climbed yesterday?

PEGGY ANNE. It was an easy tree. I wanted some ivy; that was all. It did upset Helene. She is so proper. What is the matter with Will Hetherington, Ralph?

RALPH. (*Evasively, with hesitation.*) You change subjects so suddenly, Peggy Anne.

PEGGY ANNE. I want to know. There is something wrong with him. Six months ago he went off the proudest and happiest boy in the world over his appointment to the President's staff. Now he is back without any special reason, a grave and sober man who never laughs.

RALPH. He is just growing up, Peggy Anne.

PEGGY ANNE. People do not have to grow up that way. Look at me!

RALPH. You are different. People get into scrapes, Peggy Anne, whether they are grown up or not. I—well Will is in one. I believe the President has forbidden him the White House—

PEGGY ANNE. Then why is he going to Washington with us?

RALPH. That is what nobody knows. Will is insisting, that is all. Don't talk about it, Peggy Anne. Uncle Walter does not want his father to know. It would just break Colonel Hetherington's heart to know Will was not—well, all right.

PEGGY ANNE. Scrapes or no scrapes, he is all right. He is Will.

(RALPH rises. *He goes off at left.*)

POLLY. Go 'way. You're a liar. Polly wants a cracker!

PEGGY ANNE. I'd like to know who taught you that! I wish—

I wish I could help Will. I wonder if I could—at the President's ball. (*She climbs the ladder, starts to take down a book, but changes her mind and sits aloft swinging her feet.*) Oh dear, I don't want anything to be wrong with Will. How good he was to Ralph and me when we came here. We have always been a duty to Aunt Denise, though Uncle Walter loves us. But it was Will who made us happy, coming in from next door, Will who was my hero with his plans and his ideals. Here he comes.

(*Enter WILL HETHERINGTON. He walks with his head bowed, not noticing the girl. PEGGY ANNE balls her handkerchief and throws it at him. He starts and looks up at her.*)

WILL. Peggy Anne! What are you doing there?

PEGGY ANNE. Thinking how nice it is to be grown up, Will.

WILL. (*Quizzically.*) Grown up? It looks it, Mademoiselle.

PEGGY ANNE. I was looking for a book first of all. I am grown up, really. I am going to Washington to the President's ball. I shall be a real lady out in society, Miss Marguerite Annette Glanmorgan at your service, Will. Peggy Anne is gone.

(*She springs down. He catches her hands to steady her. He looks at her for a moment, sadly and gravely.*)

WILL. Don't grow up, little comrade. Go on being—just—Peggy—Anne.

PEGGY ANNE. (*Shaking her curls.*) There is a reputation to be lived down, Will. Marguerite Annette is to be a proper person who never never does untoward things. What ails you, Will? You look different. Isn't it fun to grow up?

WILL. (*Bitterly.*) Fun, no. Oh, for the old carefree days of the past! Ask no questions, Peggy Anne.

PEGGY ANNE. I'd like to help, Will.

WILL. No one can, you least of all. You are only a child and cannot understand, Peggy Anne.

(*Exit WILL. PEGGY ANNE looks after him.*)

20 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

PEGGY ANNE. A child indeed, and I do want to help! Why was I not born big and tall and dignified and stately? Then people would believe me.

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *A room at the White House on the night of February 12. It is not very crowdedly furnished but there is a long mirror at right, and a locked desk at left, which can be seen from the mirror. At one corner PEGGY ANNE is standing in her ball dress. She has torn a ruffle, and her cousin Helene is on her knees beside her mending it. Over at some little distance are AUNT DENISE and MRS. EDMONSTONE.*

PEGGY ANNE. Mishaps follow in my train. You had better pray that I do nothing else untoward, Helene. How dreadful it would be if I disgraced the family at the White House!

HELENE. (*Laughing.*) You are such a child, Peggy Anne.

PEGGY ANNE. I am four years younger than you are, that is true; but that fact does not explain why every nail and splinter within ten miles should seek me out. How beautifully you have mended the tear, Helene. Thank you. (*She stoops to kiss her cousin.*)

MRS. EDMONSTONE. The child has charm, Denise. She has not Helene's beauty, but she has charm. She will be a success.

AUNT DENISE. Yes-s but I never feel sure of what Peggy Anne will do next. Are you ready, Peggy Anne? Wait here. Helene, we must leave these wraps in the dressing room. Peggy Anne might tear her clothes again. She is such a child.

(*Exit AUNT DENISE, MRS. EDMONSTONE and HELENE.*)

PEGGY ANNE. I had better not sit down. There might be a nail on one of the chairs. I wonder where Will is staying. He could not come here. There is Uncle Walter.

(*Enter WALTER GLANMORGAN.*)

UNCLE WALTER. What are you doing here, Peggy Anne?

Where are the others?

PEGGY ANNE. Gone to take off their wraps. Aunt Denise was afraid I should tear my dress again, so I am to stay here. Where is Will, Uncle Walter?

UNCLE WALTER. Do not mention him here, Peggy Anne.

PEGGY ANNE. No one will tell me what is wrong, Uncle Walter. And I do so want to help.

UNCLE WALTER. It is too big a problem for a child like you. I must find the others. Wait here.

(PEGGY ANNE *walks over to the mirror. Enter WILL. He comes in furtively and does not notice her in the shadow. He bends over the desk and manipulates it.*)

PEGGY ANNE. (*Looking into the mirror.*) It is not the growing up that is so difficult; it is convincing people that you are. Now, Marguerite Annette, be careful and see if for once you can be a credit to the family. You know adventures always seek you out— (*She stops and stares as she sees WILL open the desk.*) —What are you doing here, Will?

(WILL *starts— He looks frightened.*)

WILL. I—I— You startled me, Peggy Anne. (*He tries to put a paper into his pocket.*)

PEGGY ANNE. I thought you could not come here— I thought the President had forbidden you, Will.

WILL. It—it is just a paper I wanted. See, it is my own writing, Peggy Anne.

PEGGY ANNE. You were stealing it.

WILL. You have me in your power. Here, take it if you will. It proves my—my treachery. It means years in prison if not worse. It is a time of war.

(PEGGY ANNE *crushes the paper.*)

PEGGY ANNE. Shall I ever want to laugh again? Oh—I must be dreaming. I must wake!

WILL. Are you going to betray me, Peggy Anne?

PEGGY ANNE. No. Oh, you must get away tonight. I will keep

22 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

this for a little while and then—I will give it to the President.

WILL. (*Holding out his hand.*) I knew you were to be trusted, Peggy Anne.

(*She shrinks away from him.*)

WILL. (*Flushing.*) You do not understand. It was just a copy of a paper they wanted. I was in difficulties. I—

PEGGY ANNE. You—you were false to your trust and to Abraham Lincoln, Will.

WILL. (*Angrily.*) What a child you are!

PEGGY ANNE. (*Drearily.*) You must ride fast, Will. Go to New Orleans and then to South America. There you will be safe.

WILL. (*His anger dying.*) Safe and an exile. Fool, fool that I was!

PEGGY ANNE. Why do you go then?

WILL. What else can I do? Give myself up?

(PEGGY ANNE *nods—fighting her tears.*)

WILL. Have you forgotten the alternative? Would you choose it, Peggy Anne?

PEGGY ANNE. If I were guilty I would pay in full and not sulk.

WILL. (*Slowly.*) I believe *you* would. (*She dashes away her tears.*) Why do you help me when you despise me so?

PEGGY ANNE. Because of your father, because you were good to Ralph and me, because you were my hero—once.

(WILL *staggers back. Then pulls himself together.*)

WILL. You are right, Peggy Anne. I will pay.

PEGGY ANNE. You will give yourself up?

(*Enter ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*)

LINCOLN. What does this mean? Did I not forbid you this house, Will Hetherington?

WILL. True, Your Excellency. I have something to tell you. You must know all.

LINCOLN. The tale protesting your innocence, of course.

WILL. (*Steadily.*) No, the truth of my black guilt, Mr. Presi-

dent. Give him the paper, Peggy Anne.

(*She hands it to the PRESIDENT. He reads it.*)

LINCOLN. You copied this and gave it to Fairfax. Why?

WILL. I copied it. I was in debt—I—they told me it would wipe it out. I—

LINCOLN. I see. Gambling as they said. Once you had betrayed your trust, you were in their power. They made you a thorough traitor. This got abroad. How came you with this paper again?

WILL (*In a low tone.*) I stole it from the desk, Your Excellency.

(*LINCOLN walks over and looks at the broken lock. He closes the desk.*)

LINCOLN. And this lady helped you?

WILL. No, no. She saw me. Peggy Anne made me see what a traitor I was. I am guilty. I—am ready to pay.

(*Enter the SECRETARY OF STATE.*)

THE SECRETARY. Of all the impudence! Here is this young blackguard in your very presence. (*He puts a heavy hand on WILL's arm.*) There will be a warrant issued at once for his arrest.

LINCOLN. Wait. (*He puts up his hand towards WILL.*) Silence there, sir. Such words as these have to be proved.

THE SECRETARY. The proof is in that desk yonder.

(*LINCOLN has put the paper in his pocket. Now he buttons his coat and goes over to the desk.*)

LINCOLN. I do not find any paper here. When you find it, bring it to me. In the meantime I have investigated the matter. Will Hetherington is my good friend. This affair is at an end.

THE SECRETARY. Then there is nothing to do but seek the paper.

LINCOLN. Exactly, sir.

(*Exit THE SECRETARY.*)

WILL. (*Incredulously.*) You will give me another chance?

24 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

LINCOLN. I need loyal hearts and true, Will Hetherington. One such as yours will be is a birthday gift worth while. I fear the Secretary of State will have a weary hunt for that paper. (*He smiles and touches his pocket.*) As for thanks, they are due to Peggy Anne. It was well for us both that we had a woman's loving heart and quick wit at our service. Come with me now, lad. It will be well for us to be seen together tonight.

(*Exeunt ABRAHAM LINCOLN and WILL. PEGGY ANNE goes slowly to the mirror.*)

PEGGY ANNE. I must not have wet eyes. (*She smiles suddenly.*) He said a *woman's* loving heart and quick wit. Why, here I am, grown up at last.

CURTAIN

MOONLIGHT *

BY MARY STEWART SHELDON

PROLOGUE: *Scene in streets of New Salem, 1830.*

Fifteen Years Later

ACT I: *Bar in rough shack.*

ACT II: *Interior of JACK ARMSTRONG's cabin.*

ACT III: *Interior of Court House.*

CHARACTERS

DENTON OFFUT, *store-keeper*

DR. DUNN

JACK ARMSTRONG, *leader of Clacy Grove Gang*

HANNAH ARMSTRONG, *Jack's wife*

* Where no admission is charged, this play may be produced free. Otherwise, for a fee of \$5.00, written permission must be secured from Mrs. Raymond Sheldon, Chestnut Ridge Road, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

CLACY GROVE GANG

COUNTRY PEOPLE, *men and women*

SHERIFF

GROUP OF SMALL BOYS

ABE LINCOLN, *21 years old*

UNCLE SAMMY, *bar-tender*

ALLEN, *house painter*

METZKER, *plumber*

DUFF ARMSTRONG, *in Prologue, a baby. In Act I, about 16 years old*

DUFF'S FRIENDS, *his Gang*

SHERIFF

AUDIENCE IN COURT HOUSE

JUDGE

SMITH, *Counsel for the Prosecution*

JURY

Every incident in this play is taken from some life of Lincoln. The historical time has been disregarded in order to bring events closer together. Most of Lincoln's words are quotations.

PROLOGUE

Street scene in New Salem, to left OFFUT's store with sign, "OFFUT'S STORE GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Also Horse Trainer—Tames with Magic Whisper for \$5." Beyond is very small Post Office with sign. Opposite is Rutledge's Tavern. Backdrop has continuation of street painted on it, small cabins, etc. Characters are dressed as backwoodsmen, women in calico with sunbonnets, etc. DR. DUNN carries doctor's bag. OFFUT is dressed in black with red scarf across chest, fastened on hip with rosette. Wears Mexican hat. LINCOLN has trousers tucked into high boots, torn shirt open at neck, old broad-brimmed hat. He is, of course, made up to copy authentic pictures. As curtain rises OFFUT comes out of store, locks door behind him, meets

26 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

DR. DUNN *who comes from Tavern.*

DUNN. How-de, Offut?

OFFUT. How-de, Doc? Say, Doc, heard you were appointed to choose the new Postmaster. What'd you think of taking my clerk, Abe Lincoln, the tall lanky feller from Kentucky, who helps in the store?

DUNN. No, no, Offut, he wouldn't be any good in the Post Office. He's too fond of lying on your counter, head on roll of calico, readin' books. Besides, the tough fellers here, Jack Armstrong and his Gang from Clacy's Grove, say as Abe's a coward, 'fraid to fight. How'd he guard the mails?

OFFUT. Sorry, Doc, you see—Abe'll be out of a job, and he hasn't any friends 'round here. (*Looks around furtively and drops his voice.*) Truth is, Doc, I've gone *bust*, lost all the money I put in the store—more too, heaps of it! I'm gettin' out of here now like greased lightnin'. I'm in a hell of a hurry, so would you mind givin' this key to Abe when you see him, and tell him I've quit?

DUNN. Sure—(*Takes key.*)—but tell me—

OFFUT. Hush!—Folks are comin'. I'm off—

(*Exit right, front. From the other entrances men and women, boys and girls enter. JACK ARMSTRONG with his wife HANNAH, carrying baby, and his GANG are among them. JACK and GANG look especially rough. All are talking, whistling or singing scraps of songs, noisy and gay.*)

DUNN. (*To friend who has greeted him.*) Regular Saturday night crowd, ain't it? All here to celebrate.

SHERIFF. (*Enters and calls.*) Anyone here seen Offut?

DUNN. Yes, I saw him a few minutes ago; why?

SHERIFF. I've got a warrant for him all right. He's cleared out owing a pile of money. Borrowed from his clerk, Abe Lincoln, too. Took all the boy has, and hasn't paid him a cent's salary.

JACK ARMSTRONG. (*Stepping forward.*) Don't be sorry for

him. He's a queer duck, all right. My Gang here offered to give him a fight, let him have the pick of any one of these wolves he'd tackle, 'cause we don't like looney strangers around this town, and what'd he say but, "I don't hold with all this woolin' and pullin'," and put his nose in a spellin' book.

(*Exit SHERIFF.*)

DUNN. If he'd been any good I'd ha' given him the job of Postmaster, but as it is—here he comes.

(*LINCOLN enters, surrounded by small boys all talking at once.* "Say, Abe, you won the marbles all right, but how'd yer do it?"—"Might tell us—" "Sure—" "Do, Abe, tell us how'd yer allus win?"")

ABE. (*He speaks in slow drawling voice, very pleasant.*) Sure, I'll show you. (*He kneels down on one knee.*) You pick up all the marbles and you can keep them. That fair enough? (*He places a marble, shoots at it, apparently hits, repeats. Boys crowd around admiringly so that audience cannot see marbles. Crowd looks on in silence.*) There. (*He rises.*) The marbles are all yours now; pick them up and divide.

(*The boys scramble to get marbles, sit on steps to store dividing.*)

DUNN. Say, Abe, Offut asked me to give you this key. He's cleaned out the store and cleared out of town, Sheriff after him.

ABE. (*Takes key, turns it over in his hand looking at it.*) Well, I guess this key is all the pay anyone'll get from Offut. I'll be lookin' for another job.

JACK. (*Savagely.*) Say—are you good for *anything*? Can't you do nothin' 'cept play marbles and read spellin' books? Yer're 'fraid to fight!

ABE. No, Jack, I'm not 'fraid to fight. Seemed silly, that was all. If you want we'll have a bout here now.

GANG. (*Shouts.*) Make your bets, ladies and gents! Who'll bet on Offut's prize clerk? Who'll put up a dollar? I'll bet a jack-knife.

28 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

(Crowd is amused and interested. Bets are exchanged.)

JACK. Say, Hannah, you stand near 'nough for that kid Duff to see this fight. May be proud to say he saw it some day.

(Crowd makes semi-circle with opening toward audience. Small boys pocket marbles and run around trying to see below people's arms, shouting encouragement to ABE. He and JACK take off hats, roll up sleeves, take a few light steps around with fists closed, ready to strike. There is a crash—JACK goes down, springs up and goes on fighting. Another crash, JACK is down again, gets up more slowly. Fight continues as long as actors wish. From the beginning ABE is the stronger and more skillful, but not brutal. JACK falls back, sees he is being beaten, and calls to GANG—"Come on, fellers, git this man down!" They dash in kicking ABE, trying to trip him. He becomes angry, lifts JACK up bodily, hand on throat demanding, "Had enough?"—throws him down on ground and springs back against wall of store as GANG rush up to him.)

ABE. All right! I'll lick every mother's son! Come on!

GANG. *(Falter, look at one another—burst out laughing, exclaiming.)* He would, all right— Say Abe, you're the Champion of Clacy's Grove!—Clacy's Grove? He's the champion of Illinois! Say, Jack, are you 'live enough to see the first feller that ever licked yer?

JACK. *(Gets up slowly, hand to head, one eye closed.)* Say, Abe, I got yer all wrong. You're the toughest guy ever I met. Want yer for a pal, I do. What yer say?

ABE. *(Laughing.)* All right, Jack, proud to be one of the Gang.

JACK. One of the— Hell—yer're the leader of this show now, and there's nothin' we won't do fer yer. Say, where's my girl Hannah? *(HANNAH steps forward.)* Abe, this here's my wife and my kid Duff.

(They shake hands.)

ABE. Proud to meet you, Mrs. Armstrong.

JACK. Don't Mrs. her. Call her Aunt Hannah like all the boys

do. You've lost yer room over the store. How about coming down to our cabin in Clacy's Grove and livin' there for a spell?

HANNAH. Do, Abe, we'll be proud to have yer. I'll mend yer shirt.

(During the fight ABE's shirt was torn to ribbons.)

DUNN. Well well, guess I'll be changin' my mind. Abe, that was *some fight*, 'poligize for ever thinking you were scairt. You're jest the feller we need for Postmaster, you'll guard the mails, you will. Will yer take the job?

ABE. Thank you, Doc. Thank you, Hannah, it'll be fine to have this shirt mended before I begin delivering mail.

(Cheers and laughter, cries of— "Good old Abe!" "Bring us some letters, Abe." "Have a drink on us, Abe!" Some crowd into Tavern; others exchange articles put up in bets on fight. Full moon shines in sky of back-drop.)

HANNAH. It's gettin' late for Duff, Jack, guess we better be startin' home.

(ABE takes baby from HANNAH's arms, carries him. The three go out together, left back.)

ACT I

Interior, rough cabin, set up for bar near Camp Meeting tent. Shelves with glasses, bottles, jars. Large red jar in center top shelf. Two kegs of beer with plugs. BAR-TENDER, UNCLE SAMMY, fat and ruddy, draws plug out of keg, fills glass, takes drink. ALLEN and METZKER enter. ALLEN is dressed in white painters' overalls and cap, splashed with paint, brushes in pockets. METZKER in dark overalls with plumbers' tools in pockets. He is very dirty and greasy looking, hair too long, sly and shiftless. Both have evidently been drinking.

ALLEN. We're lookin' for Duff Armstrong. Seen him?

UNCLE SAMMY. No, he's not been here, Allen. He's probably at Camp Meeting yonder. That's where all you folks ought ter

30 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

be tonight. I jest set up this show so's to be handy when they all get thirsty from too much psalm-singin'.

METZKER. We're thirsty all right; but we ain't been to no Camp Meetin'. Give us each a drink. No, not beer, whiskey straight. (*Drinks.*) Now look here, yer got to help us find Duff. We're goin' to tar and feather him—right, Allen?

ALLEN. Sure—only that's too good for him. String him up to a tree and shoot him with his sling-shot, that's better.

UNCLE SAMMY. Why—why, gentlemen! Duff's mischievous I know, but what's he done to swing for?

ALLEN. Swing he will—bet my soul he will— (*Gets off stool and swaggers.*) He came down street with that sling-shot, peppered away at everything, broke my window, shot my cat. Skairt my hoss so he reared and I fell off. I threatened him, and look here— (*He takes off cap.*) He shot right through this. Might as well have shot me, only he was lucky.

UNCLE SAMMY. (*Amazed.*) Bless my soul, didn't know Duff was that good of a shot. Well, if you gentlemen will pay for the drinks—

METZKER. Pay? Be damned to yer! Listen, where'd Duff get his shot? From my shop. Stole my lead he did. No wonder I don't have any work. Nothing left to work with. I'll go find that thief. (*Staggers off to right.*)

ALLEN. He'll swing, I tell yer.

(*Exit. Sound of gay voices singing a chorus off stage.*)

DUFF AND HIS FRIENDS. (*Burst in.*) Say, Uncle Sammy, we must drink to Duff.—You too. He's made the prize shot of the State. Shot through old Allen's cap!—Too bad he didn't shoot an inch lower, though!

UNCLE SAMMY. Now, boys, boys, you'll get your beer right enough, but look out—

DUFF. Look out? Why, Uncle Sammy, ain't yer proud of me? See what I kin do. (*He steps back some distance, loads sling-shot and pulls band.*) I choose the red un. (*He shoots at red jar on*

shelf. It shivers and falls in pieces to floor.)

UNCLE SAMMY. All right, all right! You'll pay for that, or your old lady will. Here's your beer now. Drink it and hurry home, there's trouble brewing I tell yer.

(METZKER enters, left, has hat pulled down over eyes, hand on pistol in belt. Boys catch sight of him, call ironically—"Why here's our friend Metzker."—"Good-evening Mr. Metzker, do you miss the pussy?"—"Have a drink on me, Metzker." DUFF holds out his mug of beer to METZKER who takes it and throws beer into DUFF's face and eyes. DUFF springs forward and knocks him down.)

UNCLE SAMMY. Stop it! No fightin' here! *(He jumps over counter and grabs DUFF who is trying to strike again.)* You boys take Metzker outside and put him on his hoss.

(As BOYS pick up METZKER and, half supporting, half dragging him, take him outside, DUFF sinks upon stool.)

DUFF. Uncle Sammy, why didn't you let me give him another? He's a dirty skunk, he is—says we stole his ol' lead. Like to fight him fair some day when he isn't loaded. *(ALLEN enters left unnoticed.)* Like to see him dead as a door-nail.

(A thud is heard from outside. BOYS re-enter carrying body of METZKER, lay it on floor.)

BOYS. We put him on his hoss, he's too drunk to stay there—rolled off. *(UNCLE SAMMY bends over figure feeling heart.)* What is it, Uncle Sammy?

UNCLE SAMMY. Boys—he's dead!

ALLEN. *(Rushes out shouting.)* Sheriff! Sheriff! Murder! *(SHERIFF and ALLEN enter together. Crowd follows, shouting—"Who did this?" "Who's murdered?"* UNCLE SAMMY *slips out unnoticed.)*

ALLEN. *(Pointing at DUFF.)* There's the murderer! Did it with this sling. *(He picks sling up from ground where DUFF had dropped it.)* I saw it all!

BOYS. Uncle Sammy, say it isn't true!

32 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

ALLEN. And where is Uncle Sammy? Gone, run away, 'cause he was scairt he'd be caught in this. Game's up, Duff, yer'll swing fer this like I swore yer would.

HANNAH. (*Entering.*) What's this? What's Duff done *now*?

SHERIFF. Sorry, Aunt Hannah, he's gone too far this time. Murdered a man, that's what he done. We'll be goin' to jail.

DUFF. Mother, I didn't—

(SHERIFF *drags him off, crowd follows. GANG gathers around HANNAH who sinks on stool, burying head in hands, shaking with sobs.*)

ACT II

Inside rough cabin. JACK ARMSTRONG, ill and shrunk, seated in rocking-chair, wrapped in patchwork quilt. HANNAH is stirring something in saucepan over fire. Brings it to him.

HANNAH. Jack, try and drink this. It's broth made from the rabbit Duff's friends shot fer yer. They're allus hangin' round tryin' to help—poor kids!

JACK. (*Takes spoonful HANNAH feeds him, then shakes his head.*) Can't swallow, Hannah, can't think of nothin' 'cept Duff behind them bars. Every night I dream of him swingin' from the gallows. He allus was a mad chap. Now he's done this—

HANNAH. P'raps he didn't, Jack, the Gang swears he didn't. They say 'twas the fall from his hoss killed Metzker.

JACK. And who's to prove that? Uncle Sammy's hidin' somewhere. Allen's friends with all the moneyed folks in town. He painted most of their houses—paints 'em free now, I hear, if they'll help hang Duff. And he's got Smith, the smartest lawyer chap in the county to help him. Swears he'll pay him five hundred dollars the day Duff swings— (*Groans and buries head in hands.*)

HANNAH. (*Sinks into chair sobbing.*) And we got *no one* to take our side!

JACK. I tell yer, Hannah, sell *everything* we got, this ol' cabin, the critters—leave me die in the woods, but git some feller to speak fer Duff—

(*Knock on door.*)

HANNAH. (*Sadly.*) Who's there?

(*Door opens and LINCOLN steps in. He is dressed in dark clothes, black string tie, holds broad-brimmed hat in hand.*)

HANNAH. (*Rising and looking as though she saw a ghost.*) Why—who—who—*who*— Why—it's *Abe!!*

LINCOLN. (*Comes forward and puts his arm around HANNAH's shoulders.*) Well, Aunt Hannah, I'm mighty glad to see you again. Jack, old boy, (*Takes his hand.*) you don't seem as spry as usual; but we're all getting on.

JACK. You're gettin' on, Abe—not in years, yer as fine as a fiddle, but ye're gettin' on in the *world*. Hear ye're the best lawyer in the State—

HANNAH. Runnin' for Congress too we hear, making speeches all over—

LINCOLN. Isn't it queer? Folks like me belong in the back-woods, not running the Country. Seems like yesterday I was carrying mail round here, and Aunt Hannah was making shirts for me while I rocked Duff's cradle. Speaking of Duff—

JACK AND HANNAH. (*Together.*) Oh, have you heard?—

LINCOLN. Yes, yes, I've heard, and that's why I'm here. Dropped everything minute I heard, to come. I'm going to defend Duff.

HANNAH. Abe, we never could pay yer. We're poor folks, Abe, haven't nuthin' 'cept this cabin and a few old critters.

LINCOLN. You'll never owe me anything. I owe you the home you gave me years ago, and my services are free to you as long as I live. Now tell me all you can about this trouble.

(*He sits down; firelight shines on face. JACK and HANNAH sit one on each side, apparently talking, while curtain goes down.*)

34 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

ACT III

Interior of Court House built of unpainted boards. Open window back right. The Court House is filled with men and women dressed as simply as in first act. They face JUDGE's seat behind table at right. JURY is seated at left of JUDGE facing him. DUFF is in front row of benches beside SHERIFF. Behind him sits his GANG. Two Lawyers and ALLEN, seated at JUDGE's right, also facing him. Lawyer for prosecution is very dandified, striped shirt, loud tie and coat. LINCOLN as in last act. ALLEN wears coat over dirty white overalls.

JUDGE. (*Rises.*) Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard all the evidence for and against Duff Armstrong. It remains for the counsels for the prosecution and defense to sum up the case before you decide what the verdict will be. Mr. Smith, we are ready to hear your side.

SMITH. (*Rises and faces JURY, then audience.*) Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, I believe that I have proved to you that this prisoner is guilty of murdering Mr. Metzker on the night of August 29th. My witness, Mr. Allen, is known in this town as an honest man. A few minutes before the murder he overheard Duff say, "I wish Metzker was as dead as a door-nail!" Is this true, Duff?

DUFF. (*Rises.*) Yes, but—

SMITH. That is enough. The witnesses for Duff are this Gang, whose word no one can believe. They have robbed your apple orchards, (*Crowd*, "Yes, yes.") shot birds over your land. (*Crowd*, "True enough!") And this Duff, the leader of the Gang, has broken your windows, killed your pets, and finally killed an innocent man with this. (*He picks up sling-shot from JUDGE's table and holds it up. Murmurs from crowd*, "Sure, that's Duff's, all right.") Mr. Allen swears that he saw this murder committed by the light of a full moon—gentlemen—there is no need for

me to say more.

(*As he takes seat, voices are heard among crowd, "No chance for Duff."*—"He's as good as hung," etc.)

JUDGE. Mr. Lincoln, will you make your plea?

LINCOLN. (*Rises slowly, speaks distinctly as though thinking aloud.*) Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, my friends, this case seems to be finished and the Jury are prepared to retire and return with the verdict of "guilty" against Duff Armstrong. His witnesses have been discredited by Mr. Smith. Think back to the time you were the ages of these boys. I knew some of you then. Did we ever raid apple-orchards, shoot over neighbors' land? Some of us used sling-shots, I remember. (*Responses from crowd: "That's true." "Good old Abe, I remember once"*)—I know the Armstrongs. They are good people, not bad people. The wild boy, Duff, I held in my arms as a baby, I rocked his cradle at Clacy's Grove. I am sure in my heart that Duff Armstrong ought not to be hanged nor locked in prison. The Armstrongs are plain people. They work for a living. They make their mistakes. But they are kindly, lovable people and belong with the salt of the earth. Mr. Allen swears upon the Holy Bible that he saw this murder committed by the light of a full moon at midnight August 29th. You all trust Mr. Allen. You believe Duff is guilty. There is little more to say. Most of you have, hanging in your kitchens, a Family Almanac. (*He takes one from hat.*) It gives you the facts you live by: when to sow your seed, when to reap. Among other things it tells us when the moon rises and sets and—Gentlemen of the Jury, (*He reads from Almanac.*) on August 29th the moon set *three minutes before midnight!*

(*Seats himself beside DUFF. Gales of laughter, applause, cheers. Calls of—"Where's Allen?" ALLEN is seen disappearing through window. JUDGE raps on table for order. Asks JURY to retire and consider. They file out and while they are gone LINCOLN rises, faces crowd.*)

LINCOLN. My friends, this boy's case has been tried before

36 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

an honest judge and an impartial jury; because in this land we have freedom in the brotherhood of life. That is what our Declaration of Independence gives us. Some day, soon perhaps, we may have to offer our lives to defend that liberty, that independence, that brotherhood of man which belongs to black men as well as white. If that day comes, I would like to remember that we have not added another burden to our hearts by convicting an innocent boy.

(Takes seat as JURY files in, chairman speaks with JUDGE who rises. There is absolute silence.)

JUDGE. Duff Armstrong is acquitted.

(The crowd rise, cheer, applaud. GANG lifts DUFF on shoulders. Turmoil increases. LINCOLN stops to speak with HANNAH who is weeping for joy, holds both her hands, GANG starts whistling "Glory, glory hallelujah!" JURY joins. When LINCOLN leaves HANNAH, crowd turn to watch him, singing chorus of "Glory, glory, etc." as long as they can see him.)

CURTAIN

POEMS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(In Springfield, Illinois)

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down,

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

38 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnoughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

TOM LINCOLN'S SON

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

"Tom Lincoln's gawky lad," they said, "won't set the world
agog;

He's homely as a stable door and knotty as a log;
Cares not a whit for who says what about his ways and looks—
Full length you'll find him, after work, a-moonin' over books."

"Aye," said another, "so they tell, and grudges half a word.
But knows the ways of woodcraft well as any man I've heard.
He swings a mighty ax, I'm told, that sets the trees ashake;
And when he splits a rail—that rail is split, and no mistake!"

So . . . nothing much for speed or looks, according to their tale,
But held his tongue, and read his books, and split a splendid rail.
He'd never set the world aflame, they reckoned, every one—
And yet, he'd maybe make his mark, would Thomas Lincoln's
son!

AT GETTYSBURG

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

These quiet fields, where play the mocking-birds;
These lavish orchards, boon to days of peace;
These happy valleys—was it here the words
Of weary Lincoln bade the battles cease?
And was it here the tides of conflict rolled
Through fearful days of devastating death,
While countless millions worn with warfare old
Endured and prayed and hoped, with bated breath?
O Lincoln, master, speak to us again;
Lift up our hearts, subdue our stubborn souls;
Here, once again, on this embattled plain,
Call us to peace, speed us to worthy goals;
Bind up the broken spirits, bid war die
In every heart, and under every sky!

ABRAHAM . . . ANN

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

There was a lonely dreamer
Whose heart was bound to her
Who from the cold arms of death
Could never stir.

She did not go willing
To his rival's side:
And on his cheek remained her breath
As if she had not died.

Above his flag her streamer
Ever since has flown,

40 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

Her spirit's sweetness spilling
Into his own.

Over her white body's length
Lying; at her grave
There grew in his broken heart the strength
To free the slave.

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN

BY WITTER BYNNER

"Lincoln?—

Well, I was in the old Second Maine,
The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State.
Of course I didn't get the butt of the clip;
We was there for guardin' Washington—
We was all green.

"I ain't never ben to the theayter in my life—

I didn't know how to behave.

I ain't never ben since.

I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in
When he was shot.

I can tell you, sir, there was a panic

When we found our President was in the shape he was in!

Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.

"Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.

He was a spare man,

An old farmer.

Everything was all right, you know,

But he wasn't a smooth-appearin' man at all—

Not in no ways;

Thin-faced, long-necked,
And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

“And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful;
He wasn't so high but the boys could talk to him their own ways.
While I was servin' at the Hospital
He'd come in and say, 'You look nice in here,'
Praise us up, you know.
And he'd bend over and talk to the boys—
And he'd talk so good to 'em—so close—
That's why I call him a farmer.
I don't mean that everything about him wasn't all right, you
understand,
It's just—well, I was a farmer—
And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.
I guess even you young folks would 'a' liked him.”

KENTUCKY CABIN

BY VELMA WEST SYKES

The lean hounds whined on hearing the thin wail
That follows life—prophetic . . . A loose rail
Along the fence, thinned to supply the fire,
Protested at the wind's apparent ire.
This storm was Winter's last defiant fling
To bluff the timid overtures of Spring.
Inside the cabin, Nancy Lincoln lay,
A weak, exhausted victor—yet the way
She watched Aunt Becky Sparrow's practiced hand
Make firm the squirming infant's belly-band
Told the old story of creative pride
That mothers may deny but never hide.
Vague Thomas drawled an economic fear,

42 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

No bells rang out, no people stood to cheer. . . .
Man plans events with pomp and with display
But Destiny contrives a subtler way
And simpler settings at which lips are curled—
The cabins and the mangers of the world.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: LINCOLN

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Men sought him out after his path had led
Where few paths lead; and on that signal day
Asked for the history of his life. He said,
“Simple and short and poor,” and would not say
Another word, that being Lincoln’s way.

Simple it stayed, with the simplicity
That marks all greatness; poor it stayed in things
The world calls wealth, the pride that power brings;
And short—for him no threescore years and ten.

So, called to rule a mighty country—when
The curious begged a tale to fit the day,
Only three sparse, keen words: “Simple and poor
And short,” he said and, turning, said no more—
Deeming, in truth, there was no more to say. . . .
That being Lincoln’s way.

FEBRUARY TWELVE

BY SARA F. HILLS

A ble
B rave

R everent
A geless
H onest
A nd
M erciful

L incoln
I mmortal son of the
N ation—we
C ome to lay
O ur
L aurel Wreath on thy
N atal Day.

STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES

STORIES ABOUT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY REBECCA DEMING MOORE

Little Abraham Lincoln could not go to school very long at a time. He was needed at home to help cut wood and carry water. He wanted to know more, so he tried to learn by listening to people and by asking questions.

He wanted to know all that books could tell him, too. The Bible was the only book in his log-cabin home. He read it often.

He borrowed books to read, wherever he could. Once he borrowed a book which he liked very much. He put it away between two logs in the wall of the cabin.

One day it rained and wet the book through.

"I will pay for it," he told the man who loaned him the book.

He pulled fodder for three days at twenty-five cents a day to earn money to pay for the book. Then the book was his very own.

At school, Abraham Lincoln learned his numbers. When he could not go to school, he would study in the evenings after work. He would lie on the floor before the fire and make up sums.

Instead of paper, he used the back of the wooden fire shovel. His pencil was a piece of partly burned wood. He soon covered the fire shovel with sums. Then he shaved off the wood that was marked over, and started again.

He learned pieces at school, too. He would say them to his parents and their visitors. This helped him remember what he had learned.

46 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

Over the door of the schoolhouse was nailed a pair of deer horns. One day before school, Abraham caught one of the prongs and tried to swing back and forth on it. He was too heavy, and it broke off.

The teacher saw the broken horns and asked who had done the mischief.

Abraham spoke up at once: "I did. I did not mean to, but I hung on it, and it broke."

Abraham Lincoln never tried to shirk the blame for a mistake.

Abraham Lincoln was once a storekeeper. One evening, just before the store closed, a woman bought half a pound of tea from him. Next morning, he found that he had not given her enough tea. He hurried off at once and carried her the rest of the tea. In such ways as this he earned the name of "Honest Abe."

One day Abraham Lincoln was driving to the courthouse. He was wearing a new suit of clothes. On the way he saw a pig that had fallen into a mud hole in the road, and could not get out.

Lincoln wanted to pull the pig out, but if he touched the pig, he would soil his clothes. He was going to make a speech, and felt that he must look neat and tidy.

He drove on, but could not forget the pig, so he went back and pulled it out of the hole. He splashed his clothes with mud, but he felt better after that because he had done what was right.

ESSAYS

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A HERO

BY ERNEST J. CHAVE

When a child finds a hero who kindles his dream fires, strengthens his purposes and helps him to see a self that is different from his ordinary self, that child is on the way to becoming a bigger and better personality. Too often a boy or girl falls into routinized ways of behavior. He conforms rather than thinks. He follows the crowd because he does not want to be left alone. It is only when a boy or girl makes a contact with someone who is different, and who does things differently that his imagination is stirred and his individuality is saved. Every child needs such stimulating and supporting sources of help. He needs pictures in his mind, pictures in his room, pictures verbal and graphic of persons who have made good, of things that are thrilling. Someone who has succeeded where he and most others have failed, someone who has excelled where he and most others have operated with difficulty, captures his imagination and stirs a deeper self in him. That someone may become his hero and claim his loyalty, and will in large measure affect his standards and conduct.

Because each child differs from every other child and has a different sense of values, the hero of one child may mean nothing to another. Much depends, too, upon the circumstances that surround the child's introduction to one who may become his hero. It may be that a sense of personal need, or some dreamy desire, or perhaps similar interests help the child to recognize his

48 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

hero. There is no simple and general explanation of the genesis of heroes. They are not merely counterparts of suppressed desires. One child loves the story of Chiron the centaur, who, with his golden harp and marvelous voice, taught the lad Jason, but another child sees this as nothing more than a curious old story with a funny picture. One child knows the stories of Abraham Lincoln by heart and recalls his honest and unselfish acts with a quickening determination to be unselfish and dependable, while another child hears these same stories and forgets them at once. One child makes his father his hero, admires him, and always seeks to be worthy of his trust and esteem, while another child in the same home is in continual rebellion against every wish and suggestion of his father. There is no simple explanation of differences in admirations, loyalties, imaginative interests and heroic endeavors of children.

Sometimes a child makes a hero out of an older playmate who can do things. He may continually talk of him, become his shadow, and glory in any recognition that his hero deigns to give. Usually this does not last long in a younger boy or girl, but in an older boy or girl it may become a "crush." A lonely adolescent craves sympathy and if encouraged may pour out his gratitude and devotion. It is easy for a child to overrate an adult who is particularly friendly, and if this friend does something which attracts his attention he may readily exalt him to a hero pedestal. If the child or adolescent has been repressed at home, school or in other social relations, he is apt to welcome and honor anyone who will give him respect and set him free.

All heroes do not exert an equally desirable influence. The child does not choose his heroes on ethical grounds, or because of their approved social conduct. He responds to them because they are different from the rank and file, and if others do not admire them he can do so secretly or even defiantly. If a playmate captures his loyalty, that playmate may be a good or a not-so-good companion, for the child does not wait to seek counsel from

parent or teacher as to whom he should take as hero. Either a hero takes him, captures his imagination and loyalty, or he does not take the hero. One may possibly condition a child's choice of heroes, but no one can make him accept any hero as his own. The child must make his own choice and arrive at his own set of values.

Many parents and teachers look upon hero worship as a ready-made source of help in character education. To them it appears so simple. First help the child to catch his hero. Then encourage him to emulate his heroic qualities. Others realize that it is not so simple a matter as that, and tend to be somewhat pessimistic as to the possibility of guiding character development, pointing out that very little is known as to where and how character is made. But there are many thoughtful persons who believe that there is real value for the child in heroic literature and the use of examples. This value would be greatly increased if the child were helped to see the relation of thrilling experiences to the ordinary pursuits and responsibilities of life.

Any suggestions given the child must, of course, be given skillfully and tactfully. This means something more than adding a moral precept to a story, or preaching to him repeatedly about his hero to be sure he understands what the example has of practical value for him. It does not mean taking the fun and thrill out of a good tale, but it does mean a careful handling of the material. Some parents and teachers are so afraid of moralizing that they have swung to the extreme of saying nothing and so losing the finest effects of a good story. Either by a tactful preparation, or by an interesting recall some time later, the child should be encouraged to let his imagination play in order that he may transform ordinary events under the spell of a strong personality in action. A child should find satisfaction in discovering patterns and principles that he can use, and undoubtedly this will give him a greater sense of power. It is one thing to admire Edward Bok and to wonder at the way in which he multiplied his

50 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

friends, and another to learn the art of making friends and overcoming handicaps. A girl may be deeply moved by stories of Jane Addams and, in adolescent fervor, want to work for others as Miss Addams did, but she can do so only if she discovers situations around her in which she can show the same spirit and do something worth while.

More and more attractive biographies are being written for children. Library copies are usually well worn, for children read and reread these stories. Unfortunately, many are merely brief sketches, excerpts from longer records or legendary stories, and the child does not get a chance to know the real characters. Another difficulty is that very often the only authentic records of outstanding persons are those of their adult life. The majority of classical hero stories, Bible stories, and even modern character studies are adult centered. Children's versions are but adult materials given in words of one or two syllables and perhaps interleaved with attractive illustrations. It is hard for children to take the rôle of these heroic persons and appreciate the problems they faced. There is some advantage in getting acquainted with names, incidents, and historical facts, but the significance of acts and attitudes may be very vague or even misunderstood. The chance that such tales will influence conduct is small, and many educators do not expect this kind of reading to make any difference in behavior. Moral and religious education have both been too much controlled by adult ideas and values and have failed to recognize the limitations of child experience. A knowledge of facts about Jesus will not necessarily cause a child to be like Jesus. Few children understand the social issues which produced the old Greek and Roman heroes or even the situations which have made famous such men as Lincoln, Lloyd George, Foch, Grant, or Gandhi. They may be interested in stories about them, but it is hard to give them a realistic social setting. Such persons as Burbank, Audubon, Edison, Pasteur and Lindbergh are closer to events with which they are concerned, and it is much easier

to depict their success and their good qualities. If hero stories are to do more than entertain and stir imaginative dreamings, children must enter as fully as possible into the difficulties, failures and achievements of the characters who attract them.

Few heroes can be respected in all parts of their lives. The Biblical characters have faults and they are set down in plain language along with their approved acts. There is danger lest a halo so surround a hero that his true worth is not understood. Sometimes, on discovery of faults and shortcomings, a boy or girl feels that he has been disillusioned and tends to be cynical, losing faith in human nature. Children should be taught to recognize accomplishments and commendable qualities even in the presence of glaring faults. They should become sensitive to fine exhibitions of conduct whenever or wherever found. A critical appreciation is much better than blind hero-worship.

Contact with many persons tends to enlarge a growing child's personality. The better and more social the persons with whom he daily converses and shares life, the better and more social is he likely to become. He needs to have some companions who are above the average, who have radiant qualities of character and who will continually stimulate him with ideas and ways of behavior above the commonplace. He needs parents who can and will do things above the common level of the community, and who will give him a chance to share in their interests and activities. He needs a teacher who respects his personality, who can distinguish him from the rest of the class, and whom he can admire for fair dealing, skill and charm of manner. He needs play supervisors who can guide him tactfully, release his personality, and who can develop in him interests for varied expression of his talents. He needs book friends, movie artists, and radio voices who will inspire him and whom he can trust. Children need heroes of different types and of different degrees of magnetic control. If a child has an acquaintance with a number of attractive and compelling persons he is not as likely to give all his admiration to

52 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

some tap-dancer or gangster hero, but will desire persons of larger and more social accomplishments. It is tragic when a child is too easily satisfied with mediocrity. Such a child needs more knowledge of life at its best, more confidence in his own resources and in the potentialities of others. Every child needs heroes, and plenty of experience, vicarious and direct, of heroic living. Heroes will change and should change, or the worshipers will be dwarfed, but every child needs to worship at the shrine of those greater than himself. He needs to find a self that continually grows in response to the heroic that life demands.

Parents will do well to examine their ideas of heroes and to question their assumptions as to how children are affected by heroic tales. They may do well to look for heroes in everyday friends, to exhibit the heroic in their own lives. Many persons are meeting the tests of these days of economic tragedies in magnificent fashion, but are shielding their children from the problems that are almost overwhelming them. The child needs to feel the tests of the parents, to share in their difficulties, and to work with them to a satisfactory solution. The maturation, energization and enlargement of personalities come best through overcoming difficulties. There is an unquestionable value in the knowledge of traditional heroes, and a perennial interest in human action, especially when it is seen under stress and strain. But no child should think for a minute that heroic deeds belong to the days that are gone. Rather, they should be helped to see and to respect the heroic qualities in their everyday associates. They will be more heroic and less inclined to day-dreams when they have such contacts with reality, direct and shared. Every child needs parents who understand real heroism and who are living heroically.

OLD ABE

BY JOHN E. BOOS

Who within the borders of the nation would believe a Gettysburg Address or a First Inaugural could originate in the mind of a railsplitter, a village storekeeper, or a country lawyer; a man rough in dress, plain in appearance, as most politicians of the opposition described him? And that opposition was large, there being three parties arrayed against the Republican candidate in the campaign of 1860. How could a man whose rough boots had pressed the soil of the Sangamon, the prairies and small towns of his native State have the boundless tact, infinite patience and tremendous ability to hold foreign powers in check, keep a large section of the country united in a great war, and carry that conflict to a successful conclusion? How could men from nearly every State in the Union sit in convention and nominate a man for President who was so little known by the average voter, when so many men of national prominence contested for a nomination that seemed reasonably sure of election and elevation as Chief Magistrate of the Republic? And how could they expect to elect the man whose personal appearance contrasted so strongly with Bell, Breckinridge and Douglas, the candidates of the opposing parties, orators who had stirred the nation, and whose ability, in and out of legislative bodies, was known everywhere?

The men who pushed the Lincoln candidacy had heard his famous debates, his speeches on the Constitution, knew of his ability to convince audiences, and they were sure if he were nominated, his plain language, his readiness to debate the vital questions of the time, would get more votes than any other leader that could be named.

None could see the greatness that was to come. The unaffected leadership, the power to get results without a fanfare of trumpets, and the simple thanks he could utter when Richmond surren-

54 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

dered and the Confederacy again became a part of the Union.

Who knew, or who even dared to think this awkward man, who called himself old at 55, and who was affectionately spoken of as Old Abe and Uncle Abe by nearly 2,000,000 men in uniform would in a half century be known and loved throughout the world? Monuments to his memory would rise in many lands and his life's story would be written in every tongue.

It was this man who said, "God must love the common people, because He made so many of them," and it was this man who stood at the curb and called, "God bless you," to the passing regiments, who visited the camps and mingled with the soldiers, who pardoned so many for crimes committed that he became the despair of the Secretary of War and the leading generals, and who could lay aside the affairs of State to give audience to the humblest person. His love for the common soldiers made him the army's Father as well as the leader, and they sang on march and at campfire, "We are coming, Father Abraham, 200,000 strong." He moved from cot to cot in the hospitals to cheer sick and dying men, to inspire the nurses to greater effort and to encourage the doctors to give even more of their strength for his boys' care.

"I saw him at the curb when the 6th Corps marched through Washington to repel the rebels in front of Fort Stevens," said Col. Terrell of the 43rd N. Y. Vols. "Hello, young man," said Lincoln to Mort Havens of the 7th N. Y. Heavy Artillery when he passed through the White House grounds one day. "The President pinned the Congressional Medal of Honor on my breast in the office of the Secretary of War," said Major R. R. Riddell. Charles E. Houghton was terribly wounded in the Fall of 1864, and Lincoln kissed the twenty-year-old boy as he lay on his bed of suffering, and again he kissed a boy who had brought him a message from Grant in the Wilderness, each of these incidents having been immortalized in story by prominent authors. All of

these incidents prove the love and friendliness of the man who could walk with kings, but preferred his neighbors.

Legends have grown about him; "The Perfect Tribute," being one, and "He Knew Lincoln" another. And there are true stories about this man who loved everybody, almost too fine to believe and which a great many think are legends, too. One of them is the story of Tad Lincoln's nurse, and when I talked to that nurse about it, she said it was all true, and that Mrs. Lincoln often came to the sick room when the President sat by the bed, and removed his necktie, or took off his shoes while he went over state papers or wrote; and did other things to make him more comfortable, he allowing her to do as she pleased without a murmur of protest.

The story of Tad going to the Cabinet room and climbing on the President's knee, thus disturbing the deliberations of that august body; that finest, and most pathetic letter in the English language to Mrs. Bixby, who, he had been told, lost five sons on the field of battle, and the pardon of William Scott, who had fallen asleep while on picket duty.

Are these legends? Read the story of patriotism and devotion of that young soldier, who afterward waded through a creek under heavy fire with a wounded comrade on his back and received a fatal wound just as he was about to step behind the Union earthworks. Go to his tiny village in the Vermont mountains and tell those folks the story of the Sleeping Sentinel is a fairy tale and it won't take them long to convince you of the truth.

The greatest trait in Lincoln's life was his love for his fellows, and no greater love has any man known.

During the campaign of 1860, a little girl wrote the following letter, which was found among Robert Lincoln's papers when he died, and was turned over to Congressman George A. Dondero of Royal Oak, Mich.

56 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

"Westfield, N.Y., Oct. 15, 1860.

Hon. A. A. Lincoln,
Dear Sir:

My father is just home from the fair and brought your picture and Mr. Hamlin's. I am a little girl only eleven years old, but want you should be President of the United States very much so I hope you wont think me very bold to write to such a great man as you are. Have you any little girls about as large as I am, if so give them my love and tell her to write me, if you cannot answer this letter. I have got 4 brothers and part of them will vote for you any way and if you will let your whiskers grow I will try and get the rest of them to vote for you, you would look a great deal better for your face is so thin. All the ladies like whiskers and they would tease their husbands to vote for you and then you would be President. My father is going to vote for you and if I were a man I would vote for you to but I will try and get everyone to vote for you that I can. I think that rail fence around your picture makes it look very pretty. I have got a little baby sister she is nine weeks old and is just as cunning as can be. When you direct your letter direct to Grace Bedell, Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York. I must not write any more. Answer this letter right off.

Good bye,
Grace Bedell."

In a few days the answer came, written as only a great loving father could write it.

"Private.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 19, 1860.

Miss Grace Bedell,
My Dear little Miss;

Your very agreeable of the 15th inst is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter, I have three sons, one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin wearing them now?

Your very sincere well-wisher,
A. Lincoln."

The little girl was delighted, and when the returns reached Westfield election night, she was sure she had helped elect the

man whom her father had voted for and who her father said would free the colored people.

The *New York Tribune* of February 16, 1861, said: "At Westfield station a flag inscribed 'Fort Sumter' was carried right up to where Mr. Lincoln stood, but he did not seem to take the hint, and made no allusion to it in his few remarks. He stated that during the campaign he had received a letter from a young girl in which he was kindly admonished to do certain things, and among others to let his whiskers grow, and that, as he had acted upon that piece of advice, he would now be glad to welcome his fair correspondent, if she was among the crowd."

Herman Sixby, who was afterward a Lieutenant in the 112th N. Y. Volunteers, lifted the little girl to the platform, and that little girl afterward wrote, "On the day that Mr. Lincoln called at Westfield, there was a large crowd gathered to hear him speak. I was a small girl and went to the depot with two of my older sisters. After making his speech from the step of the railroad car, he stepped down onto a freight platform and told the crowd that he had a correspondent in the place who thought he would look better if he wore a beard. He said that if she was present he would like to see her. Everyone cried out, 'Who is she?' He replied, 'Grace Bedell.' I had not even heard him call my name, but a man, a friend of my family, took me, and the crowd parted to let us through. They lifted me onto the platform, and Mr. Lincoln took me by the hand and said, 'You see, Grace, I let these whiskers grow for you.' Then he kissed me. That is all. I was so frightened and excited that I knew not what to do. I had a bouquet of flowers in my hand, but I still had the stems when I arrived home."

The world reveres Abraham Lincoln. He, with Washington, has become the symbol of a nation. Though Jefferson wrote it, a Congress adopted it, and a Continental Army fought for it, Lincoln more than any other has made that phrase of the Declaration live, the phrase which reads, "That all men are created equal,

58 CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The Lincoln who wrote, "Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves." The Abraham Lincoln who could write these sentences, who stood head and shoulders above every leader in the great crisis, could be filled with love as well as master thoughts, and please a little girl by raising a beard.

LINCOLN STILL LIVES

(Editorial from the New York Times, Feb. 12, 1939)

Ever since Stanton said the words, early in the morning of Saturday, April 15, 1865, the American people have known that Abraham Lincoln belonged to the ages. He has been more than ever in our minds during this last year or two, because we live in a time of crisis in which much depends upon whether or not the things he said and stood for are true.

In one of his debates with Douglas, Lincoln declared: "No man is good enough to govern another man without that man's consent." If he was right, democracy, with its elections to express the will of the majority and its constitutional guarantees to protect the minority, is right. If he was wrong, then, of course, Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin are right. Old things are being said in new ways, but this is the issue, as it was in Lincoln's day.

Lincoln would be the first to say that the issue is more important than the man. Stanton, Seward or Chase might have done most of the practical things he did. We believe now that slavery was wasteful as well as unjust, and was therefore doomed by its own weight; and that the North, having more resources, more men and heavier artillery, was bound to subdue the South.

But Lincoln did, for his own generation and for ours, what no other man could have done so well. He had a mystic insight which enabled him to look beyond the crudities of a democratic society. He made democracy poetic, beautiful, majestic.

The poignant cadences of the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural fall with an everlasting music on our ears. The certainties which they express came from a heart wrung by nights and days of agony, warm with compassion for friends and enemies alike, infinitely tender, full of the sad laughter of one who knew the worst of human nature and hoped the best, incapable of pettiness or hate. In the well-ordered, simple words was the rhythm of the pioneer's axe in the deep forest, of the horses straining at the plow, of cart-wheels in the mud, of hammers nailing log-cabins together, of folk stories and folk songs, of the language spoken by a people who had dreamed a heroic dream. The symbols have changed. Our days grow metallic, noisy, furious. But the meanings abide.

We have in our generation seen conquerors in their pride. But here was no ruthless commander, smirking at victory. Here was a man who had suffered with both sides in a great civil war and who had compassion for both. Here was one who prayed for peace, not for revenge. Here was one who would gladly have put his power aside and gone back to Springfield, as he had intended, to practice law with Billy Herndon. The common clay of Kentucky and Illinois was on the boots with which he walked, with that awkward, majestic stride of his, to immortality. There was, and is, no one too humble to say with confidence, Lincoln was one of us, yet during all the years the Republic shall last we shall be struggling to make a nation in his image.

But we must not lose ourselves in the admiration of a single personality. Lincoln survives because his words were true and right. The tall figure in the frock coat and plug hat, stooped a little under his heavy burden and the better to hear the petition

60 *CELEBRATIONS FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

of the condemned soldier's mother or the sorrowing wife in Mississippi, walks among us, invisibly, forever, because he expressed and embodied an undying aspiration toward justice, mercy and freedom.

**Celebrations for
Washington's Birthday**

PLAYS

A LOYAL DESERTER *

BY GRACE DORCAS RUTHENBURG

CHARACTERS

MAJOR CRABTREE
GENERAL WASHINGTON
ROGERS
CAPTAIN GREY
LIEUTENANT GREER
SMALL
TOM CRUTCHER

SCENE: WASHINGTON'S *headquarters at Valley Forge, December, 1777.*

There is a fireplace in the back of the room with a rough wooden table in front of it.

A door right leads to an anteroom. Through a window at the back ragged soldiers can be seen to pass on sentry go. A sound of drums can be heard from time to time. It is five o'clock in the evening and already dark outside.

WASHINGTON, *seated at the table which is cluttered with papers, is receiving the last of the report of a commissary officer,*
MAJOR CRABTREE.

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MAJOR CRABTREE. And that, sir, is the report. The corn is weevilly, the wheat mildewed, the fish are rotten and the beef plain spoiled. We are in a desperate plight for food.

GENERAL WASHINGTON. (*Sighing as he gets up to stare into the fire.*) No wonder the poor wretches are deserting by the hundreds.

CRABTREE. I myself, sir, have seen the snow turn red in the tracks of the barefoot.

WASHINGTON. I've written letter after letter to the Continental Congress and nothing happens. They do nothing apparently but dawdle and quarrel among themselves. (*Abruptly, returning to his papers.*) See if you can manage a cupful of corn at least for every man tonight.

CRABTREE. (*Dubiously.*) I'll do my best, sir. The ration will include their meat.

WASHINGTON. Meat?

CRABTREE. The cornmeal they sent is full of its own brand of livestock.

(*He salutes and goes out as WASHINGTON stares gloomily into the fire. An orderly, ROGERS, taps and opens the door.*)

ROGERS. Captain Grey and Lieutenant Greer request to see you, sir.

WASHINGTON. (*Absently.*) Let them come in. (CAPTAIN GREY, a pompous officer in more of an attempt at uniform than most, and LIEUTENANT GREER enter. WASHINGTON returns their salute with a wave of the hand.) What is it, gentlemen?

GREY. (*Pompously, and with heat.*) We have to report the capture of a deserter, sir.

WASHINGTON. (*Without surprise.*) Another?

GREY. Redhanded, sir.

WASHINGTON. Were his feet red, too?

GREY. (*Puzzled.*) Sir?

WASHINGTON. Never mind. Did he confess that he was trying to get away?

GREY. He boasted of it, sir. Said he would rather eat with England than go hungry with a lot of stubborn colonists.

WASHINGTON. Poor, short-sighted fool! Doesn't he know the colonies have gone so far now that if we did yield we'd not only starve but hang as well? Show him in.

GREY. In here, sir?

WASHINGTON. I'd like to talk to him personally. Alone. What's his name?

GREER. Small, sir. Private Small.

WASHINGTON. I'll see that your prisoner gets safely back to you. (*The officers go out. PRIVATE SMALL is shoved in reluctantly. He is a smallish, unsavory little fellow with a red stubble of beard and a resentful air.*) Small?

SMALL. (*Whining.*) Yes, sir.

WASHINGTON. I understand they arrested you as a deserter.

SMALL. (*In a grieved voice.*) Yes, sir.

WASHINGTON. You know the penalty for desertion, don't you?

SMALL. (*Irritatedly.*) But there's a lots of 'em that's a-doin' it, sir. I ain't the only one.

WASHINGTON. (*With a deep breath.*) Unfortunately.

SMALL. (*Peering around him fearfully.*) Is—is it a rope's end, sir?

WASHINGTON. I'm afraid it is, Small.

SMALL. (*Shrieking.*) Ye mean they're goin' to hang me? (*Dropping on his knees.*) Oh, sir, don't let 'em hang me! Please, sir, not for that little joke about England. It's only that them blame redcoats do have their fill of victuals and it's hard on a man and my liver's weak. Always was. I get hungrier than other folks do. They can stand it. I got to thinkin' about fritters an' maple syrup back in Vermont an' I got so homesick I plumb couldn't stay put. It made me go all whichaway inside till I didn't know rightly what I was doin'.

WASHINGTON. (*Moving backward with distaste as SMALL*

clutches greasily at his knees.) You say you're from Vermont?

SMALL. That's right, sir.

WASHINGTON. If you love your home so much, there's all the more reason why you should stay and fight for it. Get up, man, get up! Act like a soldier Vermont could be proud of!

SMALL. (*Stumbling sheepishly from his knees.*) Ye won't let 'em hang me, sir?

WASHINGTON. A rope's end it is for you, Small. (*SMALL looks frightened again.*) But we won't put it around your neck this time. (*Calling.*) Orderly! Rogers! (*ROGERS puts his head in.*) Ask Captain Grey to step in. (*ROGERS, outside:* "Captain Grey!") CAPTAIN GREY *enters immediately, with a contemptuous glance at the prisoner as he salutes WASHINGTON.*) Give this man fifty lashes on the bare back with a rope's end. (*Sternly to SMALL, who cowers as GREY seizes him.*) And hereafter see to it that you're more of a credit to Vermont! (*GREY shoulders his prisoner out of the room. WASHINGTON stretches wearily.*) Ugh!

(*ROGERS knocks and enters in time to catch WASHINGTON's expression of distaste.*)

ROGERS. (*Apologetically.*) Excuse me, General Washington, but there's a lad waiting to see you. I've shooed him away six times but he keeps coming back. He's been here all afternoon.

WASHINGTON. What does he want?

ROGERS. He won't tell me, sir. He says he has something for you.

WASHINGTON. Probably some mother's sent him to ask if his father is safe. If I can reassure anybody this near Christmas time I suppose I ought to do it. Tell him to come in.

(*He sits wearily at the table with his head on his hands.*)

TOM CRUTCHER *comes in timidly, carrying a bundle.*)

TOM. (*Standing silent waiting to be noticed, finally clears his throat and says.*) Yes, sir.

(*WASHINGTON looks up.*)

WASHINGTON. Good evening, my boy. What was it you wished to see me about?

TOM. (*Holding out his bundle spasmodically. He is frightened, but proud, too.*) This!

WASHINGTON. (*Taking it.*) What's in it?

TOM. (*Proudly.*) Look at it, sir! (WASHINGTON *pries reluctantly into the bundle.*) It's venison!

WASHINGTON. Venison! Where'd you come by it?

TOM. A whole quarter of venison, sir! Pa shot it down by the old mill. It was a buck, sir. It's old and tough, but Pa says anyway it's meat. It's for the army! He said to bring it straight to you so's it would be divided fair.

WASHINGTON. And who is your father to be making the army such a handsome gift?

TOM. (*Suddenly frightened again.*) I can't tell you, sir.

WASHINGTON. Why not?

TOM. It's a secret.

WASHINGTON. Where did you come from?

TOM. I'd rather not say.

WASHINGTON. (*Annoyed.*) What's all this mystery?

TOM. (*Hotly.*) He's not a deserter! He's comin' back in another week or two.

WASHINGTON. So that's it. Your father deserted the army and now he's trying to buy his way clear again by shooting a buck.

TOM. (*Almost in tears.*) No, sir, that's not the way of it. He didn't desert the army. He's a-watchin' out for it. This is the best meat of the lot. You see it was like this. Mammy and us were starvin' at home, sir. Pa was in the army and Ma sent him word that we were down to a handful of parched peas apiece and Francie'd got lung fever. Pa couldn't stand it. He come right home. He didn't have nothing himself but his own shoe leather to eat all the way. Then two days later he shot this here buck and he said I was to bring the army some. He made

me start before supper; but they're savin' me mine.

WASHINGTON. (*More kindly.*) You mean you walked all night to bring us part of the meat?

TOM. That's nothing. I've hunted with Pa all night sometimes.

WASHINGTON. (*Lifting the bundle.*) And this weighs—what? Twenty—thirty—possibly forty pounds?

TOM. (*Eagerly.*) He said ye was to have all I could carry.

WASHINGTON. (*Laying down the meat.*) Doesn't your father know he's liable to court martial and severest punishment?

TOM. I reckon he does, sir. Yes, sir. He said so. But he said he was responsible for the army just the same as he was responsible for Ma and us, and he'd just have to take a chance on them hangin' him.

WASHINGTON. (*Fiercely.*) And knowing this, he risked sending you with food?

TOM. (*Simply, without bravado.*) Yes, sir. He said you needed it.

WASHINGTON. (*Wrapping up the bundle and handing it to the boy. He scribbles a note and hands it to TOM.*) Take this to Major Crabtree with my compliments. Say it's to be made into a stew to go as far as it will. The orderly will show you the way to the commissary.

TOM. You're not angry, sir?

WASHINGTON. Hardly. Goodnight.

TOM. Goodnight, sir.

(*As he goes out, he bumps into CAPTAIN GREY, mumbles an apology, and runs out.*)

GREY. (*Staring back at TOM.*) Do you know who that is, sir? That's Tom Crutcher! His father deserted from my company last week.

WASHINGTON. Nevertheless I feel better than in some weeks.

GREY. You've had good news?

WASHINGTON. Yes. When even the deserters love our cause,

we can't fail permanently.

GREY. I beg your pardon, sir?

WASHINGTON. When the father returns to camp, as he will very soon, be good enough to ignore his absence. As for the boy, did you ever try walking with forty pounds of venison from one evening till noon next day?

GREY. (*Nettled and pompous.*) I don't know that I ever did, sir.

WASHINGTON. Try it some time.

(*He picks up a sheaf of papers and goes to work with a new vigor as the curtain falls.*)

THE POST HAS COME

BY LETTIE C. VANDERVEER

CHARACTERS

MA'AM LIZA

DACIE

KATIE LOU

ZILLY

SADIE

COLUMBINE

MA'AM JINNIE

NEGRO WOMEN AND GIRLS

ANNE CARROLL

MADAM WASHINGTON

MARTHA WASHINGTON

NELLIE CUSTIS

OTHER LADIES OF THE MINUET

TIME: *February 1777, the year of the hard winter at Valley Forge.*

SCENE. *A room at Mount Vernon.*

As the scene opens, a group of NEGRO WOMEN AND GIRLS are busy arranging the room for a knitting and spinning meeting of the Ladies of Mount Vernon and their friends. Bandannas are tied about most of their heads, and spotless white aprons worn over their neat dresses.

MA'AM LIZA. (*Middle-aged and energetic.*) Set up the spinnin' wheel, Dacie, ovah by de winder yander. Seem like Mis' Lucy she just sets dere all day spinnin' and pinin' foh her boy what's away.

DACIE. (*Younger and sprightlier.*) Yassum. Seems like she's allus a-feared he's cold or hungry or sumpin. Her eyes allus lookin' far away, and she don't never sing no more at all.

MA'AM LIZA. Git dem knittin' baskets out, Katie Lou. De ladies'll be here foh you know it. Dey don't hardly swallow dey vittles now'days afore dey hurry to git at that knittin' agin.

KATIE LOU. (*Obeying.*) Dat am de sollum truth. Dey don't eat more'n a chippy bird mostly. I fix up mah chicken dumplin' fit to tempt anybody. Jus' nachelly melt in you mouth, but Mistress Carroll she just kinda look at 'em sad-like and choke over every bite.

ZILLY. It's de same way with Miss Sally Ann. "It ain't no use, Zilly," she say to me. "I keep a-wonderin' and a-wonderin' is my Johnnie hungry, and my food jus' stick in my throat." She gittin' more pindlin' by de minute. Donno how dey keeps their selves alive.

SADIE. (*Stout and waddling.*) Seem like dey feels dey doin' wrong to eat. Lawsy! 'T ain't as if we fix um big meals o' vittles. Jus' 'taters and corn meal bread mostly, and now and then a chicken. No sweetmeats any more, nor even coffee.

COLUMBINE. (*Young, lively and pert.*) Well, I taken notice you ain't fallin' off none, Sadie. Guess you feel it's your duty to make up for they all's lapsin'.

SADIE. (*Menacingly, arms akimbo.*) Shut you up, Columbine.

Dis ain' no time for jollification. Some of us is got hearts dat kin ache if you ain't. Dust off dat chair there, and hustle yourself around.

COLUMBINE. (*Shrugging, but obeying.*) Well, somebody got to laff, ain't they? What good you-all do wid your faces long as a lop-sided pancake?

SADIE. Don't you be gittin' sassy, you Columbine. And I want to tell you I can't eat no more'n whut they kin, neither.

MA'AM LIZA. (*Reprovingly, nodding toward a bent, sad-faced woman who is listlessly arranging a knitting basket.*) You better be takin' more notice of the fittin'ness of things, Columbine. I guess you're forgittin' Ma'am Jinnie's Sammy he done gone to de war too, body-guardin' his young Massa.

(*Black looks are cast at COLUMBINE, who busies herself with her dust cloth.*)

KATIE LOU. Huh-huh! Columbine dat's triflin' all de time, forgittin' dat mah boy Joe he there too with Massa Washington hisself.

COLUMBINE. (*Under her breath.*) Lawsy! You don't let no-buddy forgit that, a-puffin' yourself up so proud ever since Massa tell Joe he taken him along.

MA'AM LIZA. Well this here ain' no time for argufyin'. Mistress Washington goin' eround so anxious-like, lookin', lookin', lookin' all de time is de post come, and afraid for it to come kase it mought bring bad news from Valley Forge. She grievin' kase she ain't there wid de General,—an' I reckon she goin' too, soon as she git over dat cough she got. Gin de post don't git here pretty soon I reckon she'll jest fall erway to skin an' bones.

DACIE. (*Shaking her head.*) She shorely do look pindlin', Mist'ess Washington do. Hit do seem as if old Madam Washington she de bestus ub de two.

ZILLY. No she ain' neither. She just plum grit, dat's whut she is, comin' all de way here from Fred'ricksburg in all de cold

to join de knittin' party. She look old and she look sickly dese days. She worryin' 'bout her boy too, even if he is de General.

MA'AM JINNIE. (*In a low sad tone.*) Annybody what's got a boy in de war is a-worryin'.

SADIE. You is right, Ma'am Jinnie.

MA'AM LIZA. (*Sighing.*) And dey used to be sech doin's here come de Massa's birthday. De house all trim up, and everybody flyin' eround. Oh Lawdy! Lawdy! Dem was de good days.

KATIE LOU. Dem wuz de good days. A knittin' party on Massa Washington's birthday! 'T ain't right nohow.

MA'AM LIZA. (*Sighing heavily.*) Used to be mah kitchen bustin' with turkeys sizzlin' in de oven, an' little pigs a-roastin' on de spits. And pies in rows in de big oven,—full of raisins and cinnamon and all kinds ub spices,—smellin' to de roof. Oh yum! Yum!

DACIE. Now'days de ovens look so lean and lonesome-like, mek you sick to look in 'em.

MA'AM LIZA. Dey ain' no gladness in dis world no more.

ZILLY. (*Takes up the words in a mournful plantation song, one and another joining her in slow, plaintive strains, while they continue with their dusting, straightening chairs, etc.*)

(*Tune "Oh, Susannah!"*)

Dere ain' no gladness in dis world,
In dis old world no more.
Gotta carry my burden all de way
Up to de Glory Shore.

Sin and sorrow
And de clouds ub war: For
Dere ain' no gladness in dis world,
In dis old world no more.

(*Suddenly COLUMBINE looks to right exclaiming excitedly.*)

COLUMBINE. De post hab come. De post hab come.

(The others hasten to right looking beyond eagerly.)

DACIE. *(Clasping her hands.)* Sure 'nuff de post hab come.

MA'AM LIZA. *(Rolling her eyes skyward.)* Oh de good Lawd grant dey ain't no bad news.

ZILLY. Look, Mist'ess Washington she tookin' de letters so quick like she can't wait a minute.

SADIE. And she kiss um and hold um agin her breast. She goin' erway by herself to read dat one. It am suttently from Massa Washington hisself.

(They resume their work looking somewhat happier. Presently they are startled by quick footsteps, and a young girl comes in gayly. She is dressed in a becoming short-waisted gown of the period.)

ANNE CARROLL. Ma'am Liza, Zilly—everybody! Push back the chairs and tables. Light the candles,—lots and lots of candles. Mistress Washington has received a letter from the General, and he says he believes that better days are coming soon.

(There is a chorus of fervent “Bress de Lawd!” “Hallelujah!” “Oh glory, glory! Better days am comin’.”)

ANNE. General Washington had word that supplies and food are on the way, and his poor soldiers will not have to suffer so at Valley Forge from cold and hunger, and the need of medicines. And, Mammy Jinnie, he sent you word specially that your Sammy is well.

(MA'AM JINNIE lifts her face with a pathetic hopeful smile.)

DACIE. Oh, better days am comin'.

ANNE. But push back the chairs. *(Laughing.)* Don't you hear me? *(They fall to with a will.)* The General says he wants us to celebrate his birthday just as if he were here. Says he wants to think of Mount Vernon bright with lights and music,—that it will cheer his heart to picture it so. Lady Washington bade me tell you to clear the floor for a minuet, and she has sent all the ladies to dress in their best. She says we must all make

merry tonight as the Master wishes,—and she smiled through her tears like the wonderful brave lady she is.

COLUMBINE. (*Flicking a tear from her own bright eyes.*) She one sweet lady, Mistress Washington is.

ANNE. (*Skiping about here and there, directing with little pushes and shoves.*) You must cook a big dinner for the men tonight, Ma'am Liza and Sadie. We'll surprise them when they come in from the fields and the shops. We will miss Joe's banjo for our dancing, and old Pappy Jake to pat the juba. But Dacie there can pick a banjo's strings, and so can Columbine and Katie Lou. Isn't that so?

DACIE, COLUMBINE AND KATIE LOU. (*Grinning.*) Yes, Ma'am. Yes, Ma'am.

ANNE. And here comes Zilly with candles. We'll have lots of candles, Zilly—tonight. Now I'll go see if the ladies are ready, and maybe find some sweetmeats for everybody—who knows! (*With a smiling promise in her bright eyes as she goes.*)

MA'AM LIZA. (*Relceting.*) Now laff, if you want to, you triflin' young Columbine. Better days am comin', for the General says so.

COLUMBINE. (*Snatching up a banjo from somewhere, strums on it, keeping time with her merry feet, the younger ones joining. She turns the doleful plantation song of a while before into a rollicking one of jubilation.*)

Ain' gonna be no trouble in dis world
In dis old world no more:
Gonna keep on singin' right along
Up to de Glory Shore.

Sin and sorrow
And de clouds of war
Gonna soon be banish from dis world
From dis old world once more.

MA'AM LIZA. (*Beckons to silence.*) Shesh your noise. Somebody's playin' on de harpsichord. (*Off-stage strains of music*

are heard.) Git back erlong de sides. De ladies am a-comin'.

(They make way for the festively dressed ladies who enter. But first comes MADAM WASHINGTON dressed in her best black brocade with its soft laces at neck and wrists, a fine net cap on her white hair. She is led into the room by NELLIE CUSTIS and placed in an arm chair at the side, to view the festivities. MARTHA WASHINGTON and the other ladies follow, forming for the minuet. The banjos are softly twanged, while the strains of the "harpsichord" continue, and the dignified graceful dance takes place.)

THE END

POEMS

LINES AT THE HOME OF MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON

BY LEIGH HANES

*The walls are old, the ceiling low,
But through the window lilacs blow
A phantom fragrance, to and fro . . .*

Her daughter's house is built of stone,
But she would rather live alone
And call this little roof her own.

And so, a great tree gently shakes
Soft sunlight that an old bough breaks,
And here she sews and sweeps and bakes.

"Oh, mercy me! I 'most forget,
Today he brings young Lafayette
And dinner is not ready yet."

*The walls are old, the ceiling low,
But through the window lilacs blow
A phantom fragrance, to and fro . . .*

MISTRESS CARY'S CARRIAGE

BY MARY SINTON LEITCH

Along the James the woods are still
As the cool waters are:
In mirrored deeps the crescent moon
Cradles a drowsy star.

Of proud estate, secure, serene,
The mansion, Ceely's, stands,
While destiny unknown, unseen,
Moves toward the Cary lands.

Sitting his mare with upright grace,
As of one flesh with her,
Rides Washington. Within his heart
The roots of April stir.

The sap is rising in his veins:
Within his breast are chiming
The jasmine bells: he thinks to ease
The ache of love with rhyming.

Yet verse of his will serve to set
His Mary's tongue to chaffing:
As though a poem in praise of love
Were any cause for laughing.

So he, while pondering on her eyes,
Forbears to frame a sonnet,
Though they so mischievously peep
From her coquettish bonnet.

Her elegance—the high-craped hair,
The hoops of radiant satin,
The careless way that she can say
A word of French or Latin—

All—all bewitch him. He must bend
The pride of Colonel Cary
Across whose heart the winds blow bleak
As those of January.

A wry smile twists young George's mouth:
"I cannot win a lass"—
So runs his thought—"with learning: I
Have less than Balaam's ass.

"Of fame I cannot speak: I dare
Not proffer her a dream,
Nor say, if asked what things I know,
That I can ford a stream,

"Or map a boundary line so true
That not the royal thumb
Itself can ever smudge it out,
Whatever chance may come."

He clenched his hands upon the reins
And, looking at the knuckles
Made coarse by angry weathers, sighed,
But thought—"My lace and buckles

"Are fine as Colonel Cary's own,
For all his pride and plenty."
He laughed from fullness of his youth
Who scarce was one and twenty.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

For in him burned the flame that would,
Through field and plain and gorge,
Run like a lightning and consume
The snows of Valley Forge.

Startling from out his reverie
At whinnying of his mare
Who smells the oats in Ceely's barn,
He sees the mansion, fair

In the cool moonlight. Now he stands
In a majestic room:
The air, with berries of the bay,
Is spicy in the gloom

Where a green candle gutters out.
The colonel bids him stately
Welcome and young Washington
Makes known his suit sedately,

For all the trembling in his breast.
The colonel looks him over:
He looks him up, he looks him down:
"Ha! Ha! A pretty lover,"

His scornful lips would seem to say.
A youth had best be wary
Ere he, without or name or lands,
Come wooing Mistress Cary.

Perhaps the colonel thinks to frown
The lover into panic—
This upstart coxcomb raised upon
The jaundiced Rappahannock.

He looks him down; he looks him up;
Looks through him with derision,
And in those earnest blue-gray eyes
He fails to see the vision:

He fails in that unflinching gaze
To see the purpose pent
That to a watching world's amaze
Shall win a continent.

And so the colonel speaks at last:—
“You come to seek in marriage
My daughter, sir: I answer, she
Rides out in her own carriage.”

The tale halts here, yet this is sure,
In spite of doubt and mystery:
The young man's head was high as he
Walked out—and into history.

And though his Mary slumbers deep,
No legend can disparage
The truth that down the centuries
She rides in her own carriage!

A WORD ABOUT WASHINGTON

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

He loved his Country, he loved her cause,
Her honor, her flag, her fame,
He loved the light of her liberty,
Her new and radiant name;
And it doesn't get into the histories,
But how he loved her trees!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

It only got into his journal how
He cherished them, down to the core
And up with the grain to the topmost bough,
With all the treasure they bore.
He must have remembered in battle smoke
The ripple of new-leaved oak.

He knew the hillside for apple and peach
And the orchard corner for plums;
He knew to an inch how far apart
Birches must stand, and gums,
As he knew to a day the budding time
Of maple and larch and lime.

When the wearisome fights were over and done
He used to hurry home
And get down close to America's sod,
Touching her clay and loam,
Breathing deep at the root of things,
Forgetting colonels and kings!

History gives us the Gentleman,
Fine in ruffle and stock,
The General, booted and spurred and bold,
The Statesman, firm as a rock.
I give you the Countryman, on his knees,
Earth-warmed, setting out trees!

GEORGE WASHINGTON RIDES**BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT**

One night, before a battle
In the Civil War,

Young soldiers saw George Washington
Riding from afar.

Noble on his ghostly mount
Seen by many a one,
Riding through the startled ranks
Before the morning sun.*

Still he comes, riding
Down many a street, the same
That greeted him, victorious,
And bears today his name.

Washington rides in any
Crisis of his land,
And, while our dream can see him,
His strength shall stand.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Off with the ruffle!
Away with the wig!
No more shall they muffle
The soul of our big
Father of men.
Stockings of silk,—
All of that ilk—
Strip them away
Fast as we may!
Joyously then

* So his men told my father, Capt. Joseph E. Fiske, 2d. Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Burn the false reams
Of the Reverend Weems,—
Myth of the hatchet,—
Others to match it.
Now see a man
Young for his age,
With a hearty laugh,
Lips that could quaff,
Lips that could rage,
An eye for the stage,
Or a fishing-rod,
A close-run race,
Or a charming face.
No statue, he!
Look, and we see
No carefully shod
Gray demi-god
Carved by smug preachers
And treacherous teachers.
Down with the wig
And the mask of the prig!
Do what they can
To smooth and conceal it,
They're forced to reveal it—
He was a *man*!

His was the kind
Of young man's mind
That never said "die"
As the ice crunched by
And shattered his raft
In the frontier stream.
He but sputtered and laughed
And clove with his friend

By the young moon's gleam
To the long swim's end.

No other bore
On that bloody shore
By dread Duquesne
A heart so cool,
A head so high,
(Though battered, sore
And spent with pain)
As Braddock's "fool."

Pray, what kind
But a sportsman's mind
Could so often rebound,
At no matter what cost,
From shock and disaster
And swiftly re-master
More than was lost,
To the heartening sound
Of the fife's gay round?
Or was it some nice
Powdered prig in a wig
Poled the Delaware's ice
To the jubilant foe
To bring him that shocking
Torn Christmas stocking
That ruddied the snow?

When he was Chief,
And they called him "thief,"
"Ingrate," "traitor,"
"Would-be king,"
"People-hater,"—

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Everything
That could cause him grief,—
How the serpent's tooth
Devoured his youth!
How the man aged,
Agonized, raged,
Swore—for relief—
He had rather be pent
Safe in the womb
Of the wordless tomb
Than be President.
(When burst such a groan
From a statue of stone?)
Yet his rudder hand
Never was shaken
Until it had taken
Our vessel to land.

Here, then, he stands,
The true Washington,
Sire of the lands
Of the North and the South.
Love he commands
As no second one
Under our sun.
Mind not the mouth
So prim and so stern;
An old age heroic
But made it *seem* stoic.
Mark the good eyes
That glimmer and burn,
Wistful and wise,
Brimmed with concern,

The brotherly hands
That beckon and yearn.

Ah, no less brotherly hands
Could have welded these western lands;
Eyes of no cooler light
Could have held these states, by the might
Of their loving, passionate will,
In the cording of common bands.
Full well we know whence came
Those spirits of thunder and flame
That met at Chancellorsville!
Yes, and we know full well
Whence, after that four years' hell,
Came the soul of a later day
When sad Mississippi mothers
And girls with slain sweethearts and brothers
Bore lilies and roses to lay
On the mounds both of Blue and of Gray.

No! it was no statuesque sire
That left us in Lincoln his son—
A great-heart with malice toward none,
A great-hand with sinews of fire.

Off with the ruffle!
Away with the wig!
No more shall they muffle
The soul of our big
Father of men.
Though they do what they can
To smooth and conceal it,
Candidly, then,

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Let us reveal it:—

He was a man!

WASHINGTON CROSSES THE DELAWARE

(December, 1776)

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

That night upon the Delaware
 Their horns the wild Valkyries blew
As though the legions of despair
 Swept the impending heavens through.
The Fates and Furies rode the air
That night upon the Delaware.

The ice-pack gnawed the sodden banks,
 Sundered and rocked the middle stream;
There ran a murmuring through the ranks
 As at some dread, foreboding dream.
Amid the crunch of splintering planks
The ice-pack gnawed the sodden banks.

The trees seemed wan and wizened ghosts,
 And groped the mists with shriveled hands;
Weird was that gathering of hosts,
 The massing of those tattered bands.
On those inhospitable coasts
The trees seemed wan and wizened ghosts.

Yet valorous their victory
 That gray and grim December dawn;
What quenchless fires of destiny
 Burned in his breast who led them on!

For us, and for futurity,
How valorous their victory!

FEBRUARY TWENTY-TWO

BY SARA F. HILLS

At Valley Forge, hungry and disheartened—
Your little band shoeless and discouraged;
But undismayed!
May the mantle of your spirit
Fall upon us
That when darkness and defeat approach
We may not falter;
But with firm step
March to victory!

BORN TO THE SADDLE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Folks used to say he was born to the saddle—
“Up with his foot!” when he scarce could stride.
Hunched on the pommel, but stout astraddle,
Made for a rider—let him ride!
Gay slack bridle and stirrups flying,
The harder he rode the taller he grew;
Tightened rein and the bay colt shying,
Cut for a horseman! Ay, they knew!

He galloped to work, he galloped to leisure,
Fleetfoot after his rocking star.
He rode to romance, to hunt, to pleasure;
A bugle cried—and he rode afar.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Tight-drawn stirrup and straining leather,
Flint-spark struck on the dim hillsides,
Buckle and bridle taut together,
He rode to glory. And still he rides:

Up this river and down that river,
Brandywine, Delaware—singing names—
Rappahannock, his own forever,
York, Potomac, and scalloped James.
Echoing on, O far and clear,
Muffled in meadow, loud on hill,
Men down highway and byway, hear
Washington riding, riding still!

*PELTERS OF PYRAMIDS **

BY RICHARD HENGIST HORNE

A shoal of idlers, from a merchant craft
Anchor'd off Alexandria, went ashore,
And mounting asses in their headlong glee,
Round Pompey's Pillar rode with hoots and taunts,
As men oft say, "What art thou more than we?"
Next in a boat they floated up the Nile,
Singing and drinking, swearing senseless oaths,
Shouting, and laughing most derisively
At all majestic scenes. A bank they reach'd,
And clambering up, play'd gambols among tombs;
And in portentous ruins (through whose depths,
The mighty twilight of departed Gods,
Both sun and moon glanced furtive, as in awe)
They hid, and whoop'd, and spat on sacred things.

* EDITORIAL NOTE: Toward the end of his life, Washington was outrageously abused by men too small to appreciate his greatness.

At length, beneath the blazing sun they lounged
Near a great Pyramid. Awhile they stood
With stupid stare, until resentment grew,
In the recoil of meanness from the vast;
And gathering stones, they with coarse oaths and jibes
(As they would say, "What art thou more than we?")
Pelted the Pyramid! But soon these men,
Hot and exhausted, sat them down to drink—
Wrangled, smok'd, spat, and laugh'd, and drowsily
Curs'd the bald Pyramid, and fell asleep.

Night came:—a little sand went drifting by—
And morn again was in the soft blue heavens.
The broad slopes of the shining Pyramid
Look'd down in their austere simplicity
Upon the glistening silence of the sands
Whereon no trace of mortal dust was seen.

STORIES FOR PRIMARY GRADES

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

BY ALICE THOMPSON PAINE

One day Jack, Kitty, and little Bobbie said, "Mother, may we have a party on Washington's Birthday?"

"Yes," said their mother, "if you will help me get ready for it."

"We will! We will!" cried the children.

Jack said, "I will write to our friends today, and ask them to come."

Kitty said, "Mother, I will help you get the house ready for the party."

Little Bobbie said, "I will put away all my playthings."

When Washington's Birthday came, it was cold and snowing hard.

"Jack," said his mother, "you may build a good fire, so that the house will be bright and warm."

Kitty swept the floor and helped make the cake.

Bobbie put all his playthings away.

Before their friends came, Jack and Kitty dressed up.

Jack dressed like George Washington, and Kitty dressed like Mrs. Washington.

When Jack and Kitty were all ready, they stood at the door.

Soon their friends came. Jack and Kitty shook hands with them.

Bobbie showed them where to put their coats and caps.

Then they all talked and laughed and played.

After a while Mother said, "Supper is ready."

When the children saw the supper, one said, "Oh, how good it looks!"

Another cried, "Look at the big birthday cake!"

Soon Mother cut the cake.

"This is George Washington's birthday cake," she said.

Little Bobbie said, "I wish that George Washington could come to his party."

"So do I! So do I!" cried all the children.

After supper was over, Mother said, "I have a surprise for you."

She went to the door and opened it.

In walked a man who looked like George Washington.

How surprised the children all were!

At first little Bobbie was frightened, but Jack said to him, "It's only Father!"

All the children cried, "Oh, oh! George Washington has come to his party."

They jumped up and down for joy.

Then George Washington said, "I am glad you thought of my birthday.

"I have something for every boy and girl here."

George Washington gave each child a flag.

"Hold up your flags," he said.

All the children held their flags high in the air.

Then George Washington said, "This is your flag, and my flag, and the flag of our country. Take good care of this flag, and never let anyone hurt it."

"We will take good care of it always," said the children.

"Then our beautiful flag will be safe," said George Washington.

When the party was over, the friends of Jack and Kitty and little Bobbie all said, "Good-bye! We are glad that you asked us to come."

GEORGE WASHINGTON**February 22, 1732****BY REBECCA DEMING MOORE**

Hero was the name of nine-year-old George's pony. He soon learned to ride it, and to ride horses, too. He rode so well that not even an unruly horse could throw him.

George lived on a big Virginia farm called a plantation. It was a fine place for a boy who liked to play out of doors. He could run fast, and was good at wrestling.

At school, all George's playmates thought he was very fair. They used to have him settle their quarrels. This strong, quiet boy, George Washington, became our first president.

AN ESSAY AND AN ANECDOTE

WASHINGTON AS SOLDIER AND STATESMAN

BY CLIFFORD SMYTHE

Washington was a soldier before he was a man. At an early age, also, he gained a knowledge of men, of sociological conditions, that makes either political or military success possible—the kind of knowledge necessary for supremacy in statesmanship.

When he was nine years old, his favorite half-brother, Lawrence, came home from an inglorious expedition in South America, where England hoped to establish an indefinite increase of the ever-growing British colonies. Lawrence was full of brave stories of battle by land and sea, to all of which George lent the eager, attentive ear of youth. But why had England been defeated? Such splendid men, such an invincible army! Well, Lawrence was not overimpressed with the ability of the British regulars to win victories. They had a way of rushing into a fight without counting the possible cost, the special obstacles to overcome. Daring enough, but lacking the genius of leadership.

So Lawrence reasoned. A true colonial, he believed in the efficiency of native American troops rather than the foreign soldiers sent overseas to do guard duty by England. Should a war break out, no one was calculated to give so fine an account of himself as his brother George. Before he had reached his twenties he was famous the country round for his fearlessness. His vital personality had brought him leadership among his

fellows; his extraordinary grasp of practical affairs and problems was making him one worth consulting in the business of the province. At the age of nineteen he was appointed adjutant in one of the four military districts of Virginia. Two old veterans, one a Dutchman, the other a Virginian, comrades-in-arms of his brother Lawrence in the South American expedition, who had become fixtures at Mount Vernon, taught him what they knew of military routine, the use of the broadsword, fencing. It might not be much, but it served, as everything was made to serve, in Washington's education.

Patriotism, common sense, an ability to make use of every circumstance, every scrap of information that came his way; these were qualities that distinguished him at an early age and steadily developed throughout his career as soldier and statesman. No man among his contemporaries could have taken his place in either field. He had no rivals. There were giants in those days, but of Washington alone could it be said that he was transcendently first in war, first in peace, a dual superiority rare in the history of great men.

Personally, he was extremely modest in the estimate of his own talents. He was not a politician. To lead the quiet life of a country gentleman, to administer a fine, lucrative estate seemed the summit of his ambition. He was the American Cincinnatus, always ready to obey his country's call, always the patriot. He filled high positions in the public service, on account of the insistence and the faith others had in him rather than through his own seeking. Even as a soldier he was a statesman, seeing always behind the manipulation of armies, the winning and losing of battles, the political effect, the bearing of a military campaign upon the welfare of the country as a whole.

Nevertheless, for all his innate statesmanship he was a fighter, a soldier, every inch of him. As a boy scarcely out of his 'teens, he set out on his first engagement at the cannon's mouth as if it were a glorious adventure awaiting him. After it

was over he declared, "It was sweet to hear the bullets whistle."

He was incapable of fear. Many are the stories of his intrepid bearing in the face of danger. In one encounter he had several horses shot under him; bullets pierced his hat and coat; yet he remained as calm as though he were riding about his duties on the farm at Mount Vernon. He not only showed no fear, he apparently did not understand it in others. Nothing aroused his devouring anger to such explosive force as the sight of his men, panic-stricken, beating a retreat. More than once, when the day was apparently lost and his men were scattering wildly before the enemy's fire, with a cry of rage he would lash them for their cowardice, upbraiding them in terms rarely found in the roughest military manuals, beating them back with the flat of his sword until he had them victoriously charging the enemy.

A lion on the battle-field, this Washington, driving his men forward, on occasion, through sheer terror of his wrath, and yet more often secure of their obedience as a result of their affectionate admiration of his character. Once, when the Army seemed incapable of advancing, without a word he rode forward, apparently intending to face the enemy alone. There was no more potent method he could have devised, for his troops, weary, exhausted as they were, wheeled about and followed him as he had commanded.

This ability to lead his men against overwhelming odds, to their death if need be, this fighting zest and indomitable bravery, had been Washington's from the beginning of his military career. Nevertheless, he was primarily the statesman, keenly aware of all that lay beyond the battles that must be fought, shrewdly cognizant of the country itself, its needs, its weaknesses.

Talleyrand said of him that he was a "patriot before his country became a nation." In point of time as well as in achievement, he was the Father of his Country. While the colonies were still living more or less contentedly under the growing

exactions of England, Washington was one of the first to discover that the Mother Country, as it was called, looked upon the inhabitants of her transatlantic possessions not as Englishmen, but merely as Colonials, a word that carried a somewhat contemptuous meaning. He was amazed and indignant when he fathomed the invidious implications lurking behind this attitude, and it was not long before he openly gloried in being a colonial.

It would be too much to say that he was the first to conceive American independence; but on his shoulders fell the task of making that independence real and lasting. And what a task it proved! He had not only to lead an army that was practically non-existent until he called it into being, but to draw after him thirteen colonies, each of which was torn by a divided allegiance, different in their origins, their activities, their interests, mutually distrustful, jealous of their separate sovereignties where they were not inclined to remain loyal to the British Government, none of them clear in their ideas of what ought to be done or how it should be done.

To bring harmony out of these conflicting elements in the thirteen colonies was not the only difficulty Washington had to face. There was besides an utterly inefficient Congressional government, rent by faction, that hampered his every move. Here again he showed his ability to bring order out of chaos, to procure for the Army what it needed to give it strength and unity. And only Washington could have done this. "Take away for an instant that modest diffidence of yourself," wrote Lafayette to him, on December 30, 1777. "You would see very plainly that if you were lost to America, there is nobody who could keep the Army and the revolution for six months. There are open dissensions in Congress, parties who hate one another as much as the common enemy."

Other great generals have described their exploits in terms that are certainly not lacking in complacency. Washington, the

silent man of history, expressed himself in action rather than words at a time when men were too prone to talk. He had nothing to say at that momentous Second Continental Congress which was to decide the country's fate. Instead, he appeared among the members in full uniform, indicating that he believed the time had come for war; that the period for controversy had passed. His action proved more effective than a dozen orations. "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor," Patrick Henry declared.

As a soldier, Washington seemed unable to admit defeat. When the fortunes of war were at low ebb, he remarked despondently, "The game is nearly up." Whereupon he crossed the Delaware at night, in mid-winter, transported all his troops safely, and took Trenton before the British were fairly awake. No man knew better the value of strategy. One of his "Six Rules of Warfare" was, "Never do what the enemy want you to do," and he stuck to it.

His method of turning disaster into profit was particularly in evidence during that devastating winter of hunger and destitution at Valley Forge. When those miserable months of suffering were over, instead of marching out with the mere shadow of an Army, as Congress feared, the men that he commanded, due to the discipline and drill which they had undergone, were so well trained that for the first time the United States could boast of an Army capable of facing the regulars of England.

When the war was over and the formation of a new nation was placed unanimously upon his shoulders, Washington profited by his military experiences. If the country was to achieve the glorious destiny awaiting it, there must be an end, at least in the Government, of factional strife. Washington himself belonged to no political party; he chose as members of his Cabinet, therefore, leaders who voiced the opposing views that divided the country at large. Thus he stimulated into real life

the national confidence that at first was lacking. There would be no more wars, no entangling foreign alliances. The country, like the Cincinnatus that led it, would be absorbed solely in the occupations of peace. The Constitution, under this practical, far-seeing First President, became a living fact.

"That we have it in our power," he said, "to become one of the most respectable nations upon earth, admits, in my humble opinion, of no doubt, if we would but pursue a wise, just, and liberal policy toward one another, and keep good faith with the rest of the world."

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON

ANONYMOUS

A man often shows his true greatness by some very simple act of kindness. For example, you may get a glimpse of George Washington from a kindly little act, which, we may be sure, taught a corporal in the American army to know him better than ever before.

Early one morning Washington went alone to see for himself what his soldiers were doing in a camp which he had ordered to be fortified. The weather was so cold that he wore a long overcoat with a great cape. The coat hid his uniform, and his hat and cape did not leave much of his face to be seen. For this reason, the soldiers who saw him did not know that the tall man passing by was their great general, George Washington.

At one point in his walk he came upon a few men who, under the command of a corporal, were building a breastwork of logs. The soldiers were bending over a very heavy log, and were just about to raise it to the top of the breastwork, when General Washington came walking by.

The corporal stood at one side giving orders. "Heave ho!" he

cried. "All together! Up with it! Now!" The men lifted with all their might, but they could not raise it quite high enough.

The corporal shouted again, "Heave! Up with it! Up! Up!" but he did not put his hand to it himself. The men struggled and strained; but they had done their best, and the heavy log was about to sink back into their arms.

At this moment Washington ran to them, and with his great strength gave them the help they needed. The log was quickly lifted upon the breastwork and rolled into place. The grateful men thanked the stranger, but the corporal paid no attention to him.

Then Washington turned to him and said in a stern voice, "Why don't you help your men with this heavy lifting?"

"Why don't I?" said the man. "Don't you see that I am the corporal?"

"Indeed!" replied Washington, as he unbuttoned his coat and showed his uniform. "Well, I am the commander-in-chief! The next time you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me." Then turning upon his heel, he walked away.

We may be sure that the corporal learned a lesson that many men need to learn, and that the soldiers came to know their great general better than they had ever known him before.

A PROBLEM AND AN ACTIVITY

A WASHINGTON PROBLEM

BY LILLIAN B. TURRELL

This is an arithmetic problem about George Washington. If you do not know the facts required, look them up in a history or an encyclopedia.

1. Take the year in which Washington was born.
2. Divide it by the number of the month in which he was born.
3. From that quotient subtract the day of the month on which he was born.
4. To that remainder add the number of rules of behavior which he wrote out.
5. From that sum subtract the number of years between his father's death and his journey to Fort Le Boeuf.
6. To that remainder add the height, in inches, which he attained as a man.
7. Divide the total by the number of horses shot under him in the defeat of General Braddock.
8. Multiply that answer by the number of bullets which passed through his coat in that battle.
9. From that result subtract his age at the time of his marriage.
10. Divide by the number of the month in which he took command of the Continental Army.
11. Multiply by the day of the month on which he took command.

12. To that result add the year in which he took command.

13. From that sum subtract the year in which the last battle of the Revolution was fought, at Yorktown, Virginia.

14. Divide by the day of the month on which Cornwallis surrendered.

15. Add the number of the month in which he surrendered.

16. And the result will be the number of delegates, one of whom was Washington, that in 1787 made the Constitution of the United States of America.

ANSWERS

1. 1732

9. 27 years

2. 2 (February)

10. 7 (July)

3. 22

11. 3

4. 110

12. 1775

5. 10

13. 1781

6. 74

14. 19

7. 2

15. 10 (October)

8. 4

16. 55

1732 divided by 2 equals 866; minus 22 equals 844; plus 110 equals 954; minus 10 equals 944; plus 74 equals 1018; divided by 2 equals 509; multiplied by 4 equals 2036; minus 27 equals 2009; divided by 7 equals 287; multiplied by 3 equals 861; plus 1775 equals 2636; minus 1781 equals 855; divided by 19 equals 45; plus 10 equals 55.

A FEBRUARY SAND TABLE

BY EDYTHE A. FINKELSTEIN

We decided that a reproduction of a scene at Valley Forge would be most appropriate for our February sand table. We painted lead soldiers with blue enamel, and modeled three-cornered clay hats for each soldier. For the sand-table scene

we made first a fort from toy logs, placing small particles of cotton between them, to give a wintry appearance. In front of the fort we crisscrossed several small twigs, and placed bits of red and orange paper inside the pile of twigs, to look like fire. Pieces of crumpled paper represented mountains, and thin sheets of cotton were used for snow. Next we grouped the soldiers, making sure that the kneeling soldiers, which we had been fortunate enough to secure, were placed near the fire. The final step was to scatter artificial snow over the entire scene. The work was correlated most successfully with our other fifth-grade subjects.

Celebrations for Memorial Day

PLAYS

“SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT . . .” *

A One Act Play for Memorial Day

BY OLIVE PRICE

CHARACTERS

Prologue

JONATHAN NORRIS, *a Quaker*

ROSE MARY, *his granddaughter*

The Play

JONATHAN NORRIS, *as a young man—1863*

JERRY, *his son*

SUSAN, *his daughter*

AUNT JENNY, *a negro mammy*

TOBY, *a boy slave*

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY, *a Confederate Captain*

PRIVATE FARROW, *his orderly*

Extras: Confederate soldiers—Fugitive slaves

TIME: *May, 1885.*

PLACE: *The Norris Farm near Gettysburg, Penn.*

SCENE: *The “Parlor” in the Norris farm-house. It is a spacious room, with double French doors, glass-paned and shining,*

* For permission to produce, apply to the author, 101 Delaware Avenue, Freeport, Long Island.

that open, center rear, to a porch. Down left, is another door that leads to the hall, and down right, another that serves as a "side entrance" from the garden. The furniture is quaint and attractive; to the right of the doors, center rear, is an ornately carved chest with a mirror in a frame hanging above it. To the left of the doors, stands a "secretary." On the large wall-space, right, there is a fire-place. Above it hangs a portrait of a boy about fifteen years old; a straight, sturdy lad, tall for his age, with dark, curling hair and serious young eyes. In front of the fire-place is a sofa, and placed at random about the room two mahogany tables and other easy chairs. On one table lies a Bible; on the other there is a lamp.

As the curtain rises, the room is lost in blue shadow. It is intensely quiet and brooding. . . . Presently ROSE MARY, a twelve-year-old girl, appears in the door-way to the hall. She is golden-haired and lovely, but quite demurely dressed in a little dove-gray gown. She carries two lighted candles and it is only in their glow that we come to see that a tall, white-haired man is standing in front of the fire-place. It is JONATHAN NORRIS who stands staring at the portrait and is completely absorbed in his thoughts of the boy.

ROSE MARY. (*Softly.*) Grandfather, please—

JONATHAN. (*Not turning.*) Come in, Rose Mary.

ROSE MARY. (*Entering the room and placing the candles on either side of the fire-place shelf.*) I've brought you some light.

JONATHAN. (*Quietly.*) Thank you.

ROSE MARY. (*Scolding.*) You shouldn't be alone in the dark!

JONATHAN. (*Finally turning.*) But I like the dark, Rose Mary. (*Whimsically.*) Sometimes it brings back our dreams.

ROSE MARY. (*Her eyes on the portrait.*) Dreams of long ago?

JONATHAN. (*Sighing.*) It seems only yesterday. . . .

ROSE MARY. (*Taking his hand and leading him to the sofa.*) Please sit down. There! (*As she curls up beside him.*) Now

let's talk about tomorrow.

JONATHAN. Have you gathered the flowers?

ROSE MARY. Lilacs and roses. . . . (*Eagerly.*) Please tell me about it again! This will be my first Memorial Day in America after all those years of living with mother while she was teaching in France.

JONATHAN. (*Smiling.*) "All those years" . . . How grown-up you sound! For a little girl scarcely more than four feet tall—

ROSE MARY. Please don't tease! Just tell me—everything! Will the soldiers ride in carriages to the Gettysburg graves?

JONATHAN. Only those who are crippled. All the others will march.

ROSE MARY. To music?

JONATHAN. To the grandest martial music in the world! Bands will play—bugles will blow—and flags will be flying.

ROSE MARY. It will be very beautiful—and—and solemn—

JONATHAN. The soldiers will wear their blue uniforms and their bayonets will sparkle in the sun.

ROSE MARY. And when they come to the graves—?

JONATHAN. You and all the children will cover them over with flowers.

ROSE MARY. I'm afraid I shall cry— (*Indicating the portrait.*)—especially when I come to his—

JONATHAN. There will be tears in my heart too.

ROSE MARY. (*Rising and standing in front of the picture.*) He seems so special—so different from the rest. He died a soldier's death and yet it wasn't on the battle-field. Tell me about him again. I think he must have been the bravest of them all!

JONATHAN. It happened twenty-two years ago—here in this very room—

(*As he begins to speak* ROSE MARY blows out the candles and the room is lost in darkness. *As if from far away comes*

the sound of a bugle sounding the call "To the Colors" and slowly as if morning light were breaking the room again becomes visible. ROSE MARY and JONATHAN are gone. . . . Standing in silhouette against the open door, center, is JERRY. He is, in reality, the boy of the portrait—"fifteen years old; a straight, sturdy lad, tall for his age, with dark, curling hair and serious young eyes." He listens intently to the bugle call—until his reverie is broken by the appearance of TOBY, a slave boy with glistening black skin and white teeth, just about his own age. He carries a pair of army boots, a Union soldier's cap, and blue coat.)

TOBY. (*Gleefully.*) I'se found dem, Massa Jerry! I'se found dem!

JERRY. (*Overjoyed.*) Where?

TOBY. Never mind dat! Dey's heah.

JERRY. (*Gravely.*) You—you didn't—? (*He hesitates questioningly.*)

TOBY. What can a soldier who gwine to walk de golden streets want with his uniform? Up dere there'll be no North and South an' he'll be wearin' shinin' wings!

JERRY. (*Dubiously.*) You're sure he was—

TOBY. Daid? (*Compassionately.*) Po' boy! His whole company—or what was left of it—was marchin' toward de Ridge in a great cloud o' blue—an' he was layin' by de roadside.

JERRY. (*Solemnly.*) Peacefully though?

TOBY. Peaceful as an angel! After I took his coat, I covered him ober wid Trotter's blankets. (*Holding the coat for JERRY to put on.*) Better hurry, Massa Jerry, an' get out o' heah 'fore yo' father comes.

JERRY. (*Eying the coat.*) It looks sort of big—

TOBY. Beggars can't be choosers, can dey? An' I couldn't cover de battle-fields lookin' fo' yo' size.

JERRY. I know, Toby, I know. And this is a wonderful coat! (*Eyes shining as he puts it on.*) I'm a soldier now, Toby! A

Union soldier!

TOBY. Well, yo' haven't taken any oath befo' an officer—

JERRY. No, but I can take it to the flag. (*In young and solemn salute to a flag that hangs above the portrait.*) "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the country for which it stands; one Nation indivisible with Liberty and Justice for all."

TOBY. Hallelujah, Massa Jerry! Hallelujah!

JERRY. Now for the boots—

TOBY. Sit down on de sofa. I'll put dem on.

(*As they proceed with the business of the boots, both are unaware that JONATHAN NORRIS, JERRY'S father, has entered from the hall. He is a tall, gaunt Quaker, pleasant, kindly, but firm in his convictions. He stands surveying the boys half in compassion, half in surprise.*)

JONATHAN. What is all this, son?

JERRY. (*Half-abashed, half-defiant.*) Father! It's you!

JONATHAN. (*Amused at the over-sized coat.*) Where is the coat taking you, my son?

JERRY. Don't laugh! Please don't! I sent Toby to the battlefields for it and he took it off a dead soldier! It's hallowed, father! Hallowed!

JONATHAN. (*Gently.*) But what is your need of it?

JERRY. They're still fighting at Gettysburg. I'm going into it!

JONATHAN. Must I tell you again that you can't? You're a Quaker, my son. A Quaker! (*Laying a hand on his shoulder.*) Be not rebellious. We must not kill.

JERRY. But I've got to go! I've got to! If the Confederates take the town today—your cause—our cause—Mr. Lincoln's cause will be lost!

JONATHAN. There are other ways to serve one's country. It's not only fighting that counts. (*As SUSAN, a pretty girl of eighteen, enters in great excitement.*) What is it, my daughter?

SUSAN. It's frightful, father, frightful! One of Pickett's runners is spreading the news that the armies have met in the

wheatfields and they're fighting in rivers of blood!

JERRY. (*Piteously.*) You see, father? You see! We can't stay here and do nothing just because we are Quakers!

JONATHAN. (*Gravely.*) No, that we can't. . . . Let the soldiers fight, my son, but let us bind up their wounds. We'll turn this house into a hospital and bring men from both sides here. Toby, you harness the horses and get the wagons ready.

TOBY. (*Delighted.*) Yas Sir, Massa! Yas Sir!

JERRY. And I? What can I do?

JONATHAN. Fill all the water jugs in the house. Get others from the neighbors. Wounded men sometimes die of thirst on the battle-front. You can go among them as a Water Boy. . . .

JERRY. A Water Boy. . . . Yes, that will be better than killing.

SUSAN. Hurry, Jerry, hurry! We don't know what this day may bring.

JERRY. I'll be off at once.

(*As JERRY exits, a chorus of negro voices is heard singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"—mournfully, from a distance.*)

SUSAN. Listen! How strange! Negroes singing at this hour of the morning!

JONATHAN. Strange, and somehow beautiful. . . . (*As an old Negro Mammy enters in a great flurry of excitement.*) What is it, Aunt Jenny?

AUNT JENNY. Please, Massa, please! Yo' mus' do somethin' to help dose po' souls!

SUSAN. What poor souls, Aunt Jenny?

AUNT JENNY. Dey be fug'tives, Miss Susan, fug'tive slaves up from de South!

JONATHAN. What are they doing here in the bright light of day?

AUNT JENNY. (*Distressed.*) Dey's been hidin' under de bridge since last night expectin' to get north of Gettysburg to

another Underground Station. But so many 'federates are marchin' along de roads—

SUSAN. But why are they singing, Aunt Jenny?

AUNT JENNY. Dey's a carriage scheduled to come through from one o' de stations, Miss Jenny, and dat song's to be their signal to stop!

JONATHAN. No carriage will come along now since the battle has started.

AUNT JENNY. Dat's jest it, Mass' Jonathan! Dat's jest it exactly! De po' niggers are singin' dere hearts out—and ef de 'federates cross dat bridge—dey're sho' to find dem and shoot!

SUSAN. (*Impulsively.*) Let them come here, father! Please let them come here!

AUNT JENNY. I could keep dem in de cellar until de battle is ober!

JONATHAN. (*As the singing continues plaintively.*) You say they are hiding under the bridge in our meadow?

AUNT JENNY. (*Graphically.*) Crouched down lak scared rabbits—callin' on de Lawd!

JONATHAN. You and Susan better go down and bring them up here. Be careful, both of you, or we'll have the Fugitive Slave Law to reckon with.

AUNT JENNY. (*Overjoyed.*) Hallelujah! I'se comin', Sisters, Brothers! I'se comin'!

(*They go out the side door together. JONATHAN watches them until they are evidently out of sight. The singing continues softly as he picks up his Bible and opens it.*)

JONATHAN. (*Reading aloud.*) "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion.

Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me and save me.

Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort: thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art

my rock and my fortress." (*Repeating, as a band of CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS are seen to come up on the porch.*) ". . . for thou art my rock and my fortress."

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. (*From without.*) Good-morning, Sir.

JONATHAN. (*Turning, and laying down his Bible.*) Good-morning, Gentlemen.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. We are soldiers of the Confederacy.

JONATHAN. (*Quietly.*) So I perceive.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. Is this the Norris homestead?

JONATHAN. So it has been for three generations.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. I have orders to take it for a Field Base.

JONATHAN. Temporary quarters?

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. Temporary quarters. If you let us take it quietly no harm will come to it. If you resist—we are in no way responsible.

JONATHAN. I am a Quaker farmer. I do not believe in war or in bloodshed. On the other hand I believe in the Union and Mr. Lincoln's creed that every man shall be free.

PRIVATE FARROW. Take the house, Captain. We've no time for sermons.

JONATHAN. (*With a certain nobility.*) I agree with you, Sir. There is work to be done. (*Stepping aside.*) You may come in.

PRIVATE FARROW. One moment, Sir. There's something strange happening.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. What is it, Farrow?

PRIVATE FARROW. (*Crossing the room and looking out the side door.*) There's a white girl coming up the hill leading a band of niggers. Look, Sir. Look!

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. (*Watching.*) Queer goings-on. Better get her.

JONATHAN. You can't do that, Sir! The girl is my daughter!

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. That makes no difference, Quaker. This is a Civil War.

PRIVATE FARROW. Are the niggers yours too?

JONATHAN. There are no slaves in the North, Sir. Do you forget what we're fighting for?

PRIVATE FARROW. (*Laughing.*) Hardly, Quaker. Hardly. Nor will you, after Gettysburg. . . . (*Saluting* CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY.) I'll get the girl now, Sir. And I'd better have someone to help herd the niggers.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. Stay where you are. She's bringing them here.

PRIVATE FARROW. I think we've come on an Underground Station. Quakers are noted for that.

JONATHAN. This house has never sheltered a fugitive! Let us not misunderstand each other.

PRIVATE FARROW. (*Laughing again.*) Fiery old Quaker, aren't you?

JONATHAN. This is a house of peace and welcome for all who need succour. I will permit no brutality.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. We have attempted none, Sir. (*As confusion is heard on the porch outside.*) What's happening out there?

ANOTHER SOLDIER. (*Entering, and forcing JERRY to come in with him.*) It's a young blue-coat, Sir! A blue-coat! They tell me they found him approaching our lines!

JONATHAN. This boy is my son. He was carrying water to the wounded.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. How can we know? Search him, Farrow.

JERRY. (*Resisting.*) I will not be searched! I am a Quaker and will minister to both the Blue and the Gray!

PRIVATE FARROW. It's my notion, son, that you're a spy!

JERRY. I'm not, I tell you! I'm not!

PRIVATE FARROW. Come along! We shall see!

JONATHAN. You have nothing to fear, son. It's Susan I'm—

JERRY. (*Quick to catch some significance.*) Susan! Where is she?

JONATHAN. She's coming up the hill with—

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. Quiet, you! Quiet!

JERRY. (*Breaking away from PRIVATE FARROW and dashing to the side door where he is caught by CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY.*) Susan! Go back! Go Back! GO BACK!!!

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. You young scalawag! The girl's heard! After her, men! After her!

JERRY. (*Whipping a pistol out of a belt under his coat.*) She's my sister, I tell you! My sister!

JONATHAN. (*Horried.*) Careful, Jerry, careful! How did you come by arms?

PRIVATE FARROW. (*Derisively.*) A Water Boy, eh?

(*As JERRY stands with his gun blocking the doorway, a shot is fired from outside. Simultaneously, he slumps across the threshold.*)

JONATHAN. (*Crying out.*) My son! Oh, my son!

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. (*Bending over JERRY.*) What stupid soldier fired that shot?

A SOLDIER. (*Appearing in the door-way.*) I did it, Sir. I saw him point his gun at you. What was I to think? A blue-coat—

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. Quiet!

PRIVATE FARROW. (*Also bending over JERRY.*) This boy is dead. . . .

JONATHAN. (*Kneeling beside him, bitterly.*) Would to God I had let him fight!

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY. (*His hand on JONATHAN's shoulder.*) Jerry Norris. . . . Say that he died on the field of valor. . . . Killed in action at Gettysburg. . . .

(*All is silent in the room. Out on the hill the SLAVES are singing softly as they move away to the distance.*)

“Swing low, Sweet Chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, Sweet Chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!

I looked over Jordan an’ what did I see,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
A band of angels comin’ after me,
Comin’ for to carry me home!”

Slow Curtain

THE END

LEST WE FORGET *

(A Memorial Day Play-Pageant in Two Scenes)

BY ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN

CHARACTERS

High School boys and girls:

ALAN

BEN

CHARLES

JANE

CAROL

MARJORIE

Characters in Pageant:

COLUMBIA

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

PURITAN BOY AND GIRL

* Permission to produce must be obtained from the author, 3360 Runnymede Place, Washington, D.C.

G.A.R. VETERAN

CONFEDERATE VETERAN

TWO SOUTH CAROLINA GIRLS

THREE BOYS *representing Spirit of '76*

THREE BOYS AND THREE GIRLS *with banners*

DOCTOR

NURSE

SCIENTIST

POLICEMAN

FIREMAN

ENGINEER

WORKER

SPANISH WAR SOLDIER

WORLD WAR SOLDIER

TWO RED CROSS NURSES

SCENE I: *A strip of green carpet with flowering or green plants to represent an outdoor scene. The back drop of Scene I conceals Scene II. ALAN, BEN, JANE, MARJORIE and CAROL are lounging on the grass.*

CAROL. Memorial Day always seems like a grown-ups' day—there's not much we can do.

ALAN. My grandfather was a Civil War Veteran and he used to say on Memorial Day: "Sonny, it's a good thing to honor the dead but it's better to decorate the living."

BEN. But how can you?

JANE. Of course he meant help people—not pin flowers on their hats!

(All laugh.)

CAROL. I tell you what let's do! Let's have a Memorial Day Club that lasts the year round.

BEN. But one day can't last—

CAROL. *(Hastily.)* We'll meet every month to report and our motto will be: "Let's decorate the living!"

BEN. I still don't see—

MARJORIE. And we'll have a Memorial Day pageant just to inoculate the idea!

JANE. (*Drily.*) If you mean inaugurate, say so. It isn't a germ.

(*All laugh, including MARJORIE.*)

ALAN. Yes it is, too. It's the germ of an idea. And I vote that we honor the Heroes of Peace as well as war.

CAROL. But who can we help?

BEN. Charles Hoyt, that crippled boy in our class.

(*They look at each other dubiously. A pause.*)

JANE. We've tried to be nice to him, but he's so disagreeable.

BEN. He has a hard time. He's so much poorer than the rest of us and lives in that dingy little house. But he's awfully clever.

ALAN. You're darned right he's clever.

CAROL. And sarcastic!

MARJORIE. Maybe he thought we were fraternizing him.

(*The others laugh.*)

MARJORIE. Well, you know what I mean—we ought to meet him on a footing of absolute equality!

ALAN. You're right, Marjorie Malaprop. We've probably sounded darned patronizing. But as for equality, we ought to look up to him. That was his idea about Heroes of Peace and this is one thing he wrote about it:

“For Courage and Service have gone hand in hand
Since ever the World began;
Since the first hero died for his own native land
Or lived for his fellow-man.”

BEN. Gosh! Did he write that?

JANE. Maybe he would write our pageant for us.

CAROL. Let's ask him to be secretary of our Club and to help us with the pageant.

ALL. O.K!

(*Bell rings off-stage. All jump up.*)

ALAN. Whatever you do, don't fraternize!

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Two weeks later. Stage of a school auditorium, decorated with bunting and crossed American flags. A dais at back of stage. CHARLES sits in wheel chair at a table at extreme right of stage. ALAN stands beside him, dressed in khaki uniform. Sounds of talking and confusion off-stage.*

ALAN. Gee, Charles, you certainly know your stuff. The teachers say this is a fine pageant.

CHARLES. It was swell of your Club to make me secretary and let me direct the pageant.

ALAN. Direct it! Why you darned near invented it!

CHARLES. I didn't know you were such a friendly crowd.

ALAN. Oh, sure we are. And anyway you've made a better job of it than any of the other kids could.

CHARLES. You know, it's made me feel altogether different. I used to feel rather hopeless. Now I'm going to study and work to be a movie director.

MARJORIE. (*Off-stage.*) Where's that doctor's microscope—you know, the thing he listens with?

JANE. (*Off-stage.*) Here's the stethoscope. Hang it round his neck now so he won't lose it again.

ALAN. Good thing you didn't give Marjorie any lines.

CHARLES. I tried it. She's so goodnatured about our laughing at her. But when she said: "the first hero died for his own native *band*," I gave up. (*He pulls his watch out.*) Jeepers! look what time it is! Pull that curtain, will you?

(*ALAN draws the curtain. Orchestra or piano plays overture to "America." Group of small children dressed in white and carrying flags line up in front of curtain and sing one*

verse of "America." Children exeunt. A gong is sounded. The curtains part, showing decorated stage with dais at back. Tall girl dressed as COLUMBIA stands on dais. Stage is dimly lit, except for spotlight on COLUMBIA.)

COLUMBIA. Gently we pause on Memorial Day;
Tender and sacred the thoughts we give;
Proudly our tribute of honor we pay
To heroes who died that a nation might live.

(Enter two girls in white dresses, Civil War style. They carry each an armful of flowers. They advance to center of stage and into light, and curtsey.)

FIRST GIRL. We will tell you a true story of the first
Memorial Day.

SECOND GIRL. We stand beneath a Southern sky
Long, long ago in May;
And here the blue-clad soldiers lie,
And there the men in gray.
Here gentle, sad-eyed ladies bring
The fragrant, lovely blooms of spring.

FIRST GIRL. "But can we deck our soldier-shrines
And leave these others bare?"

SECOND GIRL. "Ah no, for pity draws no lines
And these shall have their share.
Heap blooms above each lonely head;
We bear no hatred to the dead."

FIRST GIRL. The tale was told from state to state,
And like a healing balm,
It fell upon War's bitter hate
And stormy hearts grew calm.
Through darkened souls a glory spread
When foes clasped hands above their dead.

SECOND GIRL. This happened in South Carolina at the close
of the Civil War.

(They curtsey and take positions on each side of the dais.)

COLUMBIA. Heroic dead, you glorify a Nation's memories
Since those first colonists who dared to cross the
unknown seas.

(Two or more boys and girls dressed as Puritans, cross stage, pause a moment in the light, then take positions beside dais.)

The patriots who defied a king and won our liberty:

(Three boys representing the "Spirit of '76," with fife and drum and flag, cross stage, pausing a moment in center, and stand by dais.)

The gallant and courageous men who followed
Grant and Lee.

(A boy in G.A.R. uniform and a boy in Confederate Veteran uniform march arm-in-arm across stage.)

The soldiers of the Spanish War and that intrepid throng

Who died in France to help defend the weak
against the strong.

(BEN, dressed in Spanish War uniform, and ALAN in World War uniform march to center of stage.)

ALAN. No Communist spy can taint our hearts with poisonous treason-blight.

As long as America needs a man, American men will
fight!

(They salute and stand by dais. A light glimmers. Enter JANE, dressed in Victorian costume and carrying an old-fashioned lighted oil lamp.)

COLUMBIA. Welcome, brave lady of another land

Who visioned first the dauntless nursing band.

JANE. I heard their voices crying to me over land and sea:

"We pledged our lives to guard you—must we die in
agony?"

We've challenged death in every form that others
might be free—

Oh help us in our need!"

Then hosts of loyal women started up on every hand,
They thronged around my marching flag, a valiant
chosen band,

And braving scorn and pain and death we left our
native land

To help them in their need.

Oh little band of womanhood, triumphant over fears,
On trails we blazed to service a vast army now ap-
pears;

Our lives were crowned with glory when far down the
coming years,

We saw a red cross glow.

(Light thrown on Red Cross flag, held by CAROL and MARJORIE in Red Cross nurse uniforms. All three take their places by dais. Orchestra plays a military march, more and more softly till music stops.)

COLUMBIA. But when the martial music dies away,
Come those for whom no golden trumpets play,
No banners wave; they go on day by day,
Filling each one his quiet, unnoted place,
The steadfast bulwarks of the human race.
Doctors and scientists, whose dauntless souls
Have wrested from Disease its dreadful tolls:

(Enter a boy carrying a black bag, and with a doctor's stethoscope around his neck, a boy dressed in white robe and mask and carrying a chemical retort, and a girl in District Visiting Nurse uniform. They take their places by dais.)

COLUMBIA. Policemen, firemen, engineers, whose rôles
Doomed them to death by crime, and fire and
blast

That fellow-men's security might last:

(Boys dressed as fireman, policeman, and engineer carrying a surveyor's tripod enter, stand a moment in center and then take their places by dais.)

COLUMBIA. And all the patient workers of the night

Who toiled in gloom to give us warmth and light:

(Enter boy in worker's overalls, with coil of electric light wire over his shoulder. He crosses light and stands by dais.)

COLUMBIA. Heroes of Peace, their long-forgotten names

Should shine forth on this day like living flames!

This is our heritage; to this we owe

The greatest blessings any land could know:

Free speech, free press, our education free;

The ballot box, religious liberty.

(During this speech three boys and three girls enter, dressed in white and carrying banners which read: The Constitution of the United States: Freedom of Speech: [This boy also carries a soap-box.] Freedom of the Press, The Public Schools, The Vote, Religious Liberty. They file across stage in the order named and pause in center to display their banners. They line up beside dais.)

COLUMBIA. These priceless gifts we'll guard with loyal might,
And keep the Torch of Liberty alight!

(Light flashes on stage, showing COLUMBIA holding aloft a lighted torch in one hand while the other grasps the staff of a large American flag. COLUMBIA and all the group repeat the Salute to the Flag. All sing one verse from "The Star-Spangled Banner," or "God Bless America" or "America the Beautiful.")

CURTAIN

If desired, some of Columbia's speeches may be spoken by other players. For instance, the costumed players may speak the lines describing their particular rôles.

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

BY LETTIE C. VANDERVEER

CHARACTERS

JACK *and his pal* FREDTOUGHY *and his pal* PUGSYPLACE: *A street corner.*

JACK. Are you going to be in the parade tomorrow, Fred?

FRED. Sure thing. I wouldn't miss it. It's in honor of our American soldier dead. You know my uncle Fred was killed in the World War, and I want to show Mother I honor his memory even if I wasn't born in time to know him.

JACK. My great-grandfather was in the Civil War and was wounded twice. Grandmother said he limped all the rest of his life. I always go around to his grave in the cemetery and watch them put a little flag on it.

FRED. We've got a lot of Civil War soldiers in an old album, and most of them were our relations. Some of them were killed, too. But you kind of forget that, it's such fun to parade, with the band playing, and stepping along to the beat of the drum. And soldiers in uniform and everything.

JACK. Yes, I like that part of the celebration fine.

FRED. Yeah, that part's all right. Only I see how bad Mother feels. She tries not to let us see her cry, but we all know she does. And so do Mrs. Royal and Mr. and Mrs. King. They think about their boys who didn't live to come home.

JACK. And it's kind of awful about Jeffy Wade's uncle. He was shell-shocked, and sometimes, Jeffy says, he walks up and down his room all night long thinking about the war,—and he goes sort of crazy.

FRED. Yes—I guess it must have been awful to see fellows

you liked getting killed,—and having to kill fellows you might have liked if you had known them. I suppose Jeff's uncle sees it all over again in his mind.

JACK. That's why we Americans ought to do everything we can to keep peace in the world, so there won't be terrible wars, and folks like your Mother and Mrs. Royal and the Kings feeling so bad. But of course if your country needs you you have to fight for it.

FRED. Ye-es. Like the new history teacher said, there are times when it's the only thing to do. But he says if statesmen would think things out carefully, and try to see all sides of the question, when trouble comes, nine times out of ten they could come to a peaceful settlement.

JACK. Sure. You don't have to be a coward just because you don't want to fight. Look at Pugsy Hicks. He goes around picking scraps, and Toughy Barry's always got a chip on his shoulder, or picking on some little fellow, trying to start something.

FRED. Yes, they act about like a couple of families on our street, the Browns and the Greens. Mrs. Green sweeps all the papers that blow over from the Browns' pavement back on that side again, and then Mrs. Brown comes out mad as a hornet and sweeps the trash back onto the Greens' pavement, when it's mostly all the fault of the wind. Dad says if both families would keep their papers picked up there wouldn't be anything to quarrel over. He says that kind of actions is one of the ways wars start, that and wanting something that rightly belongs to somebody else. (*Glancing to right.*) Oh boy! Look who's coming. Pug and Toughy,—looking for trouble as usual.

JACK. Well, they'll find it if they bother me.

PUGSY. (*Bumping into them.*) Hey, you fellows. Who do you think you are? Hoggin' the middle of the sidewalk.

(FRED turns toward him angrily, instinctively clenching his fist.)

FRED. Say, you watch yourself. I won't stand for— (*He stops, remembering something.*)

TOUGHY. (*Swaggers into the trio.*) Goin' to be in the parade tomorrow, Freddy? You 'nd Jack? Oh mama! Whatcha goin' to do, toot a whistle or beat a drum?

JACK. (*With meaning.*) I'm not like somebody that can't *beat* a drum and a few other things besides.

TOUGHY. (*Aggressively.*) Meaning—?

JACK. I said it.

PUGSY. Patriots on parade,—that's what. Right in the middle of the street. Give 'em the earth, big boy. They're goin' to be heroes.

JACK. (*Squaring his shoulders ready for action.*) Say, what's the idea—?

(*FRED breaks in quickly.*)

FRED. (*Laughing, and pulling JACK to one side.*) Hey, Pugsy, let up on that "middle of the street" stuff. Fred and I were so busy talking we didn't know we were taking up two-thirds of the sidewalk.

(*PUGSY stares.*)

JACK. (*Still indignant.*) Yes, we're perfectly willing to let you two pass—and how!

FRED. (*Hastily.*) Why don't you go in the band, Toughy? If I could play a cornet like you can they couldn't keep me out,—you're durn tootin'.

(*JACK looks from one to the other puzzled.*)

TOUGHY. (*Puzzled too, pretending scorn, but less pugnaciously.*) What—me, playin' in a patriotic parade? Not a chance.

PUGSY. (*With a sneer.*) Whyn't you join the cuties, Tough? The louder you toot the more patriotic you are.

TOUGHY. Yeah. Look at old Dave Hoxie. He'll be there with bells on. Fill him up with likker and he steps higher than the drum major.

JACK. (*Indignantly.*) You know good enough Dave's not accountable. He was all right before he went to war.

PUGSY. Went to war? Who—Dave? Whaddo you mean, Civil War? He's too old for a World War vet.

TOUGHY. (*Interested.*) Why, I thought they let him dress up in that uniform just for fun.

JACK. No, he's a genuine veteran. Dad told us that Dave was one of the town's best citizens when he went in. He didn't have to, for he was past draft age. But he volunteered, or managed it somehow. Dad says you can't turn a gentle peaceful citizen like Dave was into that kind of business and expect him to come back the same.

FRED. And it had a worse effect on some than on others. Dave just drank and drank, trying to forget it.

TOUGHY. Gee! I didn't know that. Thought he was just an old bum.

PUGSY. Can't they do anything for him?

JACK. The Legion is looking after him, and he's getting medical care. There's some hope he may get better.

TOUGHY. Well, they ought to. Parades and flag-waving don't do fellows like him any good.

PUGSY. Don't do anybody much good as far as I can see.

JACK. Well, I think myself there are plenty of other things we could have parades and music over besides war anniversaries and things like that.

FRED. That's so. Look at the fellows who win medals for bravery saving somebody's life. And fire-fighters, and people who take boats and food and help of all kinds to flood sufferers. Or flyers who go in search of somebody. Why you could think of thousands of things to celebrate.

JACK (*Thoughtfully.*) But we wouldn't want to forget people like your uncle Fred and my great-grandfather who served their country that way—such an awful hard way. It would be pretty mean of us not to do anything in memory of the ones

who died fighting for what they believed was right.

FRED. Oh no. We wouldn't forget them—ever. But I bet you if they could come back today they would say, "Boys, work for peace and goodwill in the world. It is the only way to happiness and security."

THE END

POEMS

ABOVE THE BATTLE'S FRONT

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

St. Francis, Buddha, Tolstoi and St. John—
Friends, if you four, as pilgrims, hand in hand,
Returned, the hate of earth once more to dare,
And walked upon the water and the land,

If you, with words celestial, stopped these kings
For sober conclave, ere their battle great,
Would they for one deep instant then discern
Their crime, their heart-rot and their fiend's estate?

If you should float above the battle's front,
Pillars of cloud, of fire that does not slay,
Bearing a fifth within your regal train—
The Son of David in his strange array—

If, in his majesty, He towered toward Heaven,
Would they have hearts to see or understand?
—Nay, for He hovers there tonight, we know,
Thorn-crowned, above the water and the land.

"O HAPPY MOURNERS—"

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

O happy mourners, who have cause to mourn!
You could not lose unless you once possessed,

Nor were bereaved until you first were blessed—
Heavy your sorrow, yet it can be borne.
But what shall comfort us who have not known,
Nor ever shall, that joy with which you part?
Who bear the anguish of a loveless heart,
The tearless grief of those who walk alone!

1887

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

From Clce to heaven the beacon burns,
The shires have seen it plain,
From north and south the sign returns
And beacons burn again.

Look left, look right, the hills are bright,
The dales are light between,
Because 'tis fifty years tonight
That God has saved the Queen.

Now, when the flame they watch not towers
About the soil they trod,
Lads, we'll remember friends of ours
Who shared the work with God.

To skies that knit their heartstrings right,
To fields that bred them brave,
The saviours come not home tonight:
Themselves they could not save.

It dawns in Asia, tombstones show
And Shropshire names are read;
And the Nile spills his overflow
Beside the Severn's dead.

We pledge in peace by farm and town
The Queen they served in war,
And fire the beacons up and down
The land they perished for.

“God save the Queen” we living sing,
From height to height ’tis heard;
And with the rest your voices ring,
Lads of the Fifty-third.

Oh, God will save her, fear you not:
Be you the men you’ve been,
Get you the sons your fathers got,
And God will save the Queen.

LAMENT IN WAR

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

The transport slips beyond the down,
And makes the stout heart flinch
To see the lads, the lads in brown,
Swarm over every inch
Of deck and port, and even mast,
Against the voiceless skies,
Now must the heavy heart beat fast
Lest these should die like flies.

Quote me not Sidney’s valor—
Though such high deeds are true—
I see the trenches’ squalor,
The Vickers, flattening through.
I see the five-days’ dying,
The stark and staring horse,

I see youth fall in flying
Down red inferno's course.

Blow no more bugles early,
Beat no deceiving drums,
He is a mean and surly
Master, this war that comes.
Yet not the pain and anguish
Is the sword's sharpest cost,
But that dear Love must languish
For one forever lost.

FROM BEYOND

(For Memorial Day)

BY LUCIA TRENT

Pity us not
Because we tried to battle and to go
Like men upon the beckoning of Death,
Because through all your life you may not know
The pain we suffered with one dying breath,
The gnawing agony, the burning woe!

Pity us not
Because, torn by the might of blasting shell,
Our bodies never find a place of rest,
No stone where those we love may come to tell
The sorrow that is weighted in their breast.

But pity us
Because the earth is lovely still, and fair,
And there is still the spring of which to dream,

Because the stalwart poplars proudly bare
Their beauty to the April moonlight's gleam.

And pity us

Because men desecrate this shrine of God,
Ravage the altar of earth's loveliness,
Sow seeds of bondage in the bitter sod
To reap the grain of torture and distress!

Pity us too

Because the world prepares another hell
For sons of ours to rage and suffer through,
For sons of ours to die by gas and shell,
For sons of ours to know the pain we knew!

Pity us

Because a truer and more godlike way
Men will not even seek to know or find,
Nor hail the coming of a kinder day—
Oh God, the shame that men will be so blind!

THE SOLDIER

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

I

Down some cold field in a world unspoken
the young men are walking together, slim and tall,
and though they laugh to one another, silence is not broken:
there is no sound however clear they call.

They are speaking together of what they loved in vain here,
but the air is too thin to carry the thing they say.

They were young and golden, but they came on pain here,
and their youth is age now, their gold is grey.

Yet their hearts are not changed, and they cry to one another,
“What have they done with the lives we laid aside?
Are they young with our youth, gold with our gold, my brother?
Do they smile in the face of death, because we died?”

Down some cold field in a world uncharted
the young seek each other with questioning eyes.
They question each other, the young, the golden-hearted,
of the world that they were robbed of in their quiet Paradise.

AT ARLINGTON

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

No trumpet note can wake them from their dreams;
Beneath these carven stones they calmly sleep.
Above their laureled graves we stand and weep.
Across the shadows morning sunlight gleams;—
But not for them—their light went out at dawn!
We called them from their play to fight the foe;
They could not understand why they should go,
But questioned not—we glibly bade them “On!”
“Go save our world,” we cried, “though you must die”;
(We sent them forth that we might save our ease.)
They heard our cry—theirself they could not please:
They marched, and fell—and here in sleep they lie.
Have we kept faith with them? Still crieth Peace:
“O men of earth, when will your warfare cease!”

MORE THAN FLOWERS WE HAVE BROUGHT

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Soldiers, as we come to lay
Flowers where you rest today
In this place so sweet and still
(Rose and fern and daffodil
From the field of May)—

Something more we bring to you
Than these blossoms gold and blue
Out of field and wood and hill:
We have brought a promise, too.

Soldiers, we will do our best
That there may be no more war
In the fair world, near or far,
No more war in this dear land
Soldiers, where you rest.

Here are rose and violet,
Garlands we have loved to weave,
Lily, myrtle, mignonette
Gathered in the springtime hours.
And our promise, too, we leave
With the flowers.

DECORATION DAY

BY IRENE WILDE

They who sit in silence
Hearing your voices still

Bring you garlands of lilies,
Bouquets of daffodil,
Boughs of lilac and roses,
Lattice of laurel too—
Wreaths of green remembrance
From gardens that withered for you.

THE VOLUNTEER

BY HERBERT ASQUITH

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city gray,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament;
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken, but he lies content
With that high hour in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

MEMORIAL

BY PAUL H. OEHSER

I can not write a ballad of war's glory.
(How can I ever sing of what is not?)

Today I shall recall another story:

A known, not unknown, grave, and unforget.

I shall remember how you looked that day

When you came 'round to us to say good-by;

I shall remember how you went away . . .

No one believed that you were going to die.

I shall put flowers in a golden vase

For you—a white rose and some fleurs-de-lis—

And then, remembering your livid face,

I'll dash to earth their empty fragrancy.

Then shall I sing a plain and tranquil song

Marked with the minor of your memory clear,

And I shall sing it faithfully and long,

Until my sons are old enough to hear.

Remembering again the day you went,

I shall put poisoned prayers into their food,

And work for you a lasting monument

Made not of stone or steel, but flesh and blood.

WHO GOES THERE?

BY THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

Who goes there, in the night,

Across the storm-swept plain?

We are the ghosts of a valiant war—

A million murdered men!

Who goes there, at the dawn,

Across the sun-swept plain?

*We are the hosts of those who swear:
It shall not be again!*

TO THEM THAT MOURN

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Lift up your heads: in life, in death,
God knoweth his head was high.
Quit we the coward's broken breath
Who watched a strong man die.

If we must say, "No more his peer
Cometh; the flag is furled."
Stand not too near him, lest he hear
That slander on the world.

The good green earth he loved and trod
Is still, with many a scar,
Writ in the chronicles of God,
A giant-bearing star.

He fell: but Britain's banner swings
Above his sunken crown.
Black death shall have his toll of kings
Before that cross goes down.

Once more shall move with mighty things
His house of ancient tale,
Where kings whose hands were kissed of kings
Went in: and came out pale.

O young ones of a darker day,
In art's wan colours clad,

Whose very love and hate are grey—
Whose very sin is sad,

Pass on: one agony long-drawn
Was merrier than your mirth,
When hand-in-hand came death and dawn,
And spring was on the earth.

DAY OF MEMORY

(May 30)

BY IRENE WILDE

I meant to stop my ears today
And barricade my eyes, to hide
Forgetting till the sun was gone,
But memory is multiplied.

Your voice reverberating filled
The hall of dawn like a bassoon;
Your laughter echoed down the long
Untroubled corridor of noon.

The web of darkness night has spun
Revives the brooding chrysalis
Of your wing-haunted eyes that held
As many captive stars as this.

AFTER THE WAR

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

After the war—I hear men ask—what then?
As though this rock-ribbed world, sculptured with fire,

And bastioned deep in the ethereal plan,
Can never be its morning self again
Because of this brief madness, man with man;
As though the laughing elements should tire,
The very seasons in their order reel;
As though indeed yon ghostly golden wheel
Of stars should cease from turning, or the moon
Befriend the night no more, or the wild rose
Forget the world, and June be no more June.

How many wars and long-forgotten woes
Unnumbered, nameless, made a like despair
In hearts long stilled; how many suns have set
On burning cities blackening the air,—
Yet dawn came dreaming back, her lashes wet
With dew, and daisies in her innocent hair.
Nor shall, for this, the soul's ascension pause,
Nor the sure evolution of the laws
That out of foulness lift the flower to sun,
And out of fury forge the evening star.

Deem not Love's building of the world undone—
Far Love's beginning was, her end is far;
By paths of fire and blood her feet must climb,
Seeking a loveliness she scarcely knows,
Whose meaning is beyond the reach of Time.

MAN'S DAYS

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin';
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert tomorrows.

Young blood red hot an' the love of a maid;
Wan glorious hour as'll never fade;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears;
An' a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then auld man's talk o' the days behind 'e;
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin',
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

CHILDREN OF EARTH

(Potter's Field)

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

O homeless dust, within this green field hidden
Lies home at last, your ancient home and true!
The roof is wide, and though you come unbidden
Long, long ago the bed was made for you.
Here are no questionings and no reproaches;
Only the little creatures of the grass
Shall pause a while to see what guest encroaches,
Then go their way and let the stranger pass.

Cool clay shall heal the lips once harsh with curses,
Fear-stiffened eyes be closed against the night;
No more the piteous, groping mind rehcarves
Each grief and terror of its hapless plight.
Only the silence and the warm sweet clover,
The sun, the cloud, the pure effacing snow,
And the long cadence of the wind blown over—
These be the pulse and rhythm you shall know.

Sleep soundly then, with all mankind for brother,
One in the wide democracy of death;
Swelling the dark womb of the first great Mother,
Safe in her side from whom we all draw breath!

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

In the east the morning comes,
Hear the rollin' of the drums
 On the hill.
But the heart that beat as they beat
In the battle's raging day heat
 Lieth still.
Unto him the night has come,
Though they roll the morning drum.

What is in the bugle's blast?
It is: "Victory at last!
 Now for rest."
But, my comrades, come behold him,
Where our colors now enfold him,
 And his breast
Bares no more to meet the blade,
But lies covered in the shade.

What a stir there is today!
They are laying him away
 Where he fell.
There the flag goes draped before him;
Now they pile the grave sod o'er him
 With a knell.

And he answers to his name
In the higher ranks of fame.

There's a woman left to mourn
For the child that she has borne
In travail.

But her heart beats high and higher,
With the patriot mother's fire,
At the tale.

She has borne and lost a son,
But her work and his are done.

Fling the flag out, let it wave;
They're returning from the grave—
"Double quick!"

And the cymbals now are crashing,
Bright his comrades' eyes are flashing
From the thick
Battle-ranks which knew him brave,
No tears for a hero's grave.

In the east the morning comes,
Hear the rattle of the drums
Far away.

Now on time for grief's pursuing,
Other work is for the doing,
Here today.

He is sleeping, let him rest
With the flag across his breast.

UNLEARNED LESSON

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Memorial Day
Of every year
The little valiant
Flags appear
On every fallen
Soldier's grave—
Symbol of what
Each died to save.
And we who see
And still have breath—
Are we no wiser
For their death?

A PRAYER

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRITUAL UNION OF MANKIND

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Eternal God, Father of all souls, grant unto us such clear vision of the sin of war, such hearty hatred for the passions which create it and for the desolations which follow it, that we may earnestly desire and tirelessly seek that co-operation between nations which alone can make war impossible. As man by his inventions has made the whole world into one neighborhood, grant that he may not fail by his co-operations to make the whole world into one brotherhood. Break down all race prejudice, all ignoble narrowness in national loyalty; stay the greed of those who profit by war and the ambitions of those who by imperialistic conquest seek a national greatness which, drenched in blood, cannot endure; guide all statesmen who seek a just basis for international action in the interests of peace; and arouse in the whole body of the people an adventurous willingness, as they sacrificed greatly for war, so also for international goodwill to dare bravely, to think wisely, to decide resolutely, and to achieve triumphantly.

A PROGRAM

SCHOOL PROGRAM FOR MEMORIAL DAY

Prepared by COMMUNITY DRAMA SERVICE

1. CHORUS—"America" by entire assembly
2. READING—"Decoration Day"
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Sleep, comrades! sleep and rest
On this field of grounded arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace;
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,—
It is the truce of God.

Rest, comrades! rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels, to keep
Your rest from dangers free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

3. READING—"Dedication of the National Cemetery at
Gettysburg" —Abraham Lincoln

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we

here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

4. CHORUS—"America, the Beautiful" by entire assembly

5. READING—"The Bivouac of the Dead"

Theodore O'Hara

or

"A Monument for the Soldier"

James Whitcomb Riley

or

"For Our Dead"

Clinton Scollard

(These poems may be found in any collection of patriotic poems. They are also contained in "Memorial Day" by Robert Haven Schauffler.)

6. CEREMONIAL OF THE MAKING OF THE FLAG

A white robed figure accompanied by two heralds in conventional short Greek tunics advances to center of stage—one wears red, the red of the Flag, the other the blue of the Flag. The figure speaks:

I am the Spirit of the Flag
Robed in purity.
With me is ever the flame of courage
And the sign of the living truth.
I live only through your lives
And endure only by your love,
Which through all the years of this Republic
Has crowned me with the crown of liberty.

SONG—"Tenting tonight"

quartette

During this song (one verse) a Standard Bearer advances from the left to the platform. He carries a crimson scarf, which he gives to the blue herald. The herald then approaches the Flag and drapes the scarf over her right shoulder so that the long ends fall to the bottom of her skirt. The music continues until the Herald and the Standard Bearer are in place again.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FLAG:

With agony and bitter strife
My sons have made for me
This blood-red stole of sacrifice.
Against my heart 'tis worn,
A dear memorial of eternal love.

SONG—"Just as the Sun Went Down" *

quartette

During this song (one verse) the Standard Bearer advances to the platform. He carries a mantle of blue and gives it to the red herald. The heralds then approach the Flag and place the mantle on his left shoulder, and the music continues until the Standard Bearer and the heralds are in place.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FLAG:

Of heaven's own blue
This mantle, gift of Loyalty.
Shoulder to shoulder marched my sons—;
On that glad day, when, true to Liberty,
They struck a blow victorious
For a nation sore distressed.

* Music obtained from Witmark & Son, 1650 Broadway, New York, price 40¢ a copy.

SONG—"There's a Long, Long Trail" or "Keep the Home Fires Burning"

During this song the Standard Bearer approaches the platform carrying a crown of silver stars which is given to the Spirit of the Flag. The Standard Bearer returns to place.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FLAG: (*places crown on her head*)

A starry crown,
The last great gift
Of all my children.
In my crimson stole,
My deep blue mantle,
This crown upon my brow,
Old Glory—you have christened me!
The undefeated symbol of your freedom.

(*She pauses a moment then steps forward and recites.*)

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY *

by

Wilbur D. Nesbit

Your Flag and my Flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefathers' dream;

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Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The glorious guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your Flag, and my Flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.

The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your Flag and my Flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe.
Your Flag and my Flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!

Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

7. SONG—"Star Spangled Banner" (*led by Spirit of the Flag*)
 . . . entire assembly

END

Celebrations for Flag Day

PLAYS

WHICH FLAG?

BY ELBRIDGE S. LYON

CHARACTERS

FELIX, *an agitator—in the red*

IVAN, *an agitator feeling blue*

TOM, *a man about nothing*

JERRY, *companion of Tom*

BELLE, *a negro wash-lady*

POLICEMAN, *lawful upholder*

MR. & MRS. JONES, *elderly, and like it.*

SCENE: *A corner of a public park.*

Stage represents a park with fringe of trees across rear, and bench in center. FELIX slips in through trees to right side of bench. He is carrying a soap box. Puts this down and sits on it. Takes a messy hot dog from pocket, removes paper and eats. Enter TOM and JERRY. FELIX hastily stuffs remainder of food into pocket, stands upon box and makes impassioned speech.

FELIX. Will you be down-trodden forever? Arise and take over the power! Why be worms?

TOM. Who's a worm?

FELIX. We are all poor worms. Who knows whether our next meal will be for us to eat or for us to be eaten? Whether we will be beside the table or on the table?

JERRY. Or under the table.

FELIX. Don't be dumb driven cattle. Don't be dogs under the table that have only crumbs. Rise up.—(BELLE, *with huge bundle of wash, enters and listens open-mouthed.*)—The time is come for the common man to assert himself and join together in brotherhood.

(*Enter IVAN with cereal box. He places it at left of bench, gets upon it and orates in persuasive manner.*)

IVAN. Ladies and workers,—the time is now ripe for amalgamation.

BELLE. A-which?

IVAN. Strength comes before anything else, and strength comes from amalgamation. For the ignorant—that means joining together. That will keep the hostile wolf from the back door.

TOM. How about the front door?

FELIX. Give the downtrodden man a chance. The rich are parasites. Why are the employers wealthy and the working people poor? Down with all wealth.

IVAN. Why should there be poverty in this land of plenty? Why should the masses eat bread while the upper crust eat cake? Why should—

(*Enter POLICEMAN. IVAN gets down, grabs his box and runs off.*)

FELIX. You can't intimidate me. This is a free country,—free speech is—is—free.

POLICEMAN. It's free all right, so why are you squawking?

FELIX. This is a public park, and I have my constitutional rights.

POLICEMAN. If you would go to work, you would have a better constitution of your own.

FELIX. You can't intimidate me.

(*Nervously exits. Comes back and gathers up his box and makes a poor retreat amidst laughter from all.*)

POLICEMAN. He must have a guilty conscience. I didn't even try to scare him.

(Goes off left followed by BELLE.)

TOM. What were those guys trying to say?

JERRY. I haven't the slightest idea. I doubt if they did.

TOM. Funny business, trying to make others miserable just because they don't want to work.

JERRY. I'd call talking like that pretty hard work.

TOM. They talk to cover up their own failure. Probably those boxes are their only possessions.

JERRY. They make sort of thrones out of them.

TOM. How is it that they are allowed to talk this way?

JERRY. They can do it only in open parks. It's to allow them to let off steam. Probably they are so nearly crazy that if they couldn't let off steam, they'd explode.

TOM. No other country would let them rave against the government that way.

JERRY. England does—in Hyde Park.

TOM. Well, I guess the old flag can stand it.

JERRY. Let's go watch the ducks.

TOM. All right. Their quacking will make as much sense as those two reds.

(Exit down the path right. Enter an elderly couple,

MR. & MRS. JONES.)

MR. JONES. Let's eat our lunch on this bench.

MRS. JONES. This is a nice peaceful spot, only there aren't any pigeons.

MR. JONES. There will be as soon as we start eating.

(They sit on bench and open a basket; take out sandwiches, apples and a thermos bottle.)

MRS. JONES. Who could want anything better than this? It seems as if we had everything.

MR. JONES. Well, we could do with a place of our own.

MRS. JONES. This is our own—if we get here first. In fact, the world is ours if we don't tread on anyone else's toes.

MR. JONES. Maybe in this country, but not in Europe.

MRS. JONES. Aren't we lucky to be in this country? Peace and security, parks, museums, churches, concerts, art galleries. Wherever our flag is, there is comfort. The hungry are fed whether they deserve it or not.

MR. JONES. And yet, some people want to change our system of government and try all sorts of risky schemes.

MRS. JONES. Here we are, with hardly a dollar between us, talking as if we were millionaires.

MR. JONES. Well, we certainly are not millionaires. Yet, as long as I have you and enough to eat, I am satisfied.

MRS. JONES. I am glad you put me first.

MR. JONES. \$60.00 a month for the two of us to live on.

MRS. JONES. Well, we do live on it, don't we? And with a room of our own and three grandchildren coming along and being well educated.

MR. JONES. I am satisfied, only—

MRS. JONES. Only what, John?

MR. JONES. Our boy's wife would like our room.

MRS. JONES. For what?

MR. JONES. A guest room.

MRS. JONES. What guests would she have?

MR. JONES. None that I know of, but I heard her say most folks had guest rooms.

MRS. JONES. Not our kind of folks; and those that do, keep them shut off all the time. Besides, we pay for our room.

MR. JONES. I sometimes wonder how welcome we would be if we couldn't pay anything for it.

MRS. JONES. The government understands and makes allowance, so we are not a real burden on her.

MR. JONES. It helps her a bit with our grandchildren.

MRS. JONES. It is wonderful that even though we are poor folks, the children can go to the same schools as the best of them.

MR. JONES. And they don't have to walk goose-step or carry guns.

MRS. JONES. Here comes Pat.

(*Enter POLICEMAN left.*)

MR. JONES. Hello, Pat.

POLICEMAN. Hello, Colonel. Good-noon to you, and to you, ma'm.

MRS. JONES. My, how handsome you are getting.

POLICEMAN. It's my new uniform.

MRS. JONES. It's nice and peaceful here in the park.

POLICEMAN. It would be if it wasn't for them agitators.

MR. JONES. I haven't seen any today.

POLICEMAN. Have you heard how out in California they are going to give everybody over sixty \$60.00 a week?

MR. JONES. You mean a month?

POLICEMAN. No, a week.

MR. JONES. Let's go out there.

MRS. JONES. That much wouldn't be right.

POLICEMAN. And why not?

MRS. JONES. Young men like you and our John would have to raise it, and John can hardly pay his taxes now.

MR. JONES. But we could give him three times as much board money and we'd still have three times as much as we have now.

MRS. JONES. But there's few young folks with old folks that would share their money once they got so much, and there's lots of young folks with no old folks at all.

POLICEMAN. There's sure not many old folks like you. I guess the thing won't pass anyhow. It reads all right in the papers, but it don't seem to work out. But something ought to be done. Look at you, now, not a cent to spend on yourselves.

MRS. JONES. Oh, we get along fine.

POLICEMAN. I'll bet you haven't been to the movies in weeks.

MR. JONES. Months.

MRS. JONES. Over a year.

POLICEMAN. Is that so!—Well, you jest come to the Bijou at 2:00 to 2:30 this afternoon. I'll be right in front and I'll pass

you right in.

MRS. JONES. Would that be right?

POLICEMAN. Right? The place is more than half empty, and Ike told me any of my friends was always welcome. Now I'm on duty there from 2:00 to 5:00 every afternoon except Monday, so come as often as you want to. I'll look for you today.

MRS. JONES. Oh, thank you. I do like Clark Gable so much.

POLICEMAN. Sure and how did you know Clark Gable was there today and you not been to the movies in over a year?

MR. JONES. My son and his wife are going tonight.

POLICEMAN. I see, and you are staying home with the children, I suppose.

MRS. JONES. Oh, we love to.

POLICEMAN. Sure, sure, I know. Well, Clark Gable and I will be looking for you at 2:30 today, and if you see any of these red orators in the park making speeches, tell them to go out to California. Why the law lets them speak out their ignorance, I can't see. I'd run them in if I could. Here they come most every day, trying to spoil a swell country; and the government is so free it lets them rave; but I always chases them for collecting a crowd. Three's a crowd, I tells them. Well, three's a crowd, so so-long till 2:30.

MR. JONES. So-long, Pat.

MRS. JONES. Good-bye. You're an angel.

POLICEMAN. Well, well, I've been called many names in my day, but never one as bad as that. Good-bye. (*Exit.*)

MRS. JONES. A grand man—Pat. An upholder of the law with a heart in him.

MR. JONES. Why couldn't the whole world have one police force instead of a lot of separate armics all against each other?

MRS. JONES. What sort of flag could they have?

MR. JONES. A white one. That is a combination of all colors. No country has a pure white flag.

MRS. JONES. But that means surrender. It is cowardly.

MR. JONES. No it doesn't. It means "Let's talk it over." It is a truce. When the snow falls from heaven, it covers everything alike, good and bad, rich and poor, and makes a sparkling blanket of pure white everywhere.

MRS. JONES. Why, John, you are like a poet.

MR. JONES. Here comes one of these pests. (*Enter FELIX with his box.*) I should think they could find something better to do somehow.

(*Enter TOM and JERRY, returning. FELIX places his box on grass at right of bench. Gets up and speaks.*)

FELIX. Fellow slaves, why don't you arise and throw off the yoke the oppressors placed about your necks? Why help the plutocrats in their nefarious undertakings? The time is ripe for action.

TOM. A little more action and less talk would help you, too, maybe.

FELIX. That's right, make sport of those that want to help you. If you would combine, the world would be ours. The greatest organization is the blue shirts—the—

(*Enter IVAN, who rapidly places his box at left of bench, gets upon it, and speaks. Two or three other passers-by join the group.*)

IVAN. No—friends, not the blue shirts. Much better the red—the color of the rising sun.

JERRY. And of blood.

IVAN. Yes, red-blooded men.—Now is our time. Follow the flag. (*Raises a red flag with left hand and waves it. Flag is about a foot square.*)

FELIX. I say the blue flag. (*Raises a blue flag, about a foot square, with right hand and waves it.*)

MR. JONES. (*Standing up on bench between the two, raises a white napkin.*) And I say—a white flag.

MRS. JONES. Look, the red, white and blue!

(*MR. JONES gathers the three flags together and waves the*

tricolor and cheers. TOM pulls box out from under FELIX, as JERRY does the same for IVAN. FELIX and IVAN disappear as others cheer. Curtain falls. Orchestra plays "America.")

STARS, YOURS AND MINE *

BY LETTIE C. VANDERVEER

CHARACTERS: *A teacher, MISS KING, and a group of children, thirteen of whom place the stars on the blue field of the flag. These are named as follows:*

LOU	NELL
MARY	SARA
MARK	PAUL
SAM	MADGE
CLAIRE	RICHARD
CLEMENT	KARL
FLETCHER	

SCENE: *A classroom of today. The children are grouped informally.*

MISS KING. Well, has anybody a new plan for our flag exercises, or shall we have the Betsy Ross story again?

LOU. (*Indicating a classmate.*) Mary planned something, Miss King, and it's good, too.

MARY. (*Modestly.*) Oh Lou, maybe Miss King won't think so.

MARK. Well, anyway we've got it all ready.

MISS KING. All ready? Won't it take some rehearsing?

SAM. Oh, we've rehearsed. We wanted to surprise you.

CLAIRE. And I've got one date firmly fixed in my mind, June

* For permission to produce, apply to the author, 11 South Illinois Ave., Atlantic City, N J.

14, 1777. (*She quotes.*) On June 14th, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution: "Resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be thirteen stars, white in a field of blue, representing a new constellation."

CLEMENT. Oh, we're just full of words like "allegiance" and "fealty" and "fidelity" and "loyalty" . . .

NELL. And we mean them too, Miss King.

CLEMENT. Of course we mean them, you goose. Nobody could know the history of our flag and country like we do and not get all stirred up inside.

CLAIRE. We practised at Mary's, and Mark made a big paper flag.

MISS KING. Is that what you have in that big roll, Mark? I've been suffering from curiosity. This *is* a surprise.

CLEMENT. If you don't mind going out of the room, Miss King, so it will be like a show you haven't seen rehearsed, we'll tack it up and be all ready for opening exercises.

MISS KING. I'm just delighted. Here I thought we had no new plan, and would simply have to do one of our old exercises over again.

NELL. And maybe you'll like it so much you will want us to give it in the auditorium this afternoon, if Mr. Randolph would want us to.

MISS KING. That would be nice. (*A little doubtfully.*) But we really had better try it over before we propose doing that, hadn't we?

SARA. Oh, you'll like it, I know you will.

PAUL. You'll be surprised what a lot of work we've put on it. We cut out all the sta—

LOU. Sh! Paul. You'll spoil the surprise.

MADGE. We learned a lot doing it, too.

RICHARD. Uh-huh. First time I ever knew that the State I was born in was the third added to the Union.

MARY. (*Apologetically.*) I'm afraid you won't think much of my poetry, Miss King.

MISS KING. Poetry? Ah, more surprise.

KARL. Working New Hampshire and Connecticut and the other long ones into rhymes was something terrible, wasn't it, Mary?

FLETCHER. Say, you're giving the whole thing away, Karl.

KARL. Naw, I haven't told a thing. But I just want to say she certainly needed my help.

RICHARD. Huh! You! What you did to the state of Massachusetts, trying to squeeze it in, was a crime.

NELL. Sh! Sh! Miss King will soon know all about it if you keep on.

MISS KING (*Laughing.*) Well, to be on the safe side I'll go over to Miss Margerum's room until it's time for the bell. (*Moving left.*) Hustle yourselves, though, for school is school you know, and we can't be preparing shows when we should be at work.

LOU. Oh, we're so prepared you'll be proud of us, Miss King.

MISS KING. Good. I'm off.

(*She waves a hand back to them as she goes. Brisk activity begins as the teacher disappears.*)

PAUL. Unroll it, Mark. Give us the thumb tacks, Dick, and we'll have it up in a jiffy.

MARK. O.K.

RICHARD. Here you are.

(*They tack up a large paper flag with white stars pasted on the field of blue in six horizontal rows of eight stars each, except that in place of the first thirteen there are simply outlines, which are filled in one after another, later on, by the thirteen children named. While this is being done the "Star Song" is sung by all. These thirteen are at right and left ready to tack the stars in place in the order in which they are named. With the singing of "First there came Delaware," the first*

child at right tacks Delaware's star in place and steps back. Next "Pennsylvania" is placed by the first from the left, in the same fashion. Alternating from one side to the other, the stars go on until all thirteen are in place. It is well to have each star marked with the abbreviation of its state name, and date of admission to the Union, so that the children will be interested in learning the order in which all forty-eight came to be a part of the United States of America.)

LOU. (*Stepping back admiringly when the flag is tacked up in readiness.*) Looks fine, doesn't it?

MARY. Oh, I do hope Miss King will like it.

SAM. Well, somebody call her, and we'll try it out on her.

FLETCHER. (*Going to left, calls.*) Come now, Miss King, and see how it goes.

MARK. And all of you kids sit down except those who are taking part.

(There is a hasty scramble to seats, except the thirteen who line up at right and left.)

CLAIRE. (*Excitedly as the teacher enters.*) You won't have to do a thing, Miss King.

MISS KING. (*Sitting at one of the pupil's desks.*) Isn't this just lovely! I feel like a visiting celebrity. (*She sits back at ease.*)

(Fitting their words into the tune of "Santa Lucia" the pupils sing the "Star Song," placing the thirteen stars for the thirteen original states as follows:)

- 1— Once in the long ago
Stars on our flag were few,
Thirteen in all, their glow
Lighted the field of blue.
Now there are forty-eight,
Telling the story true,
Each for a well-loved state,
White on the field of blue.

Stars, yours and mine, are here,
Pledging allegiance new,
Each to our hearts so dear,
White on the field of blue.

- 2— We honor here today
Earliest states that stood
Pledging fidelity
Union and brotherhood.
First there came Delaware,
Loyal she took her stand.
Next Pennsylvania there
Shone for her honored land.

Third came New Jersey's star,
Then Georgia's, fourth in line:
White on the field of blue
Constant they ever shine.

- 3— Soon added to the bright
New constellation,
Connecticut shone white
In dedication.
Then Massachusetts came,
Gladly uniting,
Maryland next, the same
Loyalty plighting.

South Carolina's star
Followed, and next to grace
The blue field New Hampshire's shone afar
Proud of its resting place.

- 4— Virginia's star is there:
New York beside it shines.

North Carolina's fair
 Emblem with them combines.
 Rhode Island proudly glows
 Where freedom's banner flies,
 Out on the breeze it flows
 Far-flung against the skies.

Stars, yours and mine are here,
 Pledging allegiance new,
 Each to our hearts so dear,
 White on the field of blue.

NOTE: "Santa Lucia" may be found in *One Hundred and One Best Songs*, and other popular collections.

THE BIRTH OF A SONG *

BY DONALD SELLERS KLOPP

CAST

FIRST FRIEND

SECOND FRIEND

THIRD FRIEND

DOCTOR BEANES

TWO LITTLE GIRLS (*aged 8-11*)

TWO BRITISH REDCOATS

BAR MAID

BRITISH LIEUTENANT

TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS

ADMIRAL COCHRAN

COLONEL SKINNER

* For permission to produce, apply to Donald Sellers Klopp, 33 Waverly Place, Red Bank, New Jersey.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
ROWLES
CHUMLEY
THIRD BRITISH TAR
OTHER BRITISH TARs
AMERICAN SOLDIERS

As many BRITISH REDCOATS, LITTLE GIRLS, BRITISH SOLDIERS, BRITISH TARs, AMERICAN SOLDIERS, and FRIENDS OF BEANES may be used as desired. Suggestions to small casts may be found in the "Foreword."

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SCENE I

TIME: *Sunny afternoon in early September, 1814.*

PLACE: *Garden of DR. BEANES, Upper Marlboro, Md.*

SCENE II

TIME: *Afternoon of September 13, 1814.*

PLACE: *Portside of deck of British flagship.*

LIST OF PROPERTIES

SCENE I

Table
4 straight chairs
Wicker chair
Four glasses of julep
Playing cards
Flowers
Jacks and ball
Old pistol
Little satchel
Cane

Red apron

Old watch, preferably the key-wound type

SCENE II

(Imitation 20-pounder cannon suggested)

Two official letters

Spy glass

Bandages

Paper and pencil

American flags

Guns and blanks for battle

FOREWORD TO DIRECTORS

This play may effectively be staged with small casts by following these instructions. The Two Redcoats with very little change of costume or make-up may double for the Two British Soldiers. The British Tars may take the place of the American Soldiers at the very end of the second scene.

Where large casts are available "supers" may be used where indicated in the Cast of characters. Orchestral accompaniment for the songs and for the battle will heighten the effects. However, different songs may be substituted or the songs entirely omitted at will. Similarly, the play may be lengthened by additions. For example, the Second Scene has been brightened by the addition of a sailor drill just preceding the battle. One cast added a minuet after the Girls' song in Scene One.

The play is well adapted for public performance and for high school assemblies. Moreover, it may serve as interesting supplementary work for school history classes or programs. If necessary, the first scene may be summarized or read in full, and only the last scene fully dramatized.

The setting and costumes for Scene Two may better be visualized if the director has access to such books as *History of the*

U.S. Navy from 1775–1894 by E. S. Maclay, published by D. Appleton & Co., N.Y., 1897 (cf. p. 458); *Story of Our Navy* by W. O. Stevens, published by Harper & Bros., N.Y., 1914; etc.

(Curtain at rise reveals a garden scene at the home of DR. BEANES, Upper Marlboro, Maryland, in early September of 1814. Table at left; swing down right; wicker chair down left; other furniture of the period. Cards on the table, also mint juleps. Flowers in background. Possibly an old cat playing around. FIRST FRIEND lazying on swing. SECOND FRIEND seated at table sipping a julep. THIRD FRIEND paces anxiously across stage several times.)

FIRST FRIEND. (*Nervously to THIRD FRIEND.*) In the name of the saints, man, why are you pacing around like a sentinel on duty on such a beautiful September day as this?

SECOND FRIEND. (*Offering a drink.*) Yes, that's what I say. Why not have a julep?

THIRD FRIEND. (*Glancing at his large old key watch.*) As for me, I can't appreciate juleps and sunny September days in these hectic times.

FIRST. Are these confounded British redcoats still spoiling your digestion?

THIRD. (*Hotly.*) Redcoats! Blast their spongy hides! Why can't they at least be soldiers and *gentlemen* at the same time?

SECOND. Are you by chance referring to how they burned the capitol last week?

THIRD. (*Stealing a glance at his watch.*) No, not the Washington attack. That's only war. (*Stamping his foot.*) I'm referring to this everlasting marauding, looting, and house-breaking.

FIRST. (*Stopping the swing suddenly.*) That's just what Dr. Beanes and I were talking about last night. The Doctor says we've *got* to do something about it.

THIRD. (*Crossing from right to left downstage.*) Here's what I am doing about it. (*Slowly draws from back pocket a huge pistol of Revolutionary War type.*) She's a bit rusty this morning, boys. Last night my wife found it under our bed pillow and do you know what she did?

FIRST AND SECOND. No.

THIRD. Poured a whole pitcher of water on it.

(FIRST and SECOND FRIENDS *chuckle.*)

SECOND. (*Taking another sip.*) Say, I wonder where "Doc" is? He said he'd be here at three.

FIRST. Why, that old blunder-buster's got a heart like a gold mine. He wouldn't hurry away from a single one of his patients even if their worst worry was a wart.

THIRD. (*Crosses to right.*) Well, boys, if you all are a-going to get this whist game started, it better be in a hurry, 'cause I expect to hear my wife now any minute calling (*Burlesques a falsetto.*) "Hen-er-e-e-e, oh Hen-er-e-e-e-e!"

DR. BEANES. (*Off stage left, imitating FIRST FRIEND'S falsetto.*) "Hen-er-e-e-e, oh Hen-er-e-e-e-e!"

THIRD. (*Considerably agitated, clamps hat tighter over ears.*) Hell's bells!! There she is now.

(BEANES *enters from left carrying small satchel. He is certainly an old man, but traces of feebleness and a slight limp are scarcely noticed because of his gentle yet happy demeanor. Several cheery little girls hang on each arm.*)

BEANES. (*Gives satchel to GIRLS who place it above the table. To THIRD FRIEND.*) Pull your ears out from under that hat, you old buck, and start dealing those cards.

THIRD. I sure thought it was the missus again. Gosh, "Doc," you can screech more like the old woman than the old woman can herself.

BEANES. That so?

THIRD. You bet, and if it had been her, you might as well added another patient to your long list. Yes sir, coulda put me

right on your list labeled "No Hopes."

(The men have all been edging over to the table where they now take their accustomed places, preparatory to a quiet afternoon at cards. BEANES above table facing audience. THIRD FRIEND shuffles cards. GIRLS peek over BEANES' shoulders at his cards.)

ONE OF THE GIRLS. *(Bashfully.)* Dr. Beanes, we'd like to show you the new dance *(The word "song" may be substituted; or both dance and song, if either is desired by Director.)* that we learned at Mrs. Bristol's.

BEANES. *(Patting her on the head.)* That'll be just fine; but first these gentlemen and I have an appointment to play a little at whist. *(Lowering his tone, confidentially.)* Now I'll tell you what you might do for a while. In the house *(Points right.)* on the old wood chest you'll find a new ball and some rusty jacks.

(They skip off right immediately as men examine their cards more closely and begin playing. GIRLS return and play jacks up right quietly.)

THIRD. *(Tapping on the table impatiently.)* Hurry up, "Doc," we got a late start.

BEANES. *(Making a play.)* Sorry I was late, boys, but I happened to pass Francis Scott Key down near the court house, and well—when he and I get together, I always say we're like two dry burs on a Turkish rug.

FIRST. *(Musing.)* Ummh . . . Francis Scott Key. . . . Ummh. That man's going to make his mark some day, I'll wager. Tell me, what doesn't he do?

BEANES. *(Slowly.)* That's a hard question. Francis is one of our best American types. He's a poet, a scholar, a lawyer, a public official, a staunch churchman, and a soldier.

THIRD. *(Banging down a card.)* That *last* is mighty important these days. . . . Your lead, "Doc."

BEANES. Oh, I couldn't make a trick if the whole country de-

pended on it. Now, let's see . . . here . . . no . . . no . . . perhaps . . .

(Distant singing is heard offstage left. Singing increases and becomes more boisterous. Two BRITISH REDCOATS in uniform enter left carousing with a BARMAID in Colonial dress wearing a scarlet apron. All are quite tipsy. More REDCOATS may be added if desired. The three rush to the table, jostle the card players, snatch their juleps and go down right.)

FIRST REDCOAT. *(Waving his glass.)* Hi ho there, Major!

(BEANES and THIRD FRIEND rise angrily and stride down center, BEANES to left.)

BEANES. See here, you Britishers, just what do you want? Why aren't you with your regiment?

FIRST REDCOAT. *(Approaching BEANES.)* One thing at a time, Lieutenant. You see it was thish way. The regiment was marching around a corner, and Creamy *(Points to SECOND REDCOAT.)*—that's my kickside—and me kept marching straight ahead. Shatisfactory to ya, Captain?

BEANES. *(More conciliatory.)* Please,—hadn't you better leave now and rejoin your regiment?

FIRST REDCOAT. No, shir. The regiment's in the harbor with Old Man Cochran and his fleet by this time. Beshides, General, Peaches and me want to do a little song for you first. *(Pointing to right where SECOND REDCOAT is stupidly trying to untie the knot holding the apron of the BARMAID.)* Peaches is the little girlie. Peaches and Creamy. You see, Admiral, Peaches and Creamy. Ha! Ha! Ha! *(Slaps THIRD FRIEND on back.)*

THIRD FRIEND. *(Jumping excitedly.)* You confounded reprob-b-b . . .

(The old gun flies from his pocket and clatters noisily to the floor. SECOND REDCOAT swoops upon it suddenly. Brandishes it toward LITTLE GIRLS who run out right screaming.)

FIRST REDCOAT. Come on over, Peaches. The Adjutant said he

wants to hear our song.

(If a song is used here as suggested, a good number is "O Soldier, Soldier," published by C. C. Birchard, New York, in "Twice 55 plus, Community Songs," sub-title—The New Brown Book. It is further suggested that the BARMAID get the garments mentioned in the song from the wings of the stage. After the last stanza the BARMAID throws these things at FIRST REDCOAT. The articles fly everywhere. BEANES and his FRIENDS attempt to stop the rout, but SECOND REDCOAT covers them with the pistol and the carousal continues. Finally the tables and chairs are upset and the glassware is broken. SECOND REDCOAT trips over upturned chair and sprawls, the gun skidding across floor where BEANES can pick it up.)

BEANES. *(Crying out.)* That's enough of that! Boys, collar these drunken rogues and march them to the city constable!

(The three FRIENDS roughly drag the REDCOATS, now too drunk to resist much, off left. BEANES painstakingly begins to right the chairs and pick up the cards from the floor. The LITTLE GIRLS cautiously peck around the wings right, enter and help pick up the cards, etc. BEANES again seats himself at table and bows his head in his arms. GIRLS gather around him consolingly and FIRST GIRL says:)

FIRST GIRL. Now, Doctor Beanes, may we show you our new song (or dance)?

BEANES. Yes, yes, anything to get my mind off these foreign looters.

(Extra GIRLS may be added here. If song is used, "How Betsy Made the Flag," by Miles, published in the "Flambeau" by Hall-Mack Co., Phila.,—is strongly recommended. If neither song nor dance (minuet, for example) is desired, the GIRLS should line up as if to sing just as the beating of a drum is heard. The sound of the drum increases. Several BRITISH SOLDIERS and a BRITISH LIEUTENANT enter left with pomp.)
LIEUTENANT. *(Barking.)* Detail, seize that man. *(Points out*

BEANES. SOLDIERS *crudelly scatter the children and grasp BEANES by either arm.*) Doctor Beanes, you are under arrest for causing the incarceration of two of His Majesty's riflemen, members of the Seventh Regiment under General Ross. You shall have to follow me!

BEANES. (*Protesting.*) But—say—I—say—but—. This is an outrage!

LIEUTENANT. Never mind the but's. General Ross's orders. You are reported as having conducted yourself in a manner traitorous to the Crown. (*Pauses.*) Forward . . . March!

(*They march BEANES out left. GIRLS remain huddled up-stage.*)

BEANES. (*Calling back to GIRLS over his right shoulder.*) Girls, tell Francis, tell Francis, tell Francis, tell Fran . . .

(*As BEANES disappears, the GIRLS are weeping.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

SCENE TWO

Curtain at rise reveals deck of a British warship anchored in Chesapeake Harbor. Blue back drop preferable. Part of the bulwarks show at far left of stage. Characters peer in that direction when looking at Fort McHenry in the distance, unseen from audience. Profusion of rigging. The barrel of a twenty-pounder projects through bulwarks.

TIME: *Afternoon of September 13, 1814.*

(BRITISH TARS, *in blue and white, lined across rear of stage. In front of them stands ADMIRAL COCHRAN, in full uniform of his rank, right center. He is speaking to COLONEL SKINNER and FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, left center, who have just come aboard,*

both in uniform of the U.S. Army.)

COCHRAN. (*Bristling.*) Colonel Skinner, what is your business aboard His Majesty's flagship?

SKINNER. (*Clicking his heels and indicating KEY.*) This gentleman, Francis Scott Key, and I have just sailed up the harbor on the cartelship *Minden*, under flag of truce.

COCHRAN. So the first mate has reported to me.

SKINNER. Well, Admiral Cochran, though I have often come to you to effect the exchange of prisoners of war, this is the first time I have ever come to effect the release of another.

COCHRAN. What other?

SKINNER. We know that you are holding on board one Doctor Beanes as a prisoner of war.

COCHRAN. Perhaps so. But Beanes is not exactly a prisoner of war.

SKINNER. What is he then?

COCHRAN. We once regarded Beanes as a friend, but he has emphatically proven himself an enemy to our British Majesty and his forces.

SKINNER. That is not my concern. I am merely conducting Lieutenant Key, who will plead the suit of his friend, the doctor. Allow me, then, Admiral Cochran, to present Francis Scott Key, of Georgetown.

COCHRAN. (*Looks away, bows stiffly, snubbing the lawyer.*) I am afraid, sir, that whatever you may have to say will be of no avail.

KEY. I surely hope not, sir. I have been to see James Madison, President of the United States and have secured his permission for this transaction. I have besides letters of marque and reprisal which I wish you to read. (*Holds out letters.*)

COCHRAN. (*Bored.*) You may read them yourself. They cannot make much difference.

KEY. (*Opens one letter and reads aloud fervently.*)

"Sept. 11, 1814

Admiral Cochran

British Flagship

Dear Sir,

It has come to my attention that you are holding on board your flagship a prisoner of war, a certain Dr. Beanes from Maryland. As I understand, Dr. Beanes caused three of his friends to throw several British soldiers out of his house. In itself that is a serious offense: but the report has it that these same grenadiers were at the time very much intoxicated and entirely irresponsible. Moreover, by their drunkenness they broke a military law, willfully deserting their own regiment, that being the Seventh Regiment under my command. For that breach of discipline I have since had them placed in irons.

These few reasons alone should, I think, Admiral Cochran, make plain to you the injustice that is being done the doctor. Also consider his age. We surely have naught to fear of the aged and decrepit, if from anyone.

The bearer of this letter is one Francis Scott Key, who has been to see me several times to secure the release of Dr. Beanes, whom he claims as a very close friend. Trusting these arguments are not in vain, I beg to remain,

Your faithful and obt. countryman,

GENERAL ROSS

Chief of Staff, Seventh Regiment"

COCHRAN. I am afraid, Key, that we shall have to hold the prisoner regardless of your letter and your conferences.

KEY. (*Pleading.*) Then, sir, can't I at least see him for a minute?

COCHRAN. Well, perhaps. But you'll have to be brief, for we are in the midst of serious business around here. (*To the TARS.*) You, Rowles and Chumley, bring Dr. Beanes from below.

(*Two tall TARS exeunt right.*)

KEY. And here is another letter I *must* read to you.

COCHRAN. What, another?

KEY. (*Tears open envelope and reads aloud.*)

“TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We have recently learned with much regret the capture and imprisonment of Dr. Beanes of Marlboro. Although we are loyal British subjects, yet we hate to learn of the situation. We have our wounds to prove that we are loyal to the British cause. And we cannot tolerate Yankees. But we do honor Dr. Beanes. To him many of us owe our lives. After the battle of Blandenburg, when many of the British lay torn and dying, Dr. Beanes did not drop his part as a physician merely because we came from across the sea. No, instead, he dressed our wounds in his own skillful way and gave us every care and attention that the most God-fearing man would give. For a man like that, we are writing this letter. We have given our limbs and flesh for our country. Can't our country's officers give us this little favor? We believe there is a God!

(signed) The Wounded British Boys
Left at Blandenburg.”

COCHRAN. (*Seems to be moved.*) Let me see that, please.

(COCHRAN *studies letter closely.* TARS *roughly thrust old DR. BEANES upon the stage from right. His black garments are soiled and he is disheveled and haggard, more aged and feeble than ever.*)

KEY. (*Rushing over and embracing his friend warmly.*) Oh, doctor, I've done everything a human being possibly *could* to get you off this boat. I've been to see President Madison, General Ross, and now Admiral Cochran!

(BEANES *merely shakes his head despairingly.*)

KEY. (*To COCHRAN.*) In Heaven's name, sir, can't you see that this old man can't do you any harm? Think of the dozens

of destitute patients from whom you are keeping him! Some of them are dying. They have no doctor.

COCHRAN. (*In reverie.*) Yes, yes, but that's another matter.

KEY. I hardly think so, sir. Didn't he bandage and nurse your own wounded as well as his own patients?

COCHRAN. (*Thinking it over.*) By Jove, that's so!

KEY. (*Pressing him.*) Didn't your drunken soldiers ruin his home and garden for no reason at all?

COCHRAN. (*Nonchalantly.*) C'est la guerre. . . . It is the war.

KEY. (*Clasping his hands passionately.*) Come, what say you, Admiral? Consider again he's an old man. May we take him with us?

COCHRAN. (*Suddenly, as if displeased.*) Then take him out of here! This won't be any place for ancients before long anyhow. (*KEY smiles.*) But he certainly hasn't been punished nearly enough.

(*SKINNER clicks his heels, bows, and he, KEY and BEANES move left as if to leave ship. A BRITISH TAR dashes in from right most excitedly and cries:*)

THIRD TAR. Sir, our fleet is ready to move forward in attack on Fort McHenry!

(*The three Americans wheel about sharply at this.*)

COCHRAN. (*Strikes TAR across face brutally.*) Fellow, can't you see these American foreigners aboard? (*To the Americans.*) Well, I suppose the cat is out of the bag now. We are going to attack Fort McHenry.

SKINNER. (*Whistles between his teeth and turns as in a hurry.*) An attack now!

COCHRAN. (*Commanding.*) Stop! This is dangerous information that must never reach your shore forces. There is only one thing for you to do—and that is to stay on board until the attack is over.

SKINNER. (*In violent protest.*) But we're American citizens

sailing under flag of *truce*!

COCHRAN. D—n the Americans! Men, take the old man below decks! (*Two TARS cruelly drag BEANES away from KEY and pull him out right roughly. All business.*) As for you, Key and Skinner, you must stay on board this ship during the battle.

SKINNER. Do you mean to intimate that we should remain here and be shot at by our own countrymen?

KEY. Come on, Colonel, we're going on shore to help our comrades as we should.

COCHRAN. You men will take orders from me from now on! (*To his sailors.*) Boys, to your posts.

(*The TARS scatter from formation and take posts about the deck. Three or four man the twenty-pounder. Preparations for battle.*)

COCHRAN. (*Goes down right.*) We'll all have breakfast in Baltimore tomorrow morning. (*Rubbing his hands in anticipation.*)

TARS. Aye, aye, sir!

(*Lights slowly become dim simulating nightfall. At hearing of faint distant booming, KEY jumps up, all ears, takes out binoculars, and peers hard offstage left.*)

KEY. (*Excitedly.*) How far are we from the fort, Colonel? I can barely see the flag from here.

SKINNER. (*Pecring.*) It must be two miles to portside. See anything more?

KEY. (*As stage darkens.*) Only the red glare of rockets and the bursting of bombs.

SKINNER. There's a mist arising. Can you still see the stars and stripes?

KEY. It's half concealed, except when the wind blows!

SKINNER. (*Pointing.*) Did you see that?

KEY. Oh, oh! The guns of the fort can't reach the British fleet!

SKINNER. (*Dejected.*) Yes, our shots are falling short into the water.

KEY. (*Covering his eyes.*) There went a large ball right through the fort!

(*It is dark now except for occasional flashes of bombs and rockets. The din increases.*)

SKINNER. I think we're moving closer. That last shot must have encouraged Old Man Cochran.

KEY. (*Raging within.*) Isn't this a hell on earth? Standing here helpless while our own comrades are being shot down. . . .

SKINNER. (*Crossing to KEY.*) Give me the glasses. (*KEY hands them over. As SKINNER gazes through glasses, KEY takes paper and pencil from his pocket and begins to take notes.*) Ah! Old Glory still waves, though she's so tattered and torn she looks like two flags.

KEY. (*Looks to Heaven.*) Thank God for that! (*Writes more.*)

SKINNER. (*Shouting.*) What are you writing?

KEY. (*Loudly.*) Just a few strange thoughts I have about this battle.

(*Pause. TARS hurry here and there in the dim light.*)

SKINNER. (*Yelling.*) WHAT TIME IS IT?

KEY. WHAT??

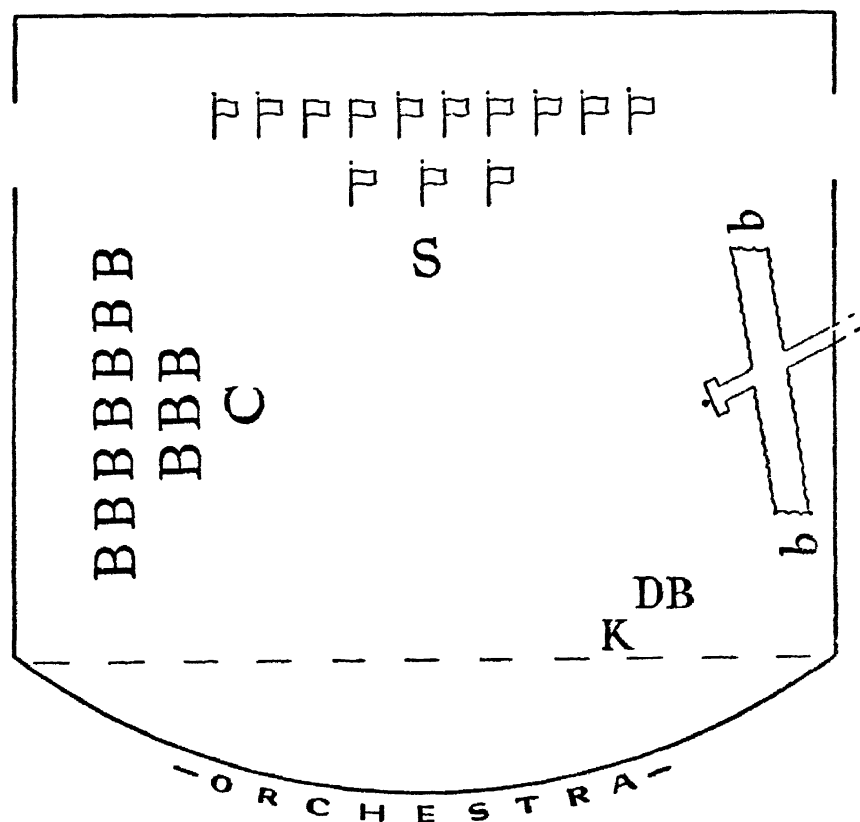
SKINNER. (*At top of his voice.*) WHAT TIME IS IT?

KEY. CERTAINLY LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT.

SKINNER. I can't hear you over this din!!

(*The din of the battle is now at its height. More flashes of gunfire, rockets, etc. KEY is seen constantly writing and peering. Sometimes he is on his knees praying. The binoculars change hands frequently. The TARS man the gun furiously. If gun barrels are protruded through openings in the backdrop and fired, excellent effects are achieved in the faint light. A bandaged, badly mangled TAR staggers in from right and collapses near KEY. KEY and SKINNER carry him off right and return immediately. Orchestral effects of battle music add greatly here. Stage lights flash on and off rapidly. Several*

PLACEMENT OF PRINCIPALS, GROUPS, AND "SUPERS" AT LAST CURTAIN



F (American soldiers or sailors)

B (British tars)

b-b (Bulwarks)

C (Cochran)

S (Skinner)

DB (Dr. Beanes)

K (F.S. Key)

TARS *fall wounded. Their comrades carry them offstage. Lights up. Dawn is breaking.*)

SKINNER. (*Calls.*) Can you still see the flag?

KEY. Just dimly—sometimes concealed—then again, reflected in the stream. (*KEY writes more as light increases and din ceases. There is a meaningful pause. Desperately.*) Oh! there it waves in full glory! (*He grasps SKINNER's hand fervently.*) We've won! We've won!

(*A group of AMERICAN SOLDIERS or SAILORS clamber over the bulwarks carrying a profusion of American flags. They arrange themselves in a line across upstage. The orchestra strikes up "The Star-Spangled Banner." The audience rises and joins the singing of the first verse. After the first few measures of the first stanza, BEANES comes on from right. He and KEY embrace joyously. They kneel front left as in prayer, KEY in front of and beside BEANES, and still clutching his papers. BRITISH TARS line up along the right. See sketch.*)

CURTAIN

VOICE OF THE FLAG

BY ALPHA T. BRADY

(This play ended a unit on character traits which had been carried on in the Agassiz Platoon School, Fargo, North Dakota. The play was given by the 5B and 5A auditorium classes to children of other classes, and, with great pride, was presented at a Parent-Teacher Association gathering.)

During auditorium periods the class members chose the traits they wished to depict in play form, and the characters for each theme. They decided to bring out the desirable trait by contrasting it with the undesirable trait. One child would suggest conversation, and another would improve upon it, until every child had contributed to the dialogue.)

CHARACTERS

JAMES

JOE

BILL

RUTH

GRACE

DAN

MICKEY

WILLARD

VOICE OF THE FLAG

STAGE SETTING: *A large flag is pinned on a curtain. Behind the curtain is concealed someone who takes the part of VOICE OF THE FLAG.*

THEME: CHEERFULNESS AND AMBITION

Enter JAMES, JOE, and BILL. They are coming home from school, each carrying an arithmetic book. JAMES and JOE are gloomy.

JAMES. I don't like the thought of doing arithmetic homework. It takes up so much of our time that we could have for playing.

JOE. I don't like arithmetic anyway.

BILL. I'd like more time to play too; but how can we expect to get those bank positions we were talking about if we don't know how to do arithmetic?

JOE. Well, you can hand in your homework, but we're going to play marbles. We can make up a good excuse, can't we, James?

JAMES. Yes.

(JOE and JAMES go off together.)

VOICE OF THE FLAG. Bill! Bill!

(BILL looks startled. He can't seem to tell where voice is coming from.)

BILL. Why, who is calling me?

VOICE OF THE FLAG. I am calling you. I am your flag. It is boys like you that are making the flag.

BILL. Why, I'm just a boy. I thought it took men like Washington and Lincoln to do a thing like that.

VOICE OF THE FLAG. Their cheerfulness and ambition helped to make them great, and it is boys like you, who are true to your ideals, that carry on the good work those men started. We need men who have the ambition to do their daily tasks and do them cheerfully.

BILL. It helps a lot to hear that. (*He walks off the stage.*)

THEME: OBEDIENCE

Enter RUTH and GRACE.

RUTH. Grace, will you come over to my house after school and play?

GRACE. No, I promised Mother I'd take care of my baby brother while she went uptown.

RUTH. I'd never give up my playtime like that. Please come.

GRACE. I do want to obey my mother. Our mothers do so much for us, Ruth.

RUTH. Oh, well, go on home then. I don't want to listen to you.

(*RUTH leaves. GRACE is left alone.*)

GRACE. I'm sorry Ruth feels that way about it.

VOICE OF THE FLAG. Grace!

GRACE. Someone is calling me.

VOICE OF THE FLAG. It's the Voice of the Flag. Do you know this rhyme?

"If you are told to do a thing
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!"

That's the spirit you have, Grace. You are making your flag. You have the courage to do what is right.

GRACE. Thank you. (*Exit.*)

THEME: TRUTHFULNESS

Enter DAN, MICKEY, and WILLARD. All are out of breath. One boy carries a baseball bat.

DAN. Come on, fellows, let's go back and tell Mrs. Smith it was our ball that broke her window.

MICKEY. Not I! She'll never know who did it.

WILLARD. Come on, let's keep on running. Mrs. Smith surely heard that crash and will be investigating.

DAN. Just the same, boys, I want to pay for it. We can mow lawns and do other odd jobs.

(*WILLARD and MICKEY run on. DAN is alone.*)

VOICE OF THE FLAG. Dan, Dan, you are making the flag. You have courage, decency, and the spirit of truth-telling in you.

DAN. Thank you, thank you. I'll run right back and tell Mrs. Smith I'm sorry and will pay for a new window. (*Exit.*)

(*BILL, GRACE, and DAN return to stage.*)

VOICE OF THE FLAG. You are doing your part in building up a strong nation. What is needed today in our country is courage to be honest, courage to speak the truth, and courage to be what you really are. It takes courage to say "No" squarely when others around you say "Yes." You are the good citizens of tomorrow.

(*Children salute the flag.*)

POEMS

BETSY ROSS

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

She was five and twenty; the chisel of life
Had graved old lines on her girlish brow.
She had watched and waited, a soldier's wife,
A soldier's widow she sorrowed now.
Day by day as her slim hands flew
Backward and forward weaving lace
She counted the dark things fate can do;
Then—a light began in the dusky place.

This is the way the light began:
A sudden shadow was on the floor;
She turned and fronted a martial man
Gaunt and courteous in the door,—
General Washington, come to say
He knew her skill and her needle's grace,
Would she make a flag for America?
A beauty broke in her wistful face,

A shining caught her. . . . They shaped and planned,
The tall man towering to the beams.
The young lace maker; for one dear land
They wove and worked in a mist of dreams.
Six white bands and seven bright bars,
—Eager they watched the pattern come,—

CELEBRATIONS FOR FLAG DAY

A fair blue field and a welter of stars,
Glory gathering in the gloom.

Hour by hour, left alone,
Singing she wrought for far-off years,
Fadeless color to stitch upon,
Starry stuff for her valiant shears;
Fretting no longer of fate and doom,
She labored loving, till free and high
The light that had kindled in one small room
Flamed to the world in a nation's sky!

A TOAST TO THE FLAG

BY JOHN DALY

Here's to the Red of it!
There's not a thread of it,
No, nor a shred of it,
In all the spread of it
 From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
 Bathing it Red.

Here's to the White of it!
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it,
But feels the might of it,
 Through day and night.
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood's dare for it;
Purity's prayer for it
 Keeps it so White.

Here's to the Blue of it!
Heavenly view of it,
Star-spangled hue of it,
Honesty's due of it,
 Constant and true.
Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, stripes, and pole of it,
Here's to the Soul of it,
 Red, White, and Blue!

IS OUR FLAG STILL THERE?

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

After the perilous night, the threatening shadows,
Is our brave flag still there?
Its glorious colors and its spangled meadows
Freeing the heart from care.

Flag that our fathers bore marching in line,
Banner that guards our gate,
With its sky-field of stars, each one ashine
For its own native state.

Light in the east is not yet clearly glowing,
Across the troubled world;
But say, can you see there Old Glory, still blowing
Upon the wind unfurled?

OPPORTUNITY

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;

And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought. "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

FLAG SONG

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Look up, there's our flag!
We can count every star,—
And the red, blue, and white,
How lovely they are!

Floating high, floating wide,—
We can see it from far,
Our flag, it's the flag,
We can count every star!

In the sun, in the wind,
Do its bright colors shine.
O look at the flag,
It is yours, it is mine!

ONWARD, AMERICA

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

(To be sung to the tune of "The Son of God Goes Forth")

America, may all your stars
Shine with one high desire,
The light of peace that conquers wars,
Our freedom's sacred fire!
Unfurl your banner of the Lord;
God send on it His sun;
And with the plowshare, not the sword,
Let peace for all be won!

America, your banner fly
From masthead and from tower,
Your standard underneath the sky
Saluting freedom's hour,
With every town from danger free,
And harbor gates thrown wide,
Beneath the torch of Liberty
For which our fathers died.

America, long sought of men,
Their distant, golden quest.
Keep still the vision and the dream,
Our golden-gated West!
Let wingèd Liberty stand tall,
Old Glory for her sign.
And may her strong wings keep us all
Beneath God's power divine.

A MASCOT

BY ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

In the glow of their youth they have come, and they pass
With the flare of the steel and the blare of the brass;
And the brave little dog, with a brisk little wag
To his stump of a tail, trots along by the flag,
At his post in the ranks like the rest of the corps,
For the brave little dog is away to the war.

"They will go! They will go!" throbs a drum as it nears;
There's the fall of a wail in the roar of our cheers.
But the brave little dog is as gay as a lark;
There is joy, there is heart in his brave little bark
As he gambols behind or he frolics before,
For the brave little dog is away to the war.

He's away to the war. There'll be need of him there—
Of the stanch little tyke that's the foe of despair;
For there's none that's so old in the world, or so wise,
But may find a new faith in the depth of his eyes,
And his tongue is a balm to the heart that is sore;
So the brave little dog is away to the war.

May the powers be good to the glad little elf,
Who is first for his friends and last for himself;
May there still be a bone for his hunger to find,
And a pat on the head from a hand that is kind;
May the heaven of men keep a wide-open door
For the brave little dog that's away to the war.

OUR FLAG

BY MARY HOWLISTON

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue;
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

STORIES

THE FLAG-MAKERS

BY FRANKLIN K. LANE

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag-maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "you are mistaken. I am not the President of the United States, nor the Vice-President, nor a member of Congress, nor even a General in the Army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag-maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of the farmer's homestead in Idaho."

"No, I am not," I was forced to confess.

"Well, perhaps you are the one who discovered the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma?"

"No, wrong again," I said.

"Well, you helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of the new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter, whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag-maker."

I was about to pass on, feeling that I was being mocked, when the flag stopped me with these words:—

"You know, the world knows, that yesterday the President

spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico, but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn-club prize this summer. Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska, but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag. Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics; yesterday, no doubt a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said, impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout from the flag.

"Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute-makers, soldiers and dreadnought, drayman and street-sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured sugges-

tion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts; for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

THE MAGIC FLAG

BY ALICE THOMPSON PAINE

I. HOW BOBBY MET UNCLE SAM

The schoolroom was very bright and warm on that May afternoon. The sun streamed through the open windows, making the daffodils on Miss Gordon's desk shine like yellow fire. But Bobby's eyes were fixed on the big silk flag that stood in the corner behind the desk. It was a beautiful flag, with a gilded eagle on top, and Bobby knew that it was brought out only for great occasions, such as the Memorial Day parade in which the children were to take part.

The lower class was reciting, and Bobby was supposed to be studying, but somehow he could not take his eyes off the flag. How brightly it shone! It seemed almost as if it were lighted inside, and were sending out rays of glowing red, white, and blue.

Suddenly the flag grew larger and larger, and the colors seemed to melt into a haze. Then Bobby was surprised to see a figure step out of the flag—a tall figure with striped red and white trousers and white-starred coat of blue. At once the excited boy saw that it was Uncle Sam.

"Well, Bobby," said Uncle Sam, smiling down at him, "you were staring at me so hard that I felt as if you wanted to ask me something. What is it?"

When Bobby saw the kind face and heard the quiet voice,

everything around him—the schoolroom, the teacher, the boys and girls—seemed to fade away, and he found himself alone with this new, delightful friend.

“Oh, Uncle Sam!” he cried, “I did not know that you were there!”

“I am in every American flag, Bobby,” said Uncle Sam gently; “in the great flags that wave upon flagstaffs, in the battle-stained flags of American armies, in the silken flags that are carried in processions, even in the tiny cotton flags held tightly in the hands of little children. I am the Spirit of the Flag, and if anyone cares enough about me, I show myself to him. What can I do for you, Bobby?”

“I was just wishing, when you came out of the flag,” said Bobby, “that I could be on a flagstaff so high that from the top I could see the whole United States.”

“That is a big wish,” said Uncle Sam, “but I think I know of something still better. How should you like to take a little journey with me?”

“That would be fine!” cried Bobby.

“Very well. Hop on!” said Uncle Sam.

“On what?” asked Bobby in great surprise.

“You have heard of the magic carpet that takes people wherever they wish to go, haven’t you?” asked Uncle Sam. “Well, here is a magic flag, which is even more wonderful. For not only will it take you anywhere you wish to go, but as long as you are on it, you will be able to see as far as you wish, and to understand everything that you see.”

II. WHAT UNCLE SAM SHOWED BOBBY

Then, hardly knowing how it happened, Bobby found himself seated beside Uncle Sam on the magic flag, which sailed away through space like a great bird. Uncle Sam held his hand, and Bobby was glad of that, for they were very high up and

going fast.

"Now look down, Bobby," said Uncle Sam presently, and Bobby looked down over the edge of the flag.

"Oh!" he cried. "My wish has come true!"

For there beneath him lay his country, the United States of America, as plain as a map, but much more wonderful. He could see her shining blue lakes and sparkling rivers; her wide plains and dark green forests; her great mountains with snow-capped peaks.

"It is a beautiful country!" Bobby cried.

"Yes," said Uncle Sam, "it *is* a beautiful country; and it is a rich country, too. Under the ground are mines of coal and iron and copper and gold and silver. Then there are deep wells of oil, which all the nations of the earth are eager to get, in these days. All those forests that you see give us wood and many other things. Those same forests also shelter birds and animals that are both useful and beautiful; they would die if the forests were destroyed."

"Who would destroy them?" cried Bobby. "Nobody would be so wicked!"

"You are mistaken, Bobby," said Uncle Sam sadly. "Millions of splendid trees have already been burned through carelessness, or cut down wastefully. And greedy men, who care more for themselves than for their country, would gladly cut down all that are left, to put a few more dollars in their pockets."

"Don't let them do it, Uncle Sam!" cried Bobby.

Uncle Sam smiled at him. "If you will help me, Bobby, perhaps we can prevent it."

"Oh, I will help!" cried Bobby earnestly; "and so will all the boys and girls if they understand about it."

"With all the boys and girls helping," said Uncle Sam, "the Spirit of the Flag can do many wonderful things. But look again, Bobby."

Once more Bobby looked over the edge of the magic flag.

This time he saw great cities with tall buildings and huge factories. He saw the railroads with their shining steel tracks connecting all the different parts of the land. He saw long, heavy freight trains loaded with food and fuel, and swift passenger trains carrying thousands of people over mountains and rivers and deserts. He saw splendid roads like white ribbons stretching from coast to coast and from north to south; along these highways automobiles and trucks were swiftly moving. He saw great power plants from which shining wires carried electricity to light many towns and cities, and to do all kinds of hard work for men and women. He saw miles and miles of telegraph and telephone wires, and when Uncle Sam said "Listen, Bobby!" he seemed to hear the hum of all the messages that were being sent out from thousands of radio stations.

Balanced high in the air on the magic flag, Bobby looked at the wonderful sight as if he would never grow tired of it. As he looked, he heard the deep, gentle voice of Uncle Sam:

"You see, Bobby, how the United States of America is all tied together with railroads and highways and telegraph wires and radio waves, and how one part helps another part. The states that are rich in coal send their coal to those that have none. The states that grow millions of bushels of wheat send their wheat to those that need it; and so it is with fruit, with corn, with cotton, with iron and steel, and many other things. And this is the Spirit of the Flag—to work together for the good of the country, and to help each other."

Then the magic flag began to move eastward more swiftly than the wind, and the country flowed beneath it like a great moving picture. There were long miles of fields, in which Bobby could see farmers working with machines or horses, doing their share to feed the world. There were farmhouses and villages and cities. There were big factories and mills, making the useful things that we need every day.

They overtook the fastest trains and the swiftest airplanes in their eastward flight. They soared up over high mountains and swooped down to the Atlantic coast. The fresh, salt air of the sea struck their faces as they sailed out over the Atlantic Ocean. Beneath them were the fishing fleets, getting their wealth from the deep waters. They saw, too, great ships flying the American flag, as they sailed away with their rich cargoes for other nations of the world; and they saw ships from other lands bringing to the people of America spices, teas, silks, laces, wool, and other useful things.

Then, as the flag floated swiftly back, Uncle Sam told Bobby many things about our country, closing with these words:

"The United States of America is a beautiful, rich country, and all the boys and girls of the land must help to keep it so. Remember, when you look at the flag, what the Spirit of the Flag is—the spirit of helping each other and of working together."

Uncle Sam's voice grew farther and farther away, and Bobby had a queer, sleepy feeling that caused him to rub his eyes. When he opened them again, Uncle Sam had gone, the magic flag had gone, and he was back in his seat in the warm, sunny schoolroom. But there behind the desk was the silken flag, and it seemed to Bobby that the folds were gently settling into place, as if the flag had been in motion.

Then, at a signal, all the children stood up and began to sing:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing—"

Bobby sang, too, with all his heart, for the words brought back to him the beautiful pictures of the "land of liberty" which he had just seen. As he sang, he thought, "I wish Uncle Sam could hear us sing 'America!'" Then, as he looked at the

beautiful flag he said to himself, "Well, perhaps he does!"

Now some people may think that Bobby had been asleep and had dreamed about the magic flag, but I think he had never been so wide awake in all his life. What do *you* think?

EXERCISES AND A DRILL

THE UNITED STATES FLAG

BY MARY S. HITCHCOCK

A large boy carrying the flag of the United States marches in from the left. Any number of girls and boys may follow, but there should be at least eight. The COLOR-BEARER stands at center back; the others form in lines of four each. The lines should slant from the COLOR-BEARER toward the right and left of the stage.

COLOR-BEARER. Salute the flag.

(They all salute.)

FIRST CHILD. Why do we salute the flag?

COLOR-BEARER. To show our love and loyalty to our country.

SECOND CHILD. Why do we have a flag?

COLOR-BEARER. Every country has a flag that is the emblem of that country, and the Stars and Stripes are the emblem of the United States.

THIRD CHILD. Why does the flag have stars and stripes?

COLOR-BEARER. The stripes, thirteen in number, are in remembrance of the first thirteen states. The stars, forty-eight in number, stand for the forty-eight states now in the Union.

FOURTH CHILD. Who made our first flag?

COLOR-BEARER. In 1777 these three men were appointed by Congress to design the flag: George Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel George Ross. Betsy Ross, the colonel's niece, made the flag, and put it together with small, fine stitches.

FIFTH CHILD. How many stars did Mrs. Ross put on the flag?

COLOR-BEARER. At that time there were only thirteen states, so there were only thirteen stars. Every time a new state was taken into the Union, a new star was put upon the flag, until now we have forty-eight.

SIXTH CHILD. When was the flag first used on shipboard?

COLOR-BEARER. On July 2, 1777, John Paul Jones first flew the Stars and Stripes on a ship.

SEVENTH CHILD. When was the flag first used on land?

COLOR-BEARER. On August 2, 1777, at Fort Stanwix, which is now Rome, N.Y.

EIGHTH CHILD. Why do they sometimes call the flag "Old Glory"?

COLOR-BEARER. Captain Driver of a sailing vessel first called the flag "Old Glory." When he was ready to begin a long voyage, his townspeople presented him with a flag. It was hoisted to the masthead, and when it unfolded in the breeze, Captain Driver called out, "I'll call her Old Glory, boys."

COLOR-BEARER. Let us again salute the flag.

ALL. (*Saluting.*) "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands; one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." (ALL *sing, with the audience, "The Star-Spangled Banner."*)

WHEN THE FLAG GOES BY

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

(*An exercise for a number of children, one as the speaker, one as the flag-bearer, and the rest as onlookers.*)

Hats off, heads bare when the flag goes by,

Starry and high!

But more than pride and a thrilling heart

Shall be our part:—

When the stir begins and we stand and see
That sudden ripple of color run
Quick in the wind, flowing and free
In the light of the sun,

The Flag, the Flag! Then let there be
Tribute better than hails and cheers;
We will make resolve in our hearts to prove
Through the coming years
Worthy the flag our fathers won,
Strong and true for the flag we love
And the land it lies above!
Strong and true, when it shines unfurled
And we march beneath, for our own dear land
And all the world!

GOOD SCOUTS

BY HARRIETTE WILBURR PORTER

This drill is for ten girls dressed as Girl Scouts and ten boys dressed as Boy Scouts. Each carries a flag that is of good size, but not too large to be handled easily. The pianist begins by playing reveille, in imitation of a bugle call. This is repeated several times. Children are heard marking time behind scenes.

THE ADVANCE

1. Girls enter from left, boys from right, at rear of stage.
2. Leaders meet at center rear. All march by couples down center.
3. Leaders stop at center front. Boys file into line at right and girls at left front, forming a single line across stage, facing front.

THE SALUTE

1. Flag up, down. (Flag, held by staff in right hand, is first lifted up at arm's length, and then is brought back to chest level.)

2. Flag to right at arm's length, then back to chest. Repeat, then change flag to left hand.

3. Flag up, down.

4. Flag to left, then back. Repeat.

5. Alternate 2 and 4, changing flag as is necessary.

6. Change flag to right hand and wave above head for as many counts as desired.

7. All sing chorus of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," waving flags high in the air as they sing.

ON THE CAMP GROUND

1. Pianist plays "Tenting To-Night." Girls face left. Boys face right. Girls march up left side of stage and boys up right, keeping close to outside, and passing one another at rear. Meeting at front, they repeat this three times.

2. Leaders turn and march up center of stage to rear, followed by others falling into line and marching by couples. They separate at rear center, girls marching to left rear and boys to right. Each side marches halfway down stage, and across to center. (This forms the figure of a flag at each side of stage.) Leaders meet at center and come down to front, followed by other couples.

3. Girls march in a circle at left, boys at right.

4. Leaders march up center to rear. Girls march to left and boys to right, then diagonally to front. Repeat. (This forms the figure of a shield, the point toward the audience.)

5. Leaders march to rear. Girls march diagonally to left front, boys to right front, and then in a straight line across front, meet-

ing at center. (This forms the figure of a tent, the peak of the tent being at the rear center of the stage.)

6. Head couple marches around left side and stops at center rear. Second couple marches around right side and stops beside and a little in front of the first couple. Third couple marches around left side and stops at other side and somewhat in front of first couple. This continues, with the couples going to alternate sides and gradually forming a single large circle, boys alternating with girls.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG

The pianist plays "The Battle Cry of Freedom." The circle drills as follows.

1. All march forward four steps, and then backward four steps to places. Repeat.

2. All march backward four steps, and then forward to places.

3. Girls march forward four steps, while boys march backward four steps. Then all march four steps into original places.

4. All march backward four steps; then girls march forward four steps, while boys remain standing and marking time.

5. Girls march backward four steps and return. Boys march forward four steps and return.

6. All march backward four steps. Then boys march forward four steps.

7. Girls march forward four steps. All mark time for four counts; return to places and then stand marking time.

8. Boys march backward four steps and girls forward four steps. Return.

9. Boys remain still; girls circle around partners. Girls remain still; boys circle around partners.

10. Girls march two steps forward and back. Boys march two steps backward and forward.

11. Couples come down center to front. They form a single

line facing front, girls at left, boys at right.

The pianist plays "The Flag Parade," or other good march. Girls face left and boys face right. They march around sides of stage. Partners meet at rear, and march up center of stage. When all are in place, they sing the song, and march off.

ACTIVITIES, A GAME, AND A LESSON

A FLAG DISPLAY

BY EDITH MAXINE KELLY

The flags of different nations form a most interesting school-room display. The flags may be made by the class from either crêpe paper or cloth. Reproducing the flags is an enjoyable activity for the children, and helps them to remember each nation's flag.

FLAGS IN THE SCHOOLROOM

BY EDITH HUNTER

Often teachers are confronted with difficulties when occasions arise for displaying the flag in the classroom. To display the flag on a staff in a perpendicular position, try any of the following suggestions for a flag-holder.

Place a spool, preferably a large one, in the center of a heavy saucer, or similar container, and surround it with clay, putty, or plaster of paris. Smooth the surface, let it harden, and then paint or gild it. A simpler device is to fill the holder of a candlestick having a heavy base with melted beeswax, paraffin, or a similar substance; insert the staff of the flag, and hold it upright until the liquid hardens.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO DRAW THE FLAG

BY MARY B. GRUBB

Drawing the flag will help children remember the arrangement of the stripes. Use six- by nine-inch sheets of manila paper, on each of which have been drawn three dots one inch from the top edge of the paper, the first dot being $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the left edge of the paper; the second, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the right of the first; and the third, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the right of the second.

On another sheet of paper, practice making horizontal stripes about one-fourth inch wide. Draw from left to right. Then, using red crayon, draw on the manila paper between the second and third dots a stripe about one-fourth inch wide. Below this draw a white stripe exactly the same length and width. Continue drawing alternate red and white stripes until four red and three white ones have been drawn.

With blue crayon, outline the rectangle for the field. This is as long as the distance between the first and second dots, and as deep as the seven stripes just drawn. Through the center of the field, draw lightly with pencil a horizontal line the length of the field, and a vertical line the depth of the field. Divide the space above the horizontal line into three equal parts; divide the space below accordingly. On either side of the vertical line, draw three lines parallel to it, allowing equal spaces between the lines. In the forty-eight equal spaces thus formed the stars are to be placed. Provide the pupils with a star pattern, and have them trace the outline of the star in each of the spaces. Erase the pencil lines. Go over the stars with white crayon, and color the remainder of the field blue.

Below the field, draw a white stripe the length of the flag and the width of the other stripes. Draw alternately three red and two white stripes. Finish by drawing a light pencil line along the right edge of the flag. A staff may be drawn at the left.

FLAGS AND CAPITALS

BY LUCILE SIMMONS

The following game was prepared and enjoyed by my sixth- and seventh-grade history and geography classes. On the upper part of a large piece of cardboard were pasted a picture of the United States flag and of the Capitol. Below, pockets, on the outside of which were printed the names of different nations, were fastened to the cardboard. Then a small flag for each nation was drawn and colored, and on separate cards the name of each capital was written. These flags and cards were placed in an envelope pasted to the back of the cardboard. The object of the game was to place correctly each card and flag.

A LESSON FOR FLAG DAY

BY JUANITA CUNNINGHAM

I. Aims.

- A. To give the pupils a knowledge of the history of our flag.
- B. To inspire in them the spirit of reverence for, and loyalty to, our flag.
- C. To teach them the correct rules of conduct toward the flag.

II. Outline for study.

- A. History of the flag.
 - 1. Date and occasion when Congress authorized the first flag.
 - 2. The story of the making of the first flag.
 - 3. A description of the first flag and the significance of its colors, stripes, and stars.
 - 4. When and where the flag was first shown.
 - 5. When and where the flag was first carried in battle.

6. The development of the flag to its present form.

B. Rules for conduct toward the flag.

1. How to salute the flag.
2. When to display the flag.
3. How to raise and lower the flag.
4. How to display the flag when it is used with the flags of other nations or with state flags.
5. How to display the flag at an angle or from a window sill.
6. How to display the flag when it is not hung from a staff.
7. How and when to display the flag at half-staff.
8. How to fly the flag on Decoration Day.
9. How to show mourning when the flag is carried in a parade.
10. The pledge to the flag.
11. Rules for care of the flag.

III. Suggested pupil activities.

- A. Plan a program for Flag Day.
- B. Make booklets in which are written the rules of conduct toward the flag.
- C. Write an essay on one of the following topics.
 1. The First American Flag.
 2. The True Meaning of the Flag.
 3. Courtesy to the Flag.
- D. Study pictures about the flag; as, "The Birth of the Flag." by Mosler.
- E. Study poems about the flag.
- F. Write original poems about the flag.

TLSTS

- I. *Fill the blanks with the word or words which make the statements true.*

1. It is said that the first flag was made by ———.
 2. The first flag had ——— stars and ——— stripes.
 3. Our present flag has three long and three short ——— stripes.
 4. It has three long and four short ——— stripes.
 5. The field of ——— is called the ———, and is seven stripes wide.
 6. There are now ——— stars in our flag.
 7. Each star of our flag represents a ———.
 8. The thirteen stripes of our flag represent the original ———.
 9. The first flag was authorized on ——— ———, ———.
 10. We celebrate Flag Day on ——— ———.
- II. *If the statement is true, write T after it; if not true, write F after it.*
1. The flag should never touch the ground.
 2. The flag should be flown at half-staff on the Fourth of July.
 3. The flag should be lowered quickly from the staff.
 4. The flag should be flown every day.
 5. When displayed with the flag of another nation our flag should be displayed to the right (the flag's right, the observer's left).
 6. The flag should always be displayed flat when not displayed from the staff.
 7. No flag should be displayed above our flag.
 8. When flown at half-staff the flag should not be raised to the peak of the staff before placing the flag at the half-staff position, and before lowering.
 9. The flag should be flown at half-staff until noon on Decoration Day.

KEY TO TESTS

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|------|
| I. 1. Betsy Ross | 6. forty-eight | |
| 2. thirteen, thirteen | 7. state | |
| 3. white | 8. thirteen colonies | |
| 4. red | 9. June 14, 1777 | |
| 5. blue, union | 10. June 14 | |
| II. 1. T | 4. F | 7. T |
| 2. F | 5. T | 8. F |
| 3. F | 6. T | 9. T |

NOTE: For a complete flag manual, see "The Flag of the United States of America" (Dansville, N.Y.: F. A. Owen Publishing Co.).

Celebrations for Independence Day

PLAYS

SONG OF THE FREE *

A Play in One Act for Independence Day

BY OLIVE PRICE

CHARACTERS

JOHN BLAKELY, *keeper of the "Crown Hill Tavern" and officer
of His Majesty, the King*

JUDITH, *his niece*

MARY, *a servant*

MATTHEW BOYLE, *a leading Tory*

REV. GAGE, *a young minister*

BETSY } *Patriot belles from Boston*
HELEN }

CAPTAIN JOHN WADE, *captain of a Patriot regiment*

LIEUTENANT HILL, *his assistant*

EXTRA

SAMSON, *a little negro slave*

BEN, *a shawl pedlar*

BIG STEVE, *driver of the stage*

JOHNNY, *a boot-black*

A mob of Tories

A company of PATRIOT SOLDIERS

* For permission to produce where admission is charged, apply to the author,
101 Delaware Avenue, Freeport, Long Island.

224 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

TIME: *July, 1776.*

PLACE: *Crown Hill Tavern on the Long Island shore.*

SCENE: *The tap room of the Crown Hill Tavern—A Tory hot-bed on the Long Island shore. It is a large room—Old English in style as possible. Massive beam ceilings may be imagined; there is a stone fireplace, right, on the shelf of which are a collection of tankards and a row of shining copper plates. On either side of it is a bench, and directly in front, a rocking chair. Beside the chair is a table upon which are candles in pewter holders. Above the fireplace is a portrait in oils of His Majesty, the King. Center rear, there is a door which opens to the highway. To the right of it is "a tall, rather rude writing-desk at which a traveller may write a letter or sign a contract." Along the left wall are the usual tap room furnishings—the bar, several tables and Windsor chairs. In the extreme left and right foregrounds are doors to other rooms.*

It is not yet dawn. A dim, rather eerie grayness, the color, perhaps, of mist from the sea, pervades the tap room. The only light is from the flame of a single candle burning low on the table in front of the fireplace. When the curtain rises, the scene is entirely deserted. Presently, the door is opened, very, very stealthily from outside. There is a glimpse of a bright red dress worn by a tall young girl who is JUDITH, followed by a procession of shadowy figures—five or six PATRIOT SOLDIERS. With great caution they enter, following JUDITH, who holds a dark shawl closely about her and tip-toes softly across the room.

JUDITH. This way, gentlemen. This way! The arms are in the wine-cellar!

(She leads them toward the door to the extreme left foreground. The FIRST SOLDIER opens it—peers into the darkness—hesitates—and turns back to her.)

FIRST SOLDIER. We are Patriots here in a Tory stronghold.

How do we know this isn't a hoax?

JUDITH. (*Proudly.*) I swear that I, too, am a Patriot!

SECOND SOLDIER. (*Half-jocularly.*) You won't lock us in—down there—?

JUDITH. (*Desperate and excited.*) I've given my word to Captain Wade to deliver to you these secret arms. What more can I say? Only hurry! Hurry!

FIRST SOLDIER. (*With respect.*) You're a brave girl, Miss Judith, and beautiful. Downstairs with you, men. (*As he steps aside to let them pass.*) Wait for us here.

JUDITH. (*As he follows the others.*) I'll stand on guard.

(*Alone in the room, she stands nervously, center. Her eyes shift from one entrance to another. She starts as varied sounds are heard—the crowing of a cock in the tavern-yard outside—the barking of a dog in the distance—a clock striking the quarter hour. Suddenly, she stands with a sort of frozen alertness as the sound of someone coughing is heard—and a moment later—the door, right, is opened. MARY, a middle-aged woman, appears, wearing a "morning dress" and shawl. She carries a lighted candle.*)

MARY. Judith! It's you! I heard noises!

JUDITH. Hush! Oh, please! Hush!

MARY. (*Protesting.*) But what are you—(*As the FIRST SOLDIER returns, his arms filled with guns.*) Oh! Oh! OH!

JUDITH. (*Going to her quickly and clasping her hand over MARY's mouth.*) Quiet, I tell you! Quiet!

FIRST SOLDIER. (*Jubilantly.*) We've found them, Miss Judith! There must be a hundred! (*Advancing toward MARY.*) Don't speak, old woman, or —!

JUDITH. She won't. She's my friend.

FIRST SOLDIER. I've ordered my men to take them out through the spring house. They'll be quick and efficient.

JUDITH. (*With an anxious look toward the open door.*) Day's close to breaking!

226 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

FIRST SOLDIER. We'll be well on the way in no time at all. (*As he salutes her smartly.*) Our best thanks, Miss Judith. You'll hear from Captain Wade soon.

JUDITH. Blow on your bugle when you depart!

FIRST SOLDIER. (*Laughing.*) Aye, I'll give you that signal—

JUDITH. (*Holding her head high.*) What a way to start this day! The Fourth of July, 1776 . . . A bugle note with the dawn!

FIRST SOLDIER. Goodbye, Miss Judith—

JUDITH. Goodbye, Soldier. Good luck to you.

(*She watches him go again to the door to the wine-cellar and disappear—a strange, proud look upon her face. Meanwhile, MARY moves for the first time, and places her candle on the table.*)

MARY. (*Aghast.*) Do you know what you've done?

JUDITH. Don't scold! Please don't! (*As she sinks down in a chair.*) I'm—I'm suddenly frightened.

MARY. You ought to be. If your Uncle Blakely ever discovers that you gave those arms to the Patriots—or his friend, Matthew Boyle, finds it out—

JUDITH. Dear Heaven, help me! I know . . . I know . . . (*With sudden bitterness.*) But I'm not sorry. I'm not sorry!

MARY. You mean—because of Tom—?

JUDITH. You know that's why. If he were your brother—and had done as much for the Tories as he did—then went back to England for the cause—only to be imprisoned—

MARY. I can't say I blame you. Tom was a fine lad and sincere in his beliefs.

JUDITH. (*With growing passion.*) And it was wasted. All wasted! If he had been a Patriot and made of such stuff, his name would be a blaze of light along with General Washington's!

MARY. (*Sympathetic and brooding.*) If only your Uncle Blakely could see things your way—

JUDITH. (*Walking about, disturbed.*) He must be made to, Mary. He must be made to!

MARY. I don't see how it can be done. He's being paid by the Crown—and when it comes to that—all Tories are stubborn. He isn't young like Tom, nor ardent—

JUDITH. (*Tremulously.*) Nor brave, Mary, brave! Tom was brave enough to live for a dream. That's what I must be too.

MARY. Dreams often end in disillusion.

JUDITH. But this one won't! It can't! It's made of bugle notes and marching feet and names like Lexington and Concord Bridge! Its birth will be in blood and its death will christen Liberty!

MARY. You're all stirred up and overwrought. You must settle yourself before anyone comes. (*As she moves toward the bar.*) I'll make you a cup of tea.

JUDITH. (*Quietly.*) You're very good—and I trust you—trust you! (*Rushing to the door as a bugle note is heard from the highway.*) They're off, Mary! They're off!

MARY. (*As the sound of horses' feet is heard cantering down a road.*) God save them! And you.

JUDITH. (*Still listening.*) Men and horses on the road to war. . . . Oh, Mary! Mary! What a dreadful price to pay for peace!

MARY. Come, Judith, think of other things. You must be yourself when your uncle comes down or he'll notice there's something amiss and investigate.

JUDITH. (*Laughing a little.*) How wise you are! (*Opening the door wide.*) Look, Mary, look! Dawn is breaking over the Sound--there's flame in the sky to the East. We can blow out the candle.

MARY. (*Prosaically.*) You do that chore. Perhaps it will bring you back to earth. You're like something with wings this morning.

(*As JUDITH returns to the table and blows out the candle,*

228 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

JOHN BLAKELY *enters the room. He is a man past middle age—not without distinction in bearing and appearance. At the moment, however, he is irate and disturbed.*)

BLAKELY. Patriots! Bah! Drat all their noise and blowing of bugles!

MARY. (*Assuming surprise.*) Patriots? Where?

BLAKELY. (*Irritably.*) You must have heard them riding by. I thought they were coming here.

JUDITH. A Patriot stopping at the sign of the Crown?

BLAKELY. And what's the matter with that? Don't they always stop here?

JUDITH. Yes, to be sure, but I've been thinking it strange that we've not been forced to change our name.

MARY. I've heard it said that all "Crown" inns up Boston way were made to change by law.

BLAKELY. Every tavern in the colony can change its sign if it has a mind to. This one serves the King and stays "Crown Hill!"

JUDITH. But suppose they should run the sign through with their sword?

BLAKELY. (*Tartly.*) When they run that one through, Miss, they'll see sword for sword, and hear shot for shot! Now, let's have some breakfast before the stage arrives.

JUDITH. (*Placing a chair for him at one of the tables.*) Come, sit here. (*As she lays her hand affectionately on his shoulder.*) It's morning and the sun is shining and birds are singing in the wood!

BLAKELY. (*Really looking at her for the first time.*) And you are young and beautiful, and even Patriots for breakfast cannot dull your zest for living! (*Smiling at her indulgently.*) What a dear you are, Judith.

MARY. Will you have a drop o' rum in your tea, Sir?

BLAKELY. It would be deadly stuff without it—even if the Patriots do say it's "the elixir of freedom!"

JUDITH. (*Provocatively, as MARY exits.*)

“Landlord, to thy bar room skip,
Make it a foaming mug of flip.
Make it of our country’s staple,
Rum, New England sugar maple.
Then pour more rum, the bottle stopping,
Stir it again and say its topping!” *

(*As she takes a chair opposite him.*) Surely, Uncle Blakely, you cannot object to that!

MARY. (*As she brings them breakfast on a tray.*) I’ve brought rum buns, Sir. You’ll like them after your hot cakes.

JUDITH. You’re spoiling him dreadfully. (*Scolding.*) What can I do to warm the cockles of his heart when you make so much of him?

UNCLE BLAKELY. (*Chuckling.*) You can be a good little Tory and pay allegiance to the King.

JUDITH. (*As MARY surveys her apprehensively.*) I—I want to talk with you, Uncle Blakely. Seriously, I mean.

UNCLE BLAKELY. Such a pretty head was never meant for serious thinking. But out with it, girl, while I’m being warmed and comforted by good food!

JUDITH. I’ve been thinking about many things you don’t suspect. You—Tom—this new country. I’ve come to the conclusion that—(*She stops speaking abruptly as the sound of a coachman’s horn is heard outside.*)

UNCLE BLAKELY. (*Rising, with good humor.*) Whatever it is—or however ponderous—it will have to be discussed later. Here is the stage!

JUDITH. (*Disappointed.*) Couldn’t you give me just a few minutes?

UNCLE BLAKELY. Of course, but not now. (*Taking her arm gallantly.*) Come! A good landlord welcomes his guests!

(*As they go toward the door, they are met by a bustling*

* An old New England rhyme.

230 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

and colorful scene. First to enter are two Boston belles—HELEN and BETSY—who wear the picturesque traveling cloaks and feathered hats typical of the period. They are followed by SAMSON, their own little slave boy, who is loaded down with their “band-boxes.” Behind him comes BEN, a Yankee pedlar, with a pack on his back, and bringing up the rear is BIG STEVE, the stage driver, a large, friendly hulk of a man, boisterous with good cheer.)

BLAKELY. (*As MARY curtsies beside him.*) Good-morning, all! Good-morning! And welcome!

BETSY. (*Smiling.*) A bright morning, Sir!

MARY. (*Showing her to a table.*) Will you come and sit here, Miss? Or will you have breakfast served in your room?

HELEN. (*Looking around.*) Oh, here! Here, of course!

SAMSON. (*Who is plainly proud of his position.*) Does yo’ want dese band-boxes lugged upstairs?

BETSY. Certainly, Samson, certainly! Take them up, then go to the kitchen for your breakfast.

SAMSON. (*Comically, as he exits.*) Yas’m! Yas’m! Yas’m!

BLAKELY. (*Going to the bar.*) What’s the news along the road?

LIG STEVE. Important news, Sir! Important! The Declaration’s being signed at Philadelphia!

BLAKELY. (*Grimly.*) What’s your authority?

BIG STEVE. A Post rider, no less, spreading the news out of Jamaica!

BETSY. (*Radiantly.*) We’ve freed ourselves, Sir, at last! We’re no longer something to be tossed around by the king, but a glorious new country on our own! There’s—

JUDITH. (*Interrupting her, as she watches her uncle with anxiety.*) Do you mind coming to the Morning Room, Miss? We serve special guests breakfast there. You’ll find it much pleasanter.

BETSY. (*Rising.*) What a charming custom! It’s just off the

Tap Room?

JUDITH. This way.

(She accompanies them out, right foreground, leaving BIG STEVE and BEN at the bar. MARY follows JUDITH and the others.)

BLAKELY. You'll take the time for a drink of ale?

BIG STEVE. Gladly, Sir! Gladly!

BLAKELY. *(Looking at BEN.)* And you?

BEN. A Yankee's thirst is always risin'!

BLAKELY. *(Pouring ale into glasses.)* So the colonies have really done it.

BIG STEVE. And the whole country's going mad ringin' bells and shootin' cannons! It's somethin' that tugs at your heart, Sir.

BLAKELY. *(Setting the glasses before them and speaking very quietly.)* Drink, gentlemen. Drink!

BIG STEVE. *(Holding his glass high.)* To Liberty!

BEN. *(Likewise.)* Aye, Sir! To Liberty!

BLAKELY. *(Clinching his hands into fists.)* I hear your horses pawing the ground.

BIG STEVE. *(Laughing.)* Aye! I better get going along the road or they'll declare themselves too! Thank you, Sir.—and good-morning.

BLAKELY. Good-morning.

BEN. I'd like to show the ladies my shawls, Sir.

BLAKELY. *(Curtly.)* They're in the Morning Room, I believe.

BEN. I'll find them.

(As he exits, right, BLAKELY stands staring into space. At last, he picks up the glass from which BIG STEVE drank and angrily breaks it by dashing it against the bar.)

BLAKELY. The Declaration of Independence! Drat it all, I say! Drat it!

(He stands silent and brooding again for a moment, then

232 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

turns and goes out, center. A moment later, JUDITH enters, right, sees the broken glass, evidently surmises what has happened, and goes about quietly clearing it away. Meanwhile, REV. GAGE enters. He is straight and tall and somberly dressed in black. His face is young, attractive, serious.)

REV. GAGE. Good-morning, Miss Judith.

JUDITH. (*Startled, turning.*) Oh, it's you, Sir! Good-morning!

REV. GAGE. I must speak with you at once.

JUDITH. (*Laughing a little.*) How serious you look! What have I done? Stolen the collection plates?

REV. GAGE. This is no time for jesting. (*Looking about cautiously.*) Can we talk here?

JUDITH. For a little while, I think.

REV. GAGE. (*Significantly.*) I have just seen Matthew Boyle.

JUDITH. And so—?

REV. GAGE. You must go away at once. He's coming here to get you.

JUDITH. Get me? Are you mad?

REV. GAGE. We cannot stop to argue. He's discovered you're a Patriot!

JUDITH. (*Steadily.*) I admit I am—to you. And it makes me very proud.

REV. GAGE. (*Compassionately.*) But, Judith, child, you're heedless, and I have come to help you! There are certain facts that you must face!

JUDITH. I'm staying here with Uncle Blakely. There are things that I must say to him to make him see the rightness of the things I've done.

REV. GAGE. But you can't, I say! You can't! (*Laying his hands on her shoulders and forcing her to face him.*) Do you know that you were seen this morning with a company of Continental soldiers?

JUDITH. Am I not privileged to talk with whom I choose?

REV. GAGE. But this, you must admit, appeared clandestine.

Boyle's boot-black saw you steal away before daylight and followed you to where they waited in the woods!

JUDITH. (*Flaming with sudden anger.*) I had good reasons, Rev. Gage!

REV. GAGE. How can that affect a Tory? No matter what your reasons were, a deep-dyed one like Boyle is bound to investigate your action. (*Turning away from her and pacing up and down the room, disturbed.*) He's meeting his committee now. After that they're coming here.

JUDITH. If that's the case, then, let them.

REV. GAGE. Don't you know they'll brand you as a traitor to their cause?

JUDITH. A traitor . . . (*Looking away from him and speaking as one in a dream.*) It's strange those words should have the lilt of music and make my heart see only fairness in the things I've done. . . .

REV. GAGE. Judith! I've got to make you understand! Don't you know in any cause, that traitors will be shot?

JUDITH. (*After staring at him for a moment.*) You mean that I—? (*Suddenly laughing with unbelief.*) Oh, this is ridiculous!

REV. GAGE. Will you force me to go to your Uncle Blakely?

JUDITH. No, he mustn't know—not yet—

REV. GAGE. Then get your things together at once. My coach is hidden in the woods at the turn of Beach Road and my horses are fresh and ready. I'm saving you in spite of yourself!

JUDITH. You're very kind-- Oh, please believe me—but I can't go! I can't! I'm staying here with Uncle Blakely so they won't hold him for what I've done!

REV. GAGE. Neither he nor I can do you any good if Matthew Boyle appears here with his mob.

JUDITH. His—his mob—?

REV. GAGE. I swear to you on my honor! He'll assemble the Tories and when they come here for you—(*He stands survey-*

ing her helplessly.)

JUDITH. But Uncle Blakely is one of their leaders too! And when I make him understand—

REV. GAGE. Whatever he forgives you in his heart—they will add against you both. Neither your youth nor your beauty will save you. I have seen mobs before. They—they give themselves up to intolerance and lust—(*With gentle, final pleading.*) Now, will you go?

JUDITH. I—I can't leave Uncle Blakely to face it alone.

REV. GAGE. (*Turning away from her.*) Very well. You make it absolutely necessary that I go to him.

JUDITH. (*Walking after him.*) Wait! I'll go too. . . .

(*As he goes toward center, BLAKELY enters in great excitement.*)

BLAKELY. Judith! Judith! Oh, here you are!

REV. GAGE. Please. Mr. Blakely—

BLAKELY. (*Exasperated.*) Are you both deaf? Don't you hear?

(*First, rather faintly, then closer and closer comes the sound of men's voices singing a "Yankee Doodle" parody.*)

THE VOICES.

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Announced the Declaration,
So we tarred and feathered him
And scandalized the nation."

JUDITH. What is it? What is it?

BLAKELY. (*With triumph.*) They've tarred and feathered the Post Rider!

JUDITH. But why? Why?

BLAKELY. He was spreading the news!

JUDITH. (*Turning away, suddenly pale.*) The—the fiends—!

BLAKELY. (*Forcibly.*) Come now, Judith! They're Tories! (*As he stands in the doorway and looks down the road.*) Looks as though they're coming here.

REV. GAGE. You mustn't let them, Sir! You mustn't let them!

BLAKELY. (*As confusion is heard in the tavern yard.*) And why not? (*Calling good-naturedly, as JUDITH stands suddenly rigid.*) Good work, Boyle! Good work!

(MATTHEW BOYLE appears in the center door-way, five or six sullen-faced men behind him. He is large and dark and dominant and carries a rope.)

BOYLE. We're going to whip him off Long Island! (*Entering and facing JUDITH.*) Let it be a warning to you, Miss Judith.

BLAKELY. What is this. Boyle? How dare you?

BOYLE. And you, Sir, will deliver to us here and now our secret store of arms. We can trust them to you no longer.

BLAKELY. You are at liberty to take them from the wine-cellar. but Tory that I've been, I've certainly a right to know why.

BOYLE. We want no one in our party whose niece confers with Patriots! Nor, I am sure, does the King!

BLAKELY. (*Stunned, unbelieving.*) This isn't true! Say that it isn't, Judith.

BOYLE. (*Contemptuously.*) Her lips move but she makes no answer. I have on good authority that before daylight this morning she was seen in secret conference with a company of Continentals.

BLAKELY. Surely, you are wrong!

JUDITH. No, he isn't. Sir. What he says is true. I—I tried to tell you at breakfast—

BLAKELY. (*Shocked, ashamed, interrupting.*) Silence! (*Turning to BOYLE.*) You may have your men get the arms.

BOYLE. (*Turning to them, commanding.*) Come, men. This way.

(*As they file toward the wine-cellar, JUDITH stands pale and straight and proud. Only her eyes betray a hint of desperation and fear. REV. GAGE moves toward her protectively as the men disappear, left foreground.*)

236 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

REV. GAGE. (*To BOYLE, who is waiting.*) Intolerance is rife among you. Miss Judith has every right to a hearing—

BOYLE. The Tory party looks for loyalty and action. Not for explanations of a wrong already done. (*As JUDITH starts noticeably, the first man returns from the wine-cellar.*) What is it, Hawkins? Are there ghosts in the wine-cellar?

HAWKINS. (*Blankly.*) The arms, Sir! The arms! They are gone!

BOYLE. (*His face hard and determined.*) Take this rope. (*Indicating JUDITH and BLAKELY.*) Tie them both up!

JUDITH. You've no right to take Uncle Blakely! (*Crying out.*) He knew nothing about this! Nothing!

BOYLE. I'll be the judge of that! (*As the other men return, empty-handed.*) Be quick about this!

HAWKINS. (*Tying JUDITH'S hands.*) A pretty sight you'll make hanging from a tree!

BLAKELY. (*With dignity.*) You must give me the right to speak.

BOYLE. Speak if you will. It's your last right, Blakely.

BLAKELY. What has happened here has been done without my knowledge. I am a Loyalist and a Tory and swear allegiance to my King. (*Facing them all quietly.*) If you demand my life, fellow countrymen, I here and now demand a bit of reparation. Gentlemen, you must set Miss Judith free!

JUDITH. (*Crying.*) No! No! It's I who—! Oh, you must listen to me!

HAWKINS. Out with them both, I say! Our secret arms are gone!

THE OTHERS. (*With vehemence.*) He's right! Right! They're traitors to our cause!

REV. GAGE. What kind of party leaders are you? You condemn without a hearing! Injustice lays its mark upon you like—

BOYLE. Quiet, Parson! (*To his men.*) Take them away!

(*They force JUDITH and BLAKELY to the door with a sud-*

den surge of violence. As they reach the threshold, they are faced by CAPTAIN WADE and a company of PATRIOT SOLDIERS, who release them. MARY pushes her way through them from outside.)

MARY. I saw them coming down the road and hurried them here to help!

CAPTAIN WADE. Gentlemen! You are under arrest!

BOYLE. On what charge? This is a public tavern!

CAPTAIN WADE. You have used it unlawfully to store secret arms. You have attacked a government rider. Last but not least, in being Tories, you are guilty of treason against THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

BOYLE. (*Muttering.*) The United States of America! It's only hours old!

CAPTAIN WADE. Take him in hand and stand at attention. (*In an official manner.*) Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! By order of Congress on this Fourth of July, 1776, the signing of THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE is to be made known to you all. As commanded by my superior officers I will read it to you in part. (*He begins reading earnestly as HELEN and BETSY come in from the Morning Room, followed by the SILAWL PEDLAR and SAMSON. The TORIES are sullen and silent under the watchful eyes of the PATRIOT SOLDIERS. All the others listen with eagerness, emotion, and pride in the birth of this new country showing on their faces.*) "We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and

238 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor." *

JUDITH. (*Softly.*) "Our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor . . ." How solemn! How beautiful! (*Approaching CAPTAIN WADE.*) Captain Wade, please,—

CAPTAIN WADE. (*Bowing.*) At your service, Miss Judith.

JUDITH. Is it not true that if a Tory takes the oath of allegiance to this declaration, he shall go free?

CAPTAIN WADE. (*Smiling.*) And, if it is,—

JUDITH. Please let my friends—

BOYLE. We are paid by the Crown. We make no allegiance to these Continentals!

JUDITH. (*Derisively.*) You are paid by the Crown—but listen to this! (*She takes a letter from the fichu of her gown.*) Perhaps you will come to see the glory of this new world born to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness! This letter's from Tom!

BLAKELY. (*Involuntarily.*) The greatest Tory of us all. . . .

JUDITH. Listen to what he says for the Crown! (*Reading emotionally.*) "The plight of our loyal exiles in England is pitiable. . . . Their disillusion comes soon after landing. Having given up fortune, home, everything for the love of their motherland, they fully expect a warm welcome when they reach its shores; but little notice is taken of them. No one waits or welcomes them; they do not fit into English society; they know nobody and nobody knows them or seems to wish to know them. A ghost at a banquet is hardly more out of place than an American at St. James Street Club. If I hadn't been a ghost that took

* Faithful copy of part of the Declaration

exception to all this and spoke aloud in my bitterness, I should not be in prison now. Please, little Judith, stay where you are and work hard to see a new country born. I, who have done so much against it, now believe it to be a land of shining stars. . . ." *

BLAKELY. (*Visibly stirred.*) "A new country born . . ." It's happened today, Tom. It's happened today!

JUDITH. (*Going to him.*) Please, Uncle Blakely! Please take allegiance!

CAPTAIN WADE. Better line up with the Patriots, Sir. Isn't that letter proof enough?

BOYLE. Not for me, Sir. Not for me! (*As a soldier prods him with his sword.*) His Majesty's money is still good enough!

JUDITH. (*Excitedly.*) You see, Sir! You see! It isn't a question of honor with him as it is with you and Tom! He isn't worthy of being a Patriot!

BLAKELY. (*After a moment, in solemn salute.*) Hear me, Tom. hear me! To the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—a new country born . . .

JUDITH. To it we give our heart's blood . . . "our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

BLAKELY. (*To CAPTAIN WADE.*) Your sword, please, Sir.

(CAPTAIN WADE gives it to him wonderingly. Very quietly he walks to the fireplace and slashes the portrait of His Majesty the King. . . . Outside, martial music is heard. Inside, there are cheers from the patriots.)

CURTAIN

THE END

* Elson—"History of the United States."

A FOURTH ON BENNINGTON LANDS *

By IVY BOLTON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DR. JEDIAH DEWEY, *of Old Bennington*
 COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN, *of the Green Mountain Boys*
 COLONEL SETH WARNER, *of the Bennington Lads*
 SAMUEL TICHENOR, *Governor of the Village*
 MISTRESS ANNIS ROBERTSON, *a notable woman*
 PETER VAN DER HORNE, *son of the Patroon*
 JONATHAN SWIFT, *grandson of Mistress Annis*
 ANDREW BEATTY, *a Green Mountain Boy*
 MINDWELL ALLEN, *ward of Ethan Allen*
 DAVID ROBINSON }
 NOADIAH SWIFT } *Boys of Old Bennington*
 HIRAM DEWEY }
 ELECTRA ROBERTSON }
 PERSIS TICHENOR } *Girls of Old Bennington*
 MARY DEWEY }
 THE PATROON, STEPHEN VAN DER HORNE *of New York*
 GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS, BENNINGTON LADS, *villagers, etc.*

SCENE I

The street of Old Bennington. It is irregular, and people are passing up and down. There is an air of suppressed excitement.

(Enter ETHAN ALLEN and DR. JEDIAH DEWEY. They are arguing as their gestures show. They pause and face each other.)

ETHAN ALLEN. An outrage; an outrage, Dr. Dewey! Is this what we may call the free United States of America? Is this

* For permission to produce apply to the author, Miss Ivy Bolton, St. Mary's Hospital, 407 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

what we fought and bled for in the War of the Revolution? Is this claim of New York to the Lands of Old Bennington to be allowed? Give up my farm? Not while I have a gun in my hands to defend it! It is an outrage, an outrage I say, and this talk of peace is only fit for cowards.

DR. DEWEY. You wrong me, Ethan Allen. Violence is a thing ever to be deplored. I counsel an appeal to the Continental Congress.

ETHAN ALLEN. What does the Continental Congress care for Old Bennington or the Border disturbances? No, my voice is for war if necessary. Here comes Seth Warner. We shall have no talk of yielding there I warrant.

(*Enter SETH WARNER. He bows ceremoniously.*)

SETH WARNER. Good morrow, Dr. Dewey; good morrow, Neighbor Allen. What are you discussing so earnestly?

ETHAN ALLEN. This outrageous claim of New York to our lands, Seth Warner. I am just back from Albany and the case went against us. It is claimed that the village of Old Bennington is part of the grant originally given to the Patroon Van Der Horne and that as we, forsooth, have no royal charter, these are to be surrendered to the proper owner. What do we care for royal charters now we are a free country? My counsel is for resistance; Dr. Dewey here, prates of peace.

DR. DEWEY. You do not quote me fairly, Ethan Allen. My advice is to wait. The country is not yet settled. There is justice in part of the claim. It was most unfortunate that Samuel Robinson died in London before he obtained his charter. We have our own rights. Let the States judge.

ETHAN ALLEN. (*Impatiently.*) And while we dally over their judgments, Stephen Van Der Horne will seize the lands we have fought for, our homes here in the wilderness. We have made the wilderness blossom as the rose. Shall we tamely surrender at the call of New York? No! say I.

SETH WARNER. And I echo your no. We are a free land. Royal

242 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

charters mean nothing now. Old Bennington stands by her own.

(Enter SAMUEL TICHENOR, right. He bows to each of the men. At left enters MISTRESS ANNIS ROBERTSON. She is a small, erect old lady. She stands to listen. A group of boys and girls pause at right.)

SAMUEL TICHENOR. Good morrow, neighbors. Dr. Dewey, your most obedient. I came seeking you in this matter of our farms. This document has reached me by special messenger this morning. *(He unfolds a paper and reads.)* "Know ye by these presents that the case of Stephen Van Der Horne against the Town of Old Bennington has been adjudged in his favor. Therefore the lands specified, namely: the farms designate of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Samuel Tichenor, Jonathan Swift, and Mistress Annis Robertson are to be vacated without delay and turned over to the said Patroon Stephen Van Der Horne on the sixth day of July in this year of Our Lord in 1792."

SETH WARNER. *(Sarcastically.)* So we are graciously permitted a glorious Fourth in our homes, we who fought and won for New York at Saratoga.

SAMUEL TICHENOR. What shall we say?

MISTRESS ANNIS. *(Who has drawn nearer.)* I should do.

(The men turn and bow uneasily.)

SAMUEL TICHENOR. Mistress Annis. Your most obedient. Can we serve you in aught?

MISTRESS ANNIS. Far be it from me to interrupt a weighty council. Doubtless your worships will answer that demand with weighty documents and due solemnities. Being a woman, I should act.

ALL. How?

MISTRESS ANNIS. How? There stands Dr. Dewey, pastor of the village. Samuel Tichenor, our governor, Colonel Ethan Allen of the Green Mountain Boys, Seth Warner, leader of the Bennington Lads, and all ye do is ask a woman how!

ALL. Well—how?

MISTRESS ANNIS. Do something. Call out your Lads, Seth Warner. Summon your Boys, Ethan Allen. Sweep out across the border. . . .

DR. DEWEY. (*Hand upraised.*) Beware lest ye start war!

MISTRESS ANNIS. War! Who but a nincompoop of a man would think of such a thing? No, do as I say, sweep down on Schenectady where young Peter Van Der Horne bides with his grandmother. Capture the boy and see if Stephen Van Der Horne would rather have our lands or his son.

SETH WARNER. 'Faith but you have hit the right nail on the head, Mistress Annis. I go to summon the Lads.

ETHAN ALLEN. And I, the Green Mountain Boys. This will be another glorious Fourth.

(*Bells ring, trumpets sound. The villagers run to and fro. The children wave and shout. Only MINDWELL ALLEN stands looking dismayed, and JONATHAN SWIFT eyes the scene soberly. THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS march on from right, singing their song.*)

SONG OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

Down from the mountain peaks we come.

To fight with tyranny.

Stand lads! Fight lads!

For home and liberty.

Never an alien foot shall tread

On these free hills we roam.

We come from the Mountain fastness

To fight for love and home.

Stand lads, fight lads!

Down with tyranny!

Sing the song of the Mountain Boys

For home and liberty!

Never an alien hand shall hold
 Those we love so well.
 Never an alien lord shall rule
 The homes in which we dwell.
 Never an alien foot shall tread
 On these free hills we roam.
 We come from the Mountain fastness
 To fight for love and home.

Stand lads, fight lads!
 Down with tyranny!
 Sing the song of the Mountain Boys
 For home and liberty!

(THE BENNINGTON LADS *enter from left as the GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS finish their song and file out, right.*)

SONG OF THE BENNINGTON LADS

Lads with true and loyal heart,
 Stand ye fast to take your part,
 Fearing naught of dangers dart.
 Stand for liberty!
(This verse is repeated as a chorus.)

Stand ye now in danger's hour.
 Fear no hostile evil power.
 Fear no angry cloud- that lower.
 Fight with tyranny!

Stand ye ever for the right,
 Strong in arms and strong to fight.
 Stand ye firmly in your might
 'Gainst all tyranny!

Stand for faith and fatherland.
Fear no enemy demand.
Strong in heart, strong in hand,
Fight with tyranny!

SCENE II

The hills outside Old Bennington. Late afternoon.

(Enter PETER VAN DER HORNE. He looks around.)

PETER VAN DER HORNE. I have turned and doubled on my tracks so often that I am completely lost. These hills are bewildering and the Green Mountain Boys are everywhere. What *can* they want with me anyway? If I could only find the highway. Someone is coming. *(He hides.)*

(Enter ANDREW BEATTY and JONATHAN SWIFT.)

ANDREW. We are simply seeking a hostage and there is no harm in that. No one is going to hurt Peter Van Der Horne. All we are trying to do is to save our farms.

JONATHAN. I say that we are going at things the wrong way, Andrew. Peter has nothing to do with this. I am sorry for him. What right have we to attack him and hold him prisoner to make his father yield up the lands which after all may not be really our own?

ANDREW. You have always been a coward, Jonathan Swift. You have never joined the Green Mountain Boys. At heart you are a traitor and had best beware; for Colonel Allen says such are to be treated in summary fashion. *(He flings off.)*

(Enter MINDWELL ALLEN. She has heard the last words. She lays her hand on JONATHAN'S arm.)

MINDWELL. I am with you, Jonathan. You are right.

JONATHAN. It is good to have a comrade, Mindwell. Here come the other lads.

(Enter DAVID ROBINSON, NOADIAH SWIFT, HIRAM DEWEY.)

246 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

DAVID. Come on, Jonathan. We and Mother Annis want cherries and plenty of them. The trees on the lower hills are full, and we have work enough. The girls are to gather flowers and to pick the blackberries for tomorrow's feast. It will be a notable one for our honored guest!

(*The boys run off. MINDWELL seats herself, setting her basket of berries at one side. She begins to arrange her flowers. Enter ELECTRA ROBERTSON, PERSIS TICHENOR and MARY DEWEY. They carry half-filled baskets of berries and armfuls of flowers. They seat themselves on the grass. ELECTRA dips into her basket, which is rather scanty.*)

PERSIS. You have your basket full already, Mindwell! And you have the best flowers too, you lucky maid. How do you manage?

MINDWELL. I worked, Persis. See, I have honeysuckle and lilies. I found them in the glen. They will make the place so pretty. See the colors. (*Holds up a red lily.*) It looks as if God had painted the sunset there.

MARY. What a strange maid you are! Are you not really afraid, Mindwell? Just think, if the Lads and the Boys fail, we lose our homes.

MINDWELL. God can save us without the Green Mountain Boys. I like not their wild ways.

ELECTRA. (*Still eating.*) It will be through them we shall be saved this time. Peter Van Der Horne cannot escape.

MINDWELL. I am sorry for him. Think of being a prisoner on the Glorious Fourth.

PERSIS. Shame on you, Mindwell! You are as bad as Jonathan. I have no sympathy to spare for a foe.

MINDWELL. We ought not to be foes.

ELECTRA. It is no use to argue with Mindwell, ever, Persis. Look, you have dropped all your flowers, Mindwell. I for one cannot wait. My basket *must* be filled for Grandmother Annis.

PERSIS. You will have to stop eating and work. Come on, girls.

(Exeunt all except MINDWELL who is gathering up her flowers. PETER comes out.)

PETER. Mistress, Mistress, tell me the way to the highroad. I have twisted and turned upon these hills until I am lost.

MINDWELL. *(Startled.)* Who are you? And how came you here?

PETER. Your Green Mountain Boys have been chasing me. My horse I left on the highroad. Could I reach him, I could outride them all.

MINDWELL. You are Peter Van Der Horne.

PETER. At your service, Mistress Mindwell. Will you help me?

MINDWELL. If I help you I shall be a traitor to mine own people. *(She wrings her hands nervously.)*

PETER. Then in spite of your brave words, Mistress Mindwell, your trust is in the Green Mountain Boys!

MINDWELL. *(Desperately.)* No! No! I hate war. I hate the wild ways of the Lads. God can save us. But must I go against my own people? *(She sobs.)*

PETER. You will have to give me up. Nay do not weep, Mistress Mindwell. I am not going to shelter behind a maid. I will make a try for safety and take the consequences.

(He starts off back towards the right. MINDWELL springs up.)

MINDWELL. I cannot let him be taken. Master Peter! Master Peter, to the left! *(He runs off.)* Yes, yes—he—he is safe! But I—oh—what have I done?

(Exit slowly right. Enter at left JONATHAN.)

JONATHAN. Mindwell! Mindwell! Why what ails the maid? She has left everything behind her. *(Walks over and picks up a white handkerchief; looks for the name.)* Peter! Has he been here? And Mindwell!

248 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

(*He puts the handkerchief in his pocket. Enter ETHAN ALLEN, ANDREW BEATTY and GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.*)

ETHAN ALLEN. Someone has helped the boy off. Peter Van Der Horne could never have evaded us otherwise.

ANDREW BEATTY. (*Catching at JONATHAN.*) Here is a sympathizer. Colonel Allen. What have you there, Jonathan? (*Pulls out the handkerchief.*) Peter! Here is the traitor and the proof that he let Peter Van Der Horne escape. (*Holds out the kerchief.*)

ETHAN ALLEN. (*Hotly.*) You have dared to do this, Jonathan? What have you to say. (*He shakes him.*)

JONATHAN. (*Resolutely.*) Nothing, sir.

ETHAN ALLEN. You own you have done this and played the traitor?

JONATHAN. That is for you to prove, sir. I have nothing to say.

ETHAN ALLEN. You speak folly. Take him to the Catamount Tavern and lock him in the guardroom, Andrew. Sound the recall, lads. We hold court-martial on this.

(*Exeunt all. Enter MINDWELL.*)

MINDWELL. There is the basket and my flowers. (*Picks them up.*) Oh!

(*Enter THE PATROON, STEPHEN VAN DER HORNE. He has evidently just dismounted. He looks worried.*)

THE PATROON. The Green Mountain Boys were out. By my faith, if they have my lad they shall pay! (*Spies MINDWELL.*) Mistress, have you seen aught of a lad hereabouts?

MINDWELL. Peter Van Der Horne is safe, sir. I put him on the path myself.

THE PATROON. You have done me great service. Your name?

MINDWELL. Mindwell Allen.

THE PATROON. Ethan Allen's ward? And you saved my lad!

MINDWELL. I had to, even—even if we lose our farms.

THE PATROON. The farms! So that is the meaning of this

outrage. Faith, but they shall pay!

MINDWELL. Do you blame us so much, Patroon? Would you do naught for your own home? We have toiled and fought for ours here in the wilderness as you did for yours in New York. If some of us are desperate, can you blame us after all?

(*Her voice breaks. She turns away, going off right.* THE PATROON stands staring after her.)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

A room in the Catamount Tavern at evening. At a table sits SAMUEL TICHENOR, with ETHAN ALLEN and SETH WARNER on one side, and with DR. DEWEY on the other. JONATHAN is in the grasp of two GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS who hold his wrists. The spectators are at the side. MISTRESS ANNIS is in the fore-front mightily indignant. Near her sit the girls. MINDWELL is missing.

SAMUEL TICHENOR. Call David Robinson. (*DAVID comes up twisting his cap.*) David, you were with Jonathan this afternoon. What did he say?

DAVID. (*Nervously.*) We were picking cherries, sir.

SAMUEL TICHENOR. What did he say?

DAVID. He said not to bruise them, sir. We were to fill the baskets full.

MISTRESS ANNIS. What has that to do with it?

SAMUEL TICHENOR. (*Sternly.*) Mistress Annis, we be trying this case.

MISTRESS ANNIS. Most unsuccessfully thus far. But go on, Samuel, and mind your manners.

SAMUEL TICHENOR. Did he talk of Peter Van Der Horne?

DAVID. No—no, sir. Just cherries.

250 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

SAMUEL TICHENOR. Stand back. Andrew Beatty.

(ANDREW comes forward. *He does not wait for questions.*)

ANDREW. He is guilty, sir. He said he was sorry for Peter Van Der Horne. He had his handkerchief in his pocket. He said the Green Mountain Boys were wrong. He—

MISTRESS ANNIS. Whose handkerchief in whose pocket?

ANDREW. (*Flustered.*) Peter Van Der Horne's. It was sticking out. I saw it and I took it out of his pocket myself, ma'am.

MISTRESS ANNIS. Out of Peter's? You saw him then?

ANDREW. No, ma'am. It wasn't his pocket. It was the other pocket.

MISTRESS ANNIS. We have two pockets now and one handkerchief.

ETHAN ALLEN. Mistress Annis, if you continue to interrupt you must leave the court.

MISTRESS ANNIS. How, Ethan Allen? I am not minded to go.

ETHAN ALLEN. (*Sternly.*) We shall put you out.

MISTRESS ANNIS. Try it, Ethan Allen. Not a bite of my pie will you have tonight or tomorrow if you lay a finger on me.

DR. DEWEY. Prithee Mistress Annis, let us try to get to the bottom of his story.

MISTRESS ANNIS. To please you, Doctor Dewey, though this trial is nonsense. All you have is a handkerchief that Jonathan might have found anywhere.

DR. DEWEY. But it is proven that he expressed sympathy with Peter Van Der Horne. Is this not so, Jonathan?

JONATHAN. I was sorry for him Dr. Dewey. I did say so.

ETHAN ALLEN. What need have we of further witness? Out of his own mouth is he condemned. To the stocks and the whipping-post with him.

(*Enter MINDWELL. She runs up the hall.*)

MINDWELL. No! No! No! Jonathan has nothing to do with this. I let Peter Van Der Horne go.

ETHAN ALLEN. My maid! My Mindwell! (*He sinks back in*

his chair and covers his eyes with a shaking hand.)

SAMUEL TICHENOR. Why did you do this, Mindwell?

MINDWELL. He was hiding in the glen. I could not let them take him. I did not know of Jonathan till just now.

ETIHAN ALLEN. (*Sternly rising.*) I keep my word, though the maid be mine. Sentence her, friends.

(*Enter PETER VAN DER HORNE.*)

PETER. Your prisoner is here, gentlemen. I sheltered behind the maid. Let her go. The blame is mine.

(*Offers his sword to TICHENOR.*)

SETH WARNER. And Jonathan?

PETER. (*Bowing to JONATHAN.*) This is our first meeting.

MISTRESS ANNIS. Then why in the name of common sense did Jonathan take the blame? Ah, I see—Mindwell.

(*PETER still extends the sword, SAMUEL TICHENOR hands it back.*)

SAMUEL TICHENOR. Keep it, Peter Van Der Horne; we do not war on generous lads who protect our maids.

MISTRESS ANNIS. Here comes the Patroon. The tempest in a teapot is now complete.

(*Enter THE PATROON, STEPHEN VAN DER HORNE.*)

THE PATROON. Why have you run into this danger, Peter?

PLIER. Because I feared the maid would bear the brunt of my escape. But I am no prisoner, Father. They have let me go.

THE PATROON. Why, Tichenor?

SAMUEL TICHENOR. We war on no such lads as this one, Patroon.

THE PATROON. What of your farms?

SAMUEL TICHENOR. They will have to go. We must start afresh. There is room for pioneers still in the Ohio lands.

THE PATROON. You are needed here. You had a good advocate in Mistress Mindwell. I had thought of a lease; but you and yours have toiled for these homes of yours. You have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. More than lands, this

252 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

new free country of ours needs friendship and brotherhood. Let us work together. You shall have your deeds tomorrow. Come, Peter, it is growing dark and we must be on our way.

MISTRESS ANNIS. Not so. We hold you prisoners for the present. You must bide with us tonight and share our feast tomorrow, our Independence Day.

THE PATROON. (*Bowing.*) We accept with pleasure, Mistress Annis.

MISTRESS ANNIS. In an hour supper will be ready. Come, lads and maidens, let us spread the feast. Samuel, look after our honored guests. Be on time, Parson Dewey, and do not dally. Ethan Allen. Seth Warner, I shall look for you.

THE MEN. (*Bowing.*) Mistress Annis, your most obedient.

CURTAIN

TUMULT IN THE CITY *

BY LETTIE C. VANDERSTER

CHARACTERS

MISTRESS ENDLERLY, *an old Quaker lady*

FRANCIS ENDLERLY, *her young grandson*

PLACE: *Philadelphia, Independence Day 1776.*

SCENE: *The two sit by an open casement window, the old lady in a rocking chair, the boy on a footstool at her feet. He frequently leans far out to look and listen. She peers out anxiously over his head, and often cups a hand to her ear the better to hear.*

SIL. Does thee hear any sound, lad?

HE. Only the talk of the people in the street, Grandmother.

* For permission to produce, apply to the author, 11 South Illinois Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

SHE. But not a bell ringing?

HE. (*Leaning out.*) No. Just the people talking and shouting. Some of them very loudly. I heard someone say, "Will they do it? Dare they do it?" And another asked "Who is speaking? What's the news?"

SHE. (*Listening and trembling with eagerness.*) Yes? Yes?

HE. And somebody shouted, "What of Adams? What of Sherman?" And an old, old man said, like a prayer, "Oh, God, grant they won't refuse." And he was crying.

SHE. Crying—yes. And so am I. But maybe soon for joy.

HE. Some of them are very rough. They push and shove. One just yelled, "Make some way there." And another one—a woman—screamed, "Let me nearer." And another one cried, "I am stifling." And the man shouted back at her, "Stifle then! When a nation's life's at hazard, we've no time to think of men!"

SHE. (*Nodding and shaking her head.*) And that's true. That's true at a time like this.

HE. But we are lucky to be up here, Grandmother. It's very bad down there in the street.

SHE. And thee doesn't hear the bell? How I wish these old ears could hear as they once did, and my eyes could see the State House tower. Then I would know the minute the bell clapper starts moving.

HE. But I'm watching, Grandmother.

SHE. (*Patting his shoulder.*) Yes, child, and thine eyes are keen.

HE. I can see the tower and the old bell just as plain. . . .

SHE. And thy young friend, the bell-ringer's grandson, is to let his Grandpa know the minute there is any news?

HE. Yes. He said he would run up the stairs to the belfry so fast he would scarce touch the steps, and he'd shout. "Ring, Grandpa, ring!" all the way up. He said I would hear the bell ring louder than ever before.

254 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

SHE. (*Leaning forward, her hands on his shoulders.*) Well, don't miss a sight nor a sound, child. Thine old grandmother has prayed to live to hear the news that old bell will tell.

HE. But just what is the news, Grandmother? (*He turns to ask her.*)

SHE. (*Her old voice thrilling and quivering.*) Freedom, Independence. Liberty!

HE. But we have freedom, Grandmother. We're not slaves. We go about doing as we wish.

SHE. One can't see the fetters.—no, but our colonies have long felt them. And the lash,—as one might say. 'T is a long story, this liberty story, lad, but I'll tell thee some of it briefly. . . . But mind, listen all the while for the bell.

HE. I'll be listening. I'll be listening on both sides.

SHE. Back in savage days, thee knows, what we call the Stone Age, man went about always with a club in his hand.

HE. (*Nodding.*) Like old Jerry Woods

SHE. (*With a little laugh.*) Yes, but much stronger and fiercer. He said to himself, "Might makes right." So by clubbing and conquering people he got what he wanted.

HE. Which was poison mean.

SHE. Mean yes, and cruel. Centuries passed and other weapons took the place of the club, and still the rule was, "Might makes right."

HE. Like as if a bigger fellow threw me down and took my coat from me.

SHE. Yes. . . . Is thee listening for the bell, Francis?

HE. All the time, Grandmother, and looking too. But there's just the people, rough and excited-like.

SHE. Then, by and by over the earth, voices began to be raised,—voices that shouted for justice and freedom. This cry in hearts and word- echoed back and forth, new voices joining in until there was a sound strong enough to be heard above

"Might makes right."

HE. Of course,—when people got to know that that was bullying.

SHE. So—by and by there got to be more fairness in the world, and the weak had their say as well as the strong. History is the story of the march of the people toward liberty and self-government. We in America have tried and tried to secure it.

HE. And that was why our forefathers settled in America, wasn't it? So they could be free to live and worship as they saw fit.

SHE. Exactly. But it didn't come about all at once as they hoped. There's been bloodshed and precious lives lost fighting for it since then. We are still fighting for that freedom even to this day. . . . What was that sound down below? (*She listens sharply.*)

HE. Just the shouting. But 't is very loud. (*He looks and listens intently.*)

SHE. Then we'd best not talk.

HE. But you haven't told me what the bell is going to tell today.

SHE. Well, thee knows that the Congress is meeting here in the State House?

HE. Yes.

SHE. Well, they are voting about adopting the Declaration of Independence. That would mean that we have declared ourselves a new and independent nation. All those people below that you hear shouting—they are so anxious. The suspense is terrible. They are beside themselves with excitement—and fear too. Will Congress declare the colonies free? Will they dare . . . ? Child, I hear it, I hear the bell. (*She rises, leaning on her cane, trembling with excitement.*)

HE. (*Jumping to his feet.*) Oh, it is! It is! So loud, so strong!

256 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

Oh, I wish I'd been there too to run up those stairs shouting,
"Ring! Grandpa ring! Oh, ring for liberty!" *

THE END

THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN **

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

CHARACTERS

(*In order of appearance*)

The Civil War Soldier and his War-bride: RICHARD BARTLETT
(4th) and LUCY

The Revolutionary Soldier and his War-bride: RICHARD BART-
LETT (1st) and NANCY

The Son of the Civil War Captain: RICHARD BARTLETT (5th).

The Grandson of Captain Bartlett: RICHARD JUNIOR (6th).
(Might be called Junior)

TIME: *The Present, watched by the Past.*

*The three great War Periods of America,
Revolutionary, Civil and World War.*

PLACE: *The Colonial Homestead of a Son of the Revolution.*

SCENE: *In the library of his old Revolutionary mansion, a young Civil War CAPTAIN takes leave of his WAR-BRIDE. As he goes to address his regiment, she turns for comfort to the thought of the courage of the War-bride of his Revolutionary ancestor, whose portrait hangs on the wall. During her reverie, the*

* A fitting finish to this short sketch would be the reciting of *Independence Bell*, found in such collections as *Bugle Call of Liberty* by Southworth and Paine.

** For permission to produce apply to Mrs. Isabel Fiske Conant, Wellesley, Mass.

actual scene of the old-time parting is visualized to the audience; emphasizing her own scene of parting, just enacted. On the CAPTAIN'S return, his betrothed has found her courage. They go out together to be hastily married. The curtain falls to denote the passing of the time to that of the World War, and rising discovers in the room the SON of the Civil War officer and his SON, to whom, the occasion being that of his twelfth birthday, he presents the CAPTAIN'S sword, telling him its story.

This play was first written for a divided stage; with the Present represented on the left; on the right, the Past, but no difference in word or action; except in the double stage the shadowy couples have a little freer action. In this case, there might be too much staging for a play for amateurs, so I have discarded it, and merely added modern touches twice to the colonial room instead of duplicating the room itself. If preferred, however, a double stage, the right side perhaps, hung with a transparent curtain, could be kept.

NOTE: The portraits need not necessarily be seen; they may be hung so that only the frames show, not the paintings. If by chance a spinet is obtainable it would be effective to have it played upon by NANCY, and a square piano or upright, by LUCY, and a grand piano by RICHARD BARTLETT, FIFTH: in each case, war music of the period being used. This could be done without additional lines in the last instance; as the curtain rose, the Father could be playing, or he and the boy singing, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

SCENE I

A room of the colonial period, furnished additionally with touches of the time of the sixties. On the wall are hanging a Revolutionary sword and portrait (in a sort of alcove). The curtain rises upon a girl, dressed in the fashion of the period of the Civil War, and a young army officer, of the rank of Captain.

258 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

He is helping her take off her wraps; a slow process, punctuated by admiration and love-making.

RICHARD. Such a sweet bonnet! But a sweeter face!

You must be tired by that long stage ride, dear,

How good you were to come!

LUCY. "Good"! Think how long

It's been! Nine months! And four-teen-days! Oh well!

That's over now! Last night your message came

You would be home that evening. So I took

The early morning stage.

RICHARD. How good of you!

I would have hurried to you if I could.

But Mother is not strong, and—time's so short! (*Checks himself.*)

LUCY. I don't believe you will be going back,

The war will end before your furlough's through.

It must! I could not bear it longer. Dear—(*Changing her mood to a lighter one.*)

The new dress that I meant to meet you in

Is not quite done, because you came so soon—

RICHARD. A dress! What could be prettier than this?

Who could be prettier than you, sweetheart? (*By-play.*)

LUCY. I talk of dresses, but I think of hearts,

With you safe home! . . . The conquering hero comes! (*Sweeping him a curtsy.*)

My hero! Oh, your charge at Malvern Hill!

To think you're mine!—A little country girl

Come down a year ago to the great town

Almost by chance. . . . There's no such thing as chance!

And all those clever girls you've always known!

Oh, really, it's a shame! Especially

Now you're a hero! Are you not ashamed,

Richard, of little me? (*Hands on his shoulders, she scans*

him; tender, serious.)

RICHARD. (*Laughing, moved.*) Ashamed of you!
You were the belle of the ball. You burst on us.
You were a fresh, wild rose! The others were,—
Mere hot-house blooms!

(*With a flourish, she puts her hand over his mouth.*)

LUCY. Now, *now!* You know they are
All very nice girls, and good friends of yours— . . .
O, Richard, I'm so glad you're back again!
I have been frightened,—oh, so many times!
I'm thankful it's all over! Dick, I *knew*
When you were in most danger. Listen, dear . . .
I saw you in a dream. I heard the guns . . .
I smelt the powder. Yes, I *did*. Your horse
Reared up and plunged, until I seemed to think
You were in danger, not so much from guns
As from the horse himself,—(*Breathing hard.*)

RICHARD. (*Comforting her, amused.*) In danger from
Old Ironsides! Never, dearest!

LUCY. (*Solemnly.*) Tell me this:
What were you doing on the afternoon
Of July second?

RICHARD. (*Laughing.*) Now, what makes her think
That I'll remember that?

LUCY. Try! You can tell!
Malvern was on the first.

(*Pause.*)

RICHARD. (*Recollecting.*) Yes! Well, that day,
You know, the battle lasted till so late,
My men were so exhausted that I told
Them all to rest next day, and I myself
Turned in and slept till noon. The only day
That happened all the time that I was gone!
Exploded theory, dear! (*Laughs happily at her.*)

260 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

LUCY. (*Laughing, too, then serious again.*) But I still think
We women often know when danger comes
To those we love when they are far away.

O, Dick, we women stay at home and wait! (*She clings to him.*)

It's terrible to fear that you are gone. (*They move about the room and pause beneath the portrait.*)

Dick, what a lovely room! Your homestead goes
Back to the Revolution, doesn't it?

RICHARD. Yes; it was once my great-grandfather's farm.
But now the city has grown up around.
This is his portrait, in his uniform.

Done from a miniature made when he came
Back from Ticonderoga to die here. (*She clings to him; he shakes her affectionately.*)

So I'm a soldier born. It's in the blood. (*He looks at her searchingly.*)

LUCY. Richard! What is it? You are keeping back
Something from me. (*She gazes at him in sudden panic.*)
What is it?

RICHARD. (*Hesitating.*) Why, it's just—

LUCY. Dick, tell me quick! Don't keep me waiting! (*She holds him with her eyes while he is speaking and silently goes through her emotions, controlling them.*)

RICHARD. Well'

It's only that the President has called
For more men; all we can The nine-months' call
Proved much too short. And I'm commissioned now
As Captain of another company.
The war won't end soon. So I must go back
As soon as I can get the men.

LUCY. How soon
Is that?

(He does not answer. She buries her face in her hands; pause.)

RICHARD. *(Taking away her hands tenderly.)* Poor little girl!
But you would not

Have me not do my part. If he were here *(He looks up at the portrait.)*

He'd bid me go. And you will, as *she* did—

I know the hardest part, dear, is for you. *(Music is heard, coming nearer, "When Johnny comes marching home.")*

There are some of my men, I'll have to go
And speak to them a moment.

LUCY. *(Delaying him.)* Dick. how soon
Must you go back South? Tell me!

RICHARD. *(Gently.)* Just as soon
As possible. Perhaps tomorrow, dear.

LUCY. Tomorrow! You can't mean it! Oh, you can't!

(He tries to comfort her but she seems stunned. The music grows louder.)

RICHARD. I must go, sweetheart. I will soon come back.
(Goes.)

LUCY. *(Looking up at the portrait.)* Now I know how you
felt, so long ago,

When he went off to battle and to die.

If you were only here to comfort me'

(She covers her face with her hands. There enter two Revolutionary figures, RICHARD and NANCY, the soldier of the portrait and his sweetheart; and their parting which took place in the same room in '75 is re-enacted. She may or may not seem aware of them; the latter would be more effective; or she may go out.)

SCENE II

NANCY. *(Looking up adoringly.)* It was strange to be sitting
in your pew

262 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

For the first time today! And yet it seemed
As if, somehow, I always had been there.

RICHARD. (*Looking down adoringly.*) Only a week ago our
banns were cried

For the last time.

NANCY. And I sat up in front
With Mother. It is nicer to sit back.
I'm glad I am the notary public's wife.
Folks ask too much of parsons' daughters.

RICHARD. (*Laughing.*) So!

That's why you married me? You little minx!
You and your front pew! When they called our names
I watched you, and you turned the loveliest pink,
What I could see for your poke-bonnet. That
Was all for me!

NANCY. (*Laughingly reproving him with her forefinger.*) O!
fie! The tithing-man

Should have been sent to chide you!

(*They laugh merrily.*)

RICHARD. Sweet, I thought
The morrow'd never come, our wedding-day. . . .
But now today you sat in my own pew.
Left solitary since my mother's death—

NANCY. (*Comforting him.*) I watched my own dear mother,
and the boys,

'Twas all they could do not to look around.
The dears! But it is almost wrong to be
So happy, when our country's in such stress!
Oh, Richard, wasn't father fine today!

RICHARD. Splendid!

NANCY. I was so frightened when I heard
That galloping come straight up to the door
And stop so sharp. What did *you* think?

RICHARD. I thought

It must be fire. I wondered which man's farm.

NANCY. I thought it was the British, coming up
From Boston way. Time went so slow, it seemed
As if he'd never speak. And then he called

"Send all the men you can and send at once!

On to Ticonderoga, to surprise

The enemy,—Our country needs us now!

It's, 'Give us liberty or give us death.' "

Then he stopped, breathless, and that Tory cried,

"I seem to hear a voice from Heaven that says

We should not go!" Then father said:

"The voice you heard, sir, was from Hell, not Heaven!"

(*They laugh with underlying seriousness.*)

LUCY. Then father preached no more but sent us off

And you men got together by yourselves.

I did not stop to talk. I hurried home

To get our dinner,—our first Sunday home.

RICHARD. It's home again at last! Alas, how brief

A time we've had together!

(*His hands on her shoulders, he looks searchingly at her;
the attitudes of the other scenes are repeated.*)

NANCY. Richard! "*Had*"!

You didn't tell my father that you'd go?

Why, we're just married!

RICHARD. (*Sternly.*) You would have me stay?

There were but five men at the church today

Who are not going.

NANCY. (*Tortured, trying for time.*) But you're different.

Folks couldn't get along without you. Who

Would do their business for them? Richard. I—

How *could* I live without you? (*She clings to him with great,
dry sobs.*)

RICHARD. (*Slowly releasing her gently.*) Nancy, you
Must do your part—

NANCY. (*Pitifully, checking her sobs.*) Yes, Richard, I will try

To be a soldier's wife. Our country needs
Your help. Our fathers came, because they wished
Their children's children's freedom. (*Pause.*) Dick, how soon?
RICHARD. Tomorrow.

(*Her courage returns, and her spirit. They draw together and go.*)

LUCY. (*Who may either have been in a reverie, or actively watching the scene, rousing, goes to the portrait, and stands looking at it. Or she re-enters if she had gone out.*) Her husband went to action when they were

But one week married. and he came back soon,
Ill from exposure, and lived but a month.

(*She stands, a statue of resolve, assailed by fear. Music is heard without, coming nearer. There may be heard shouts of "Capt. Bartlett!" "Malvern Hill!" "Our Richard!" The music grows fainter. RICHARD enters.*)

RICHARD. Lucy. I have my men! The whole of them!
Early tomorrow morning we must go!

(*Pause: by-play.*)

LUCY. Richard. we must be married. then. today.
We must go now, there is no time to lose

RICHARD. Oh. may we. dear? I did not dare to ask.

LUCY. It will be my one comfort. Only so
We'll be together always. O my dear.

Suppose . . . suppose . . . (*She looks at the portrait, then at him, silently.*)

RICHARD. Oh. nonsense, child. I'll come
Back safe enough. There are no hardships now,
Like those. I'm husky. Then we'll always be
Together.

LUCY. Darling, when you lie at night
Beneath the starlight, find the Northern Cross

And think of me.

RICHARD. Always, before I sleep. (*Pause.*)

Here are your hat and coat.

(*He gets them and helps her put them on, slowly.*)

LUCY. I'm ready, dear.

RICHARD. Such a sweet bonnet! But a sweeter face.

(*They go.*)

SCENE III

A medley of martial songs may be played during changes in setting. The curtain falls, or the stage darkens for a moment. The same room is seen again with the addition of a battle-flag, of a Civil War portrait of a young soldier in Captain's uniform, and of a Red Cross Flag.

As the curtain rises, music off-stage is playing softly, "The Vacant Chair." A man stands holding a sword; by his side is a boy of twelve.

RICHARD BARTLETT, FIFTH. You are the sixth of your name,
Richard, now,

And it is war-time, and your twelfth birthday.

This sword your own great-great-grandfather wore

In 1775, and his grandson

Wore in the Civil War. Now it is yours.

And all the Richard Bartletts will look down

To see how you, too, wear it, if the need

Should come. The clouds of war are very black.

The lightning in them breaks out now, and strikes!

And you must train the muscles of your arm,

And must prepare the sinews of your soul,

Must "give your body for your soul's desire,"

For your land's need for which your fathers died.

You may not gird this sword on at your belt,

For warfare changes. It's too terrible

266 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

To be at short range now. But in your soul
Wear this sword, in a war to end all war.

RICHARD JUNIOR. (*Taking the sword, marching, saluting, etc.*)

Yes, I will, Daddy. Daddy, dear, what was
Your father like?

RICHARD BARTLETT. I never saw him, Dick.
My father died upon the battle-field
On July second, eighteen-sixty-three.

RICHARD JUNIOR. How did he die?

RICHARD BARTLETT. He led a desperate charge
Under a rain of fire, and he was shot.
But only in the arm. His horse was hurt,
And he could not control him with one hand.
The other hanging shattered, so was thrown.
And killed by a blow on the temple from the hoof
Of his horse, crazed with pain; his favorite horse
That more than once had saved him, and that now
Went to his death with him. But, all the same,
He saved the battle by his charge that day.
You must be worthy of him, Dick, and of
Your ancestor. He died too, for his land.
A harder kind of death. He was half-starved.
Half-frozen, at Crown Point, and was brought home
To die at length there. Yet an easier death.
Too, after all, for his bride nursed him there
Until he died. And almost happy weeks
Those sad weeks were together, till he died
Within her arms —

RICHARD JUNIOR. (*Slowly.*) I used to think that war
Was like a story-book, and only killed
People in books who lived, "once on a time"
But, now, -- why it kills people that you know!
Barbara's brother gone, and Uncle Ned . . . (*Pause.*)

Tell me about my grandmother.

RICHARD BARTLETT. Yes, she
And your own mother were the loveliest
Women I ever knew. My mother died
When I was just your age. She always went
In mourning for her soldier-hero. She
Looked like a princess, with blue, starry eyes.
She loved the stars, too, and, above them all,
The constellation of the Northern Cross.

RICHARD. Oh! Mother taught me that one, long ago!

(They draw together.)

RICHARD BARTLETT. Oh, if your mother only were alive,
Junior, she would have said today to you,
That every man's and every woman's life
Is for their country in her hour of need:
In righteous war to fight so gallantly
That peace may come, and quickly. And in peace
To live by what the Captain of us all
Taught us, in such love and unselfishness
In things of Caesar and in things of God,
That war may never rend the land again.

RICHARD JUNIOR. But war makes heroes, too!

RICHARD BARTLETT. We need far more
Heroes of peace, and victories for our poor,
And gold spent, not for conquest, but for peace.

RICHARD JUNIOR. When *will* peace come? But, then, I hope
sometime

That *I* can fight, too,—

RICHARD BARTLETT. O, God grant this war
Last not till it needs *you*! God send us peace!
But not before each child alive today
Is safe, and all his children, and all theirs
And all their children's children, from the powers
Of wrong and darkness, slain by right and truth.

268 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

Beneath our flag!

RICHARD JUNIOR. Grandfather's flag and mine!

CURTAIN

NOTE: (May be followed or not, at wish of director.)

Throughout this scene the two couples of the Revolutionary and Civil War periods have been watching, unaware of each other, but alike intent on the boy. They have been discovered on the rise of the last curtain, and, if desired, they may have preceded the boy's appearance (inspecting, in brief pantomime, and showing surprise, quaint and amusing approval, etc., of the new furnishings of the room, portrait, piano, electricity, etc.) In this case, the Revolutionary couple precede the Civil War one, and both draw back, but remain visible, on the boy's entrance.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

(A PLAY IN 1 ACT)

BY ELEANOR HUBBARD

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MEN

WOMEN

OLD BILLMAN

BOY, *his grandson*

TIME: *July 4, 1776*

SCENE: *Outside the Old State House in Philadelphia.*

People are standing in groups talking excitedly or are hurriedly walking up and down, calling to each other.

FIRST MAN. Will they do it?

SECOND MAN. Dare they do it?

THIRD MAN. Who is speaking?

FOURTH MAN. What of Adams?

FIFTH MAN. What of Sherman?

ALL. Oh, God grant they won't refuse!

FIRST WOMAN. What is going on in here?

FIRST MAN. They are signing the Declaration of Independence.

SECOND MAN. The paper says we shall be free from England—free to make our own laws and govern our own land.

SECOND WOMAN. Who are the men who are signing this Declaration of Independence?

FIRST MAN. John Hancock!

SECOND MAN. Samuel Adams!

THIRD MAN. John Adams!

FOURTH MAN. Thomas Jefferson!

FIFTH MAN. Benjamin Franklin!

FIRST MAN. And many other brave and clever men, who are risking their lives that our country may be free.

SIXTH MAN. (*Rushing up.*) Make some way there! Let me nearer!

THIRD MAN. I am stilling!

ALL. Stille then!

FIRST MAN. When a nation's life's in danger

We've no time to think of men!

THIRD WOMAN. Back! Back! The bell-ringer's grandson! He comes! He comes!

ALL. Have they signed it? Is it finished?

BOY. (*Comes running through crowd—flings his arms up to bell tower.*) Ring, ring, grandpa!

Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!

OLD BELLMAN. (*Rings.*) Clang, clang, clang!

Clang, clang, clang!

(*Keeps on ringing to end of play.*)

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah! 'Tis done!

270 *CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY*

The Declaration of Independence is signed!
Hurrah! Hurrah for Liberty!
Please God, 'twill never die!

POEMS

PRINCETON

BY ALFRED NOYES

Here Freedom stood by slaughtered friend and foe,
And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
Looked through the ages; then, with eyes aglow,
Laid them to wait that future, side by side.*

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
Through dogwood, red and white;
And round the gray quadrangles, line by line,
The windows fill with light,
Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower,
Twin lanthorns of the law;
And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
The halls of Old Nassau.

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
Where redcoats used to pass;
And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died,
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold
The green earth takes the plow.

* Lines for a monument to the American and British soldiers of the Revolutionary War who fell on the Princeton battlefield and were buried in one grave.

Through this May night, if one great ghost should stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battle smiles away
Its blood-stained memories,
If Washington should walk where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their souls are linked at last.

Be sure he walks in shadowy buff and blue.
Where these dim lilacs wave.
He bends his head to bless, as dreams come true,
The promise of that grave;
Then, with a vaster hope than thought can scan,
Touching his ancient sword,
Prays for that mightier realm of God in man:
"Hasten Thy kingdom, Lord.

"Land of our hope, land of the singing stars,
Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars
Takes life, takes form from thee;
Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
And make the whole world one."

And those old comrades rise around him there,
Old foemen, side by side,
With eyes like stars upon the brave night air,
And young as when they died,
To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers,
Ring for the world's release.

They see you piercing like gray swords through flowers,
And smile, from souls at peace.

FOURTH OF JULY

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

There is more to this day than shouts and cheers,
More than the trappings of pride and glory.
There's the echo of far, unfailing years
When time was shaping a deathless story,
When up these roads where the marchers go
And down those streets where the bugles blow,
Resolute ranks were pushing on
By ways no venturer yet had gone
And trails no man could know.

There's more than sun in the flags unfurled
At every corner, on every hill.
There's a light that speaks to a watching world
Of hard-held courage and dauntless will.
And it's more than pledge when we stop and stand,
Baring the head, lifting the hand:
It's dedication of all our best
To a changeless dream and a shining quest—
America, our land!

HERITAGE

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

July the Fourth—oh, yes, the day
Our ancestors were made

The heroes that we boast—a time
When no one was afraid;

When all the men were patriots
Dashing in velvet coats,
With wigs upon wise heads, and frills
About orating throats;

When gay and witty ladies swept
With never-failing grace
Through candlelighted rooms, and none
But had a lovely face!

.
We do them wrong—our ancestors!
Ways were not smoothed so plain:
Our kin were much like us today,
Some selfish folk—and vain—

Some doubting folk who made mistakes
And found it hard to know
At unmarked cross-roads of dispute
Just how they ought to go.

More honor to them then, for that—
In time of stress and fear
They took a sturdy step in hope
The fog would lift or clear.

And they won out—yet if they had
Known hangman's shame instead,
We still might boast a heritage
Staunch in the face of dread!

PROCESSIONAL

BY JAMES STANTON PARK

Land of my heart, how shall we speak of thee?
Land set apart for peace and liberty,
Prairie and mountain, waters, fields and trees,
Fairest of lands, embraced by mighty seas.

Land of the future, based upon the past,
Hope of the poor when skies are overcast,
Mother of men who prize the common good,
Working with all in close knit brotherhood.

Here thought is free to clothe herself in speech.
Leaders and led shall learn and gladly teach.
Heir of the past, enlightened by today,
Here one may worship God in his own way.

Lift high our banner, ranging side by side
State after state by freedom glorified.
Star after star emerging from the sky,
Lift up our banner bright, and hold it high!

NATIONAL SONG

BY WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE

America, my own!
Thy spacious grandeurs rise
Faming the proudest zone
Pavilioned by the skies;
Day's flying glory breaks
Thy vales and mountains o'er,

And gilds thy streams and lakes
From ocean shore to shore.

Praised be thy wood and wold,
Thy corn and wine and flocks,
The yellow blood of gold
Drained from thy cañon rocks;
Thy trains that shake the land,
Thy ships that plough the main,
Triumphant cities grand
Roaring with noise of gain.

Earth's races look to Thee:
The peoples of the world
Thy risen splendors see
And thy wide flag unfurled;
Thy sons, in peace or war,
That emblem who behold,
Bless every shining star,
Cheer every streaming fold!

Float high, O gallant flag,
O'er Carib Isles of palm,
O'er bleak Mexican crag,
O'er far-off lone Guam;
Where Mauna Loa pours
Black thunder from the deeps;
O'er Mindanao's shores,
O'er Luzon's coral steep.

Float high, and be the sign
Of love and brotherhood—
The pledge, by right divine
Of Power, to do good;

For aye and everywhere,
On continent and wave,
Omnipotent to dare,
Imperial to save!

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

New York Harbour, A.D. 2900

BY ARTHUR UPSON

Here once, the records show, a land whose pride
Abode in Freedom's watchword! And once here
The port of traffic for a hemisphere,
With great gold-piling cities at her side!
Tradition says, superbly once did bide
Their sculptured goddess on an island near,
With hospitable smile and torch kept clear
For all wide hordes that sought her o'er the tide.
'Twas centuries ago. But this is true:
Late the fond tyrant who misrules our land,
Bidding his serfs dig deep in marshes old,
Trembled, not knowing wherefore, as they drew
From out this swampy bed of ancient mould
A shattered torch held in a mighty hand.

ESSAYS

WORK FOR A SANE FOURTH

By ALFRED E. SMITH

FORMER GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

This is an appeal which it ought never be necessary to make—an appeal to the parents of America to save the lives of children who are otherwise doomed to die horrible and needless deaths within the next 30 days; an appeal to the parents of American boys and girls to save 3,000 or more of them from serious injury which they are otherwise doomed to receive in the next 30 days.

I speak for the lives and the health of the children who will be killed or injured in fireworks accidents within the next 30 days—unless their parents take better steps to prevent these needless deaths and injuries during these coming days than they did during this same period last year or the year before, or in fact any year in our generation.

We are told on good authority that more persons have already been killed and injured in celebrating our independence than were killed in acquiring that independence.

I am neither a safety engineer nor a pyrotechnic expert, but I am firmly convinced that none of these deaths and none of these injuries need take place.

The prescription for the ultimate cure of this situation is now being compounded. Thanks to the efforts of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, the American Museum of Safety, other public health organizations, and the co-operation

of the manufacturers of fireworks, there is under way now a program which may in the years to come completely correct this situation, but that program will take years in the development and in the carrying out.

The correction of the situation this year lies almost entirely in the hands of the fathers and mothers of American children. Nobody knows which children in America who are now alive, healthy and happy may be killed in fireworks accidents between now and the Fourth of July; nobody knows in which households are the 3,000 or more children who will be injured by fireworks accidents between today and the Fourth of July. They may be your children; they may be your neighbors'.

As long as fireworks of all sorts—the bootleg as well as the properly manufactured—can be purchased and used indiscriminately by people of all degrees of intelligence or lack of it, and by children of all ages, there can be no absolute assurance that your child and my child and our neighbors' children will not be among the victims. There are, however, some things that each parent can do to make sure that his child is not the cause of injury to others or to himself in the celebration of the Fourth of July this year.

If I were writing the prescription for the correction of this year's fireworks accident situation, I would put it about as follows:

Use no fireworks and make it impossible for your children to use fireworks *before* or *after* the Fourth of July.

If you do use fireworks on the Fourth of July, put no fireworks in the hands of little children: there is no such thing as safe fireworks for little children. Deaths have been caused by so-called harmless sparklers and by other apparently "harmless" fireworks.

If your children do use any fireworks, be present and watchful throughout the celebration to caution against or stop any risky practice.

Better still, confine your celebration of the Fourth to watching the shooting of fireworks by pyrotechnic experts.

Best of all, provide a worthwhile recreational program for your children and your neighbors' children on the Fourth of July.

I'm for a Fourth of July in which not a single American child will be killed; in which not one boy or girl will lose an eye; in which no child will be burned.

WE CELEBRATE FOURTH OF JULY

BY CLARA SAVAGE LITLEDALE

Fourth of July isn't what it used to be. We can all be thankful for that! Even within a comparatively short remembrance, the day began at midnight ushered in by the ringing of church bells and tremendous explosions caused by cannon crackers. The frenzied popping of torpedoes, cap pistols, firecrackers, followed all through the morning hours and the hot, noisy day went on with oratory in the afternoon to end with fireworks and a band concert in the evening. Eugene O'Neill has immortalized just such an old-time Fourth of July in "Ah, Wilderness!" The fact that there were catastrophes—some of them fatal—others horribly serious and disfiguring was accepted as a natural result of the day. We were celebrating the independence of these United States. Apparently no price was too much to pay.

But gradually a saner way of celebrating the Glorious Fourth has evolved—thanks to those who were sensitive to the horror of the old Fourth and willing to work for safety. Today the sale of explosives is regulated by law in most of our states and local ordinances protect the lives and limbs of our children. It is true that in spite of all efforts some casualties still result. Some grownups, infantile and irresponsible, patronize vendors of bootleg explosives, and allow their children to run the risk of

282 CELEBRATIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

harming themselves and others. It is the duty of other parents to see that their local and state ordinances are strengthened to make such conduct on the part of adults impossible and at the same time to find a way to substitute for the noisy and dangerous hullabaloo of the old-fashioned Fourth an interesting, colorful and worthwhile program of activity. Many communities have been most successful in working out athletic events, pageants, musical and dramatic programs which interest persons of all ages.

Such organizations as The National Recreation Association and the National Safety Council are glad to give suggestions for Fourth of July celebrations that are different and interesting.

Granted that a safer and still saner Fourth is greatly to be desired and that there is every chance for communities to cooperate in worthwhile celebration, what of the patriotic values stressed by the day? What type of patriotism are our children acquiring by teaching and by intimation? Are they growing up to be the kind of people who must always boast of their country as the biggest and the best, the richest and most powerful? Are other peoples, other ways ridiculous or wrong to them? Do they remember that this nation is made up of peoples from many lands who have brought the gifts of their different heritage to enrich our national life? Franklin K. Lane, former Secretary of the Interior has put it beautifully in words that read like poetry. What a fine thing it would be if we all knew these lines by heart! Mr. Lane says:

"America is a land of but one people, gathered from many countries - Irish lad and Scot, Englishman and Dutch, Italian, Greek, and French, Spaniard, Slav, Teuton, Norse - Negro - all have come bearing gifts and have laid them on the altar of America.

"All brought their music - dirge and dance and war - song, proud march and religious chant. All brought music and their instruments for the making of music, those many children of

the harp and lute.

"All brought their poetry, winged tales of man's many passions, folksong and psalm, ballads of heroes and tunes of the sea, lilting scraps caught from sky and field, or mighty dramas that tell of primal struggles of the profoundest meaning. All brought poetry.

"All brought art, fancies of the mind, woven in wood or wool, silk, stone or metal—rugs and baskets, gates of fine design and modeled gardens, houses and walls, pillars, roofs, windows, statues and painting—all brought their art and handicraft.

"Then, too, each brought some homely thing, some touch of the familiar home field or forest, kitchen or dress—a favorite tree or fruit, an accustomed flower, a style in cookery or in costume—each brought some homelike, familiar thing.

"And all brought hands with which to work.

"And all brought minds that could conceive.

"And all brought hearts filled with hope—stout hearts to drive live minds; live minds to direct willing hands.

"These were the gifts they brought."

Boys and girls all over the country standing rigidly erect repeat the salute to the flag as you and I did in our school days. "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands. One Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." There, at the end is the crux of the matter. Liberty and justice—not only for those who are like us, who think as we do, have a common religious, social, economic, intellectual background, but also for those who differ from us in all these respects—who have come bearing different gifts. If the Fourth of July inspires us and our children not only with a sane respect for safety but with a broader vision of patriotism, the Fourth will deserve to be called glorious.

THE SIXTH OF JULY

BY CLIFFORD P. MOREHOUSE

No, we have not made a mistake in our title. Enough has been written about the Fourth of July; enough parades have been held, enough patriotic speeches have been made. Yes, and probably the daily papers following the holiday weekend will contain more than enough tragic accounts of casualties due to careless use of fireworks, reckless driving, and drowning. These things appear to be the inevitable concomitants of our annual celebration of Independence Day.

It is easy to be patriotic on the Fourth of July. There are those whose patriotism is entirely expressed in the waving of flags and the shooting off of firecrackers. The Fourth is their high festival; the rest of the year they content themselves with occasionally growling that the country is going to the dogs. They are "Fourth of July Americans" just as some Churchmen who are never seen on their knees except at Easter are "Easter Christians."

The real significance of Independence Day is not so much what we Americans do on the 4th of July as in what we do on the 5th and 6th of July and every other day of the year. Anyone can stand for "The Star-Spangled Banner" or wave a flag. But it took a great deal more than that for our forefathers to win the independence of the United States, and it is going to take a good deal more for us and our descendants to preserve the liberty that is our heritage. After the parades and speeches are all over and the last skyrocket has been set off it might be worth while for us to sit down quietly and meditate earnestly on the true significance of Independence Day and the implications of American citizenship today.

The first fact that strikes us is that our country holds a more significant position in world affairs than ever before in history.

Before the World War, America was in the eyes of the world a remote country somewhere in the Western hemisphere with relatively little influence in world affairs. When the tranquility of that prewar world, which today seems so remote, was shattered by the unleashing of the destructive forces of war, the European nations suddenly found they needed our friendship and help. The Allied nations cultivated that friendship most assiduously and the help arrived most opportunely.

Wythe Williams, one of the ablest American war correspondents, sets forth the thesis in his book, *Dusk of Empire*, that the World War marked the transition of the power of empire from Europe to America. Many historians hold the same view, and agree with him that when America realizes the power that is hers and exercises it in constructive leadership the course of world history will be very considerably changed. Be that as it may, it is certainly true that our country holds a strategic and powerful position in a world that has become smaller through the increase in means of communication, and at the same time has become less unified because of the contention of rival political and economic philosophies. At one time it was the Holy Roman empire that supplied the unifying force in world affairs; at another time the Napoleonic empire; at still another time the British empire. In the years to come, if there is to be any unifying power in a rapidly disintegrating world, America stands in a unique position to contribute it. Thus our American citizenship has a greater significance today than in any previous generation.

As American citizens we have a heritage of liberty and democracy that is severely challenged today. The very words "liberty" and "democracy" are discounted over vast areas of the earth's surface. Only recently the German propaganda minister, Herr Goebbels, publicly sneered at these terms as relics of an outmoded liberalism. Mussolini and Franco despise the terms and the concepts for which they stand; Stalin, the

Spanish Loyalists, and other radicals of the left wing find it convenient to pay lip service to the terms while discarding the concepts that lie behind them. Thus on the surface of it the Soviet constitution is perhaps the most liberal document in the world, but actually freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and freedom of religion simply do not exist in Soviet Russia.

In America, as in the British commonwealth of nations and a few other parts of the modern world, both the terms and the concepts of liberty and democracy survive. Yet there are those in our own country who tell us that America together with the rest of the world must make the choice between Fascism and Communism. May God save us from the horns of that dilemma! Fascism and Communism are more than two rival philosophies; they are twin enemies of God and of man created in His image. Both deny the fundamental Catholic doctrine of man. Despite their differences, both of these anti-Christian philosophies see man not as a being of great individual worth created by God to be only a little lower than the angels, but rather as a creature destined to be exploited in the interests of the State.

On Independence Day we commemorate our forefathers who fought and died to create in this hemisphere a nation of free men and women who might determine their own fate free from the tyranny of kings and dictators. Do we value so little the priceless gift that they have handed down to us that we would barter it away for the favor of the new idol of totalitarianism? Have we so fallen from the ideals of our forefathers that we must admit the defeat of democracy and choose between the rival authoritarian systems?

And what of the old idea of America as the melting pot of the nation? It is true that this concept has changed with the postwar immigration restrictions, but there still lingers a trace of the feeling that America is a haven of freedom. Mr. Hull's recent gesture in extending a welcome to the oppressed minori-

ties of the world—provided they could meet the stiff requirements of our federal statutes—reminded us of this. But there is an increasing tide of race prejudice in the United States. The Ku Klux Klan may be dead, but it has been replaced by the German-American Bund, the Silvershirts, and similar organizations with a strong undercurrent of anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, or anti-Negroism.

In the face of these subversive and unChristian societies we fortunately have a few constructive organizations dedicated to the building of friendship and understanding among men of differing races and creeds. Such an organization is the National Conference of Jews and Christians, which is dedicated to the belief that America is one country in which men of different cultural traditions, different races, and different religions can live together in peace and amity. It is significant that at least one large city this year devoted its Fourth of July celebration to the promotion of the ideal of racial and religious freedom and drew most of the speakers for its public park observances from the ranks of the local round table of Jews and Christians.

Another greatly needed lesson of Independence Day is that of world friendship. It is significant that the Church in setting forth a special Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for Independence Day lays great stress upon this note. The passage appointed for the Epistle is taken from the chapter in Deuteronomy which contains the admonition: "Love ye therefore the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." The Gospel is the beautiful passage in St. Matthew in which our Lord is quoted as saying: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Thus the highest messages both of the Old Testament and of the New Dispensation are brought to bear not only on personal relations but on national policy on our

great national festival.

What it all boils down to is simply the fact that one cannot be either a good American citizen or a good Christian without a world view and a love of mankind. He serves his nation best who helps her to assume her rightful position as a leader in the cause of friendship among all nations. He serves his God best who helps maintain in his nation the concepts of liberty and democracy which best reflect the dignity of man created in the image of his Maker.

Celebrations for Armistice Day

PLAYS AND A PAGEANT

IN THE EMPEROR'S GARDEN

A Peace Play for Armistice Day

BY MARION HOLBROOK

CHARACTERS

A GARDENER

A SCULPTOR

AN EMPEROR

VICTORY

COURAGE

YOUTH

SORROW

POVERTY

} *a statue group*

TWO YOUNG GIRLS

A WOMAN WITH A CHILD

AN OLD WOMAN

PEACE

SPIRIT OF SONG

SPIRIT OF PLAY

COURAGE

YOUTH

} *a statue group*

CHILDREN OF THE NATIONS

The scene is the EMPEROR'S garden. If desired, garden scenery may be used but it is not necessary as the play may be effectively produced against a plain, dark curtain. If the platform is not equipped with curtains, a small curtain may be hung at center back to conceal the grouping of the statues, and pulled aside at the beginning of the scenes. The use of a blue light on the first statue group, and two lights—amber crossed with rose—on the second statue will add a good deal to the beauty of the performance if it is given in the evening. There is a raised platform at center back and a garden bench up right.

When the curtain rises the statue of VICTORY, surrounded by

COURAGE. YOUTH, SORROW and POVERTY, is seen on the platform. VICTORY is seated. She holds a palm branch against her left shoulder and leans slightly forward, looking gravely down toward the figures who are half-lying, half-kneeling at her feet. YOUTH kneels at her right, head and shoulders bent, hands held palms up and lifted before him. The figure faces front and right. On the left side of VICTORY, COURAGE kneels. Though the entire figure droops, the head is thrown back in an attitude of desperation. POVERTY and SORROW are at VICTORY'S feet. They kneel facing her and leaning against her, their hands stretched up and clutching at her draperies. These are merely suggestions for posing the figures. The director may work out an entirely different grouping. In any case, a little experimenting will obtain an effective and lovely picture. Simple Grecian gowns of soft white material, such as cheesecloth, are worn.

The SCULPTOR enters, left, walks to the statue and studies it for a moment. The GARDENER comes in, right, carrying a basket and tools. He is old and bent and walks slowly.

SCULPTOR. Good morning, Gardener.

GARDENER. Good morning, sir. (*The GARDENER pauses and looks at the statue.*)

SCULPTOR. What do you think of my Victory?

GARDENER. It's a fine statue, sir.

SCULPTOR. So you like it.

GARDENER. Ay, I often stand and look at it. (*Slowly.*) It's what victory means to men like me. But I don't think, if I may be so bold, sir, I don't think it's what the Emperor would call victory.

SCULPTOR. (*Smiling.*) It was made at his command to honor his latest conquest.

GARDENER. (*Who continues to study statue.*) Tell me, sir, who are those others.

SCULPTOR. Ah, my friend, you know them well. They are

Courage, Youth, Sorrow and Poverty. They are the sacrifices and the fruits of victory.

GARDENER. Ay, I understand all that well enough. It's easy for me to understand. You see, sir, I had three fine sons before the war. We worked together in the Emperor's gardens. Now I work alone.

SCULPTOR. Ah! It was men like you I thought of when I labored on yonder group. I wish I were a magician, that I might blow the breath of life into those figures and let them tell the Emperor what it means to win a victory on a battle field!

GARDENER. Sometimes the Emperor comes here and paces up and down and stands and looks at them and his face looks troubled, sir.

SCULPTOR. Perhaps he is displeased.

GARDENER. (*Looking off left.*) He's coming down the path now. He likes to be alone, sir.

SCULPTOR. Then I'll sit back in the shadows and watch him.

(*The SCULPTOR goes out, right. The GARDENER stands back respectfully as the EMPEROR enters, left. He walks slowly, crosses the stage, turns and gazes at the statue.*)

EMPEROR. It's strange. It's not what I expected. Somehow it baffles me. (*He sees the GARDENER.*) Timothy!

GARDENER. (*Coming forward and making a bow.*) Your Highness!

EMPEROR. That statue—do you like it?

GARDENER. I think it's very beautiful, if I may say so, sir.

EMPEROR. It seems to me too solemn. (*Impatiently.*) Why should victory be solemn? And what are those wretched-looking figures kneeling at her skirts? And why is she looking down at them? Why isn't her head up—radiant and triumphant? But how can you know if I don't!

GARDENER. Maybe, your Highness, it needs a bit of study.

EMPEROR. Maybe it does, Timothy. Go to another part of the garden to do your work and leave me here alone. I shall study

this strange victory for a while.

(The GARDENER goes out.)

EMPEROR. *(Studying the statue.)* If some wizard could give you tongue, O Victory, what would you say to me? You are mute, yet powerful, as if you had some message for me, some message that I cannot read.

(Slowly VICTORY raises her head and looks at him. He starts and takes a step toward the statue.)

VICTORY. *(In a low, clear voice.)* My message is a simple one.

EMPEROR. You speak! O, speak again!

VICTORY. I bring the bitter truth of victory won by blood.

EMPEROR. But victories are always won by blood, the brave blood of my glorious legionnaires! How their spears and their shields flash in the sun when they return victorious! Why are *you* not triumphant and gay? Why should the face of Victory be grave?

VICTORY. O Emperor, I have just come from battle fields that once were fields of grain. I have come from homes where once contentment dwelt with plenty; now both are gone. Remember, I am victory won in battle, dearly bought, I am stained and weary, I am not worth the price you paid, O Emperor.

EMPEROR. The price? I have gained the richest lands on earth. I have gained a thousand times what I have paid.

VICTORY. We do not count the cost in gold. *(Indicating the figures around her.)* This is the price you paid.

EMPEROR. But who are they?

VICTORY. *(Stooping and touching the head of each.)* This is Courage. Courage that might have fought disease, made great discoveries to lighten mankind's burdens. You chose to squander it in battle.

EMPEROR. But remember our cause—our gain. That was worth a sacrifice.

VICTORY. Then balance it against your loss. This one is Youth, ours and the enemy's. The youth of two great nations

has been slain.

EMPEROR. (*Bowing his head.*) Ay, that I know.

VICTORY. These two are Poverty and her sister Sorrow. Your nation is poor of spirit; the enemy nation is starving. Both are bowed with sorrow.

EMPEROR. But the city is gay with festivals in honor of the victory! Haven't you heard the rejoicing everywhere? I have a proud and happy people!

VICTORY. Proud and happy? Nay. Your eyes are permitted to see only the pomp and splendor of the victory. The prayers, the moans, the cries of despair are not allowed to reach your ears. Stay and watch those who come to lay the flowers of memory at my feet if you would see your people as they are.

EMPEROR. I shall stay then and see what I may learn.

(*VICTORY resumes her pose. The EMPEROR goes up left in shadows. In a moment TWO YOUNG GIRLS enter with flowers or wreaths.*)

FIRST GIRL. Here is the statue. Let us leave our flowers here.

(*They go over and place them at the foot of VICTORY.*)

SECOND GIRL. (*Looking at the statue*) They speak of victory. Whose victory? Not yours, not mine.

FIRST GIRL. No. It is the Emperor's victory. All the world fears him now. And we, his own people, dread him lest he make another conquest.

SECOND GIRL. And you and I shall walk and talk with shadows all our lives—shadows of those we loved—that he may ride in pomp and glory.

FIRST GIRL. Come, we'll leave our flowers of memory with her. She has a look of pity. Look at her! She's not the victory of the Emperor—she's ours!

SECOND GIRL. Ay. The bitter victory of the people.

(*They look at her for a moment in silence and then go out, slowly. A WOMAN carrying a child enters with a small bouquet. She walks over and lays it at the foot of the statue.*)

WOMAN. Not in tribute, but in memory, O Victory. Would that you brought an end to sorrow as you bring an end to strife.

(She looks at VICTORY for a moment, then turns and goes out. An OLD WOMAN enters with a few flowers. Slowly, with a cane, she makes her way to the foot of the statue and painfully stoops and deposits her flowers. She leans on her cane and peers up at VICTORY.)

OLD WOMAN. Poor thing. The Emperor calls you his statue of victory. But the man who carved you was a man of wisdom. I know your name. It is—defeat. I like to look at you. It comforts me that here—in the public gardens of the Emperor—the truth looks out of your kind face. We're both of us—defeated.

(She turns and hobbles out. The EMPEROR comes forward silently and watches her go. Then he moves front, musing. The SCULPTOR enters and approaches him.)

SCULPTOR. Does my work please your Highness?

(The EMPEROR wheels around and faces him.)

EMPEROR. Yes. I am well pleased. I have just read your message yonder.

SCULPTOR. My message?

EMPEROR. I have just learned the truth. A vainer man than I would have you put to death. You have mocked me. You have turned gold to dust within my hand.

SCULPTOR. Kill me now, if you desire. I only lived that you might see the truth, my Emperor.

EMPEROR. Nay. You'll not die, my friend. I've a new vision that none may help me realize but yourself. I have dreamt of war and conquest. But that is of the past. Make me another statue. At the other end of my garden let me have a statue of peace. And gazing on it day by day perhaps I and my people shall learn a new way to make our nation great among the nations of the earth.

SCULPTOR. Your Highness, it shall be done!

EMPEROR. Then go, and I shall wait with eagerness to see

your work.

(The EMPEROR goes out, left, and the SCULPTOR, right, as the curtains close. Soft music is heard. If desired, an off-stage chorus may sing "Lovely Apper" by Gounod or other appropriate music. The music fades away as the curtains part, revealing the PEACE group on the raised platform at the back of the stage. The arm chair has been removed and PEACE stands erect with her hands resting on the shoulders of YOUTH and COURAGE who stand on either side of her. The three stand with heads thrown slightly back and expressions of happiness in face and body. At her feet the SPIRIT OF SONG kneels on one knee and has a set of Pan pipes raised to his lips. Also posed before PEACE is the SPIRIT OF PLAY who seems to be listening to the music. She is also down on one knee in an attitude expressive of joy and mirth. This grouping is merely suggestive and details must be left to the taste and judgment of the director. Again the GARDENER enters with his tools and looks at the statue. In a moment the SCULPTOR enters.)

GARDENER. Good morning, sir.

SCULPTOR. Good morning, Gardener. *(Indicating statue.)* What do you think of it?

GARDENER. Beautiful, sir. It's beautiful. It's just as if I closed my eyes and thought what Peace looked like.

SCULPTOR. Ah, thank you, friend.

GARDENER. But tell me—who are those who surround her?

SCULPTOR. They are Youth and Courage, going side by side with Peace, dedicated not to man's destruction but to his happiness and progress. And there are Play and Song binding all men in brotherhood.

GARDENER. Play and Song, sir? What have they to do with Peace?

SCULPTOR. They bring peaceful occupations and peaceful thoughts. Have you never thought that singing men love men who sing? Have you never thought how men who meet in games,

honor and love their fellows for their skill and strength?

GARDENER. Ay, that is true. The common, simple pleasures of mankind are bonds of steel. Even a simple man like me can understand such things. But the Emperor—will he be pleased?

SCULPTOR. He is a good man. We shall see.

(The GARDENER touches his cap and shuffles off, right. The SCULPTOR follows him. The EMPEROR enters, left, slowly and goes to the statue.)

EMPEROR. It is the incarnation of a dream. The Youth and Courage of the future—may they atone for what the conquerors of old have done. And Song and Play—would I were a magician that I might send them forth into every land, singing and shouting in games, filling the soul with melody and leading the agile, healthy children and the strong men and women in happy play. That is a dream worthy of an emperor.

(He seats himself on bench, right, and muses. Presently soft, delicate dance music is heard and the spirits of SONG and PLAY rise and dance together a light, graceful dance of joy. Then they run off right and left and return, each of them leading a number of CHILDREN in peasant costumes of different lands. As the music continues they may dance together or play some simple game. If desired, a larger number of peasant children may be used, playing games all over the stage. Before the dance or games come to a close, SONG and PLAY take their places in the statue group again, so that when the CHILDREN run off right and left at the close of their game, the statue is as it was at the beginning of the scene. As the music dies away, the EMPEROR rouses from his reverie, rises and goes to the statue. The SCULPTOR enters.)

SCULPTOR. Your Highness is pleased?

EMPEROR. I am well pleased. There is some magic in your hands, my friend, for you have made stone utter noble words and bring fair visions of the future.

SCULPTOR. Noble words and fair visions must be translated

into deeds, my Emperor, else only cold stone remains to baffle passers-by and trouble thoughtful men with footless longings.

EMPEROR. Ay. As I dedicated my strong men, my willing youth, to conquest in the past, so now I dedicate my strength, my wealth, the resources of empire, to the cause of Peace. Let my people be the true children of God—the peacemakers upon the earth.

(He raises his arms to the statue as the curtains slowly close. Music, softly played, is heard again and continues for a moment before the lights are turned on in the auditorium.)

PRODUCTION NOTES

If the play is to be given at night, have the stage dimly lighted, depending on the colored lights on the statues for lighting. If it is impossible to have professional lighting equipment, excellent results can be obtained by using ordinary bridge or table lamps held at the proper angle and covered with an improvised box to prevent the light from spilling and to direct it on the statues. Colored gelatine sheets are placed over a round hole through which the light escapes.

The costumes are medieval. The Gardener wears ragged clothing. His long hose (dyed union suit) are patched, and the tunic which comes to his knees is torn and soiled. Shades of brown would be appropriate. He is bare headed.

The Sculptor's costume is similar to the Gardener's but is made of richer looking material and is better fitted. His long hose are black and his tunic green velvet (dyed canton flannel). He may also have a short cloak and carry a hat similar to the tam-like hats of the Renaissance.

The Emperor's costume is of the same cut but still richer. His cloak is longer and may be trimmed with ermine (cotton spotted with black ink) and the hat which he carries has a plume which may be made of layers of finely cut crepe paper.

THE ROBBER

BY GRACE H. SWIFT

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

WORLD—*the Universal Mother—Madonna robes of dull blue and white.*

WAR—*the Robber, a large burly figure—Full panoply of armor, as shown in cartoons.*

WORLD PEACE—a *stately figure—White with silvery ornaments. Carries plant with large flowers.*

CHILDREN—the *various nations—National costumes, with a variety of toys, tools, etc.*

SAM. JOHN. MARIE. FRITZ, IVAN, GUIDO, HONG, ITO, SAMBO, SINGH, BALKAN and BELGIAN *children have speaking parts. Others may be added if desired.*

Stage is arranged to give each child a small garden or playground, with some reference to actual location of countries. WORLD seated at left front, watching children at their work and play. WAR, in a sort of den, at right front, is partly concealed from audience; wholly from children, except as he looks around at them. He watches them constantly, but furtively.

The impersonators of the more important countries should be larger than the others, so their assumption of leadership may seem appropriate.

The folk dancing and singing will add color and variety, but may be omitted if desired. Speaking parts may also be shifted, to employ fewer children.

SCENE ONE

Curtain rising shows children at play. At a signal of music ten or twelve give a folk dance, if convenient; at the close of the dance they separate to their own places and varied occupations.

FRITZ. Here, you can't have that; it's mine now.

MARIE. Well you stole it from me. It's not fair.

FRITZ. I guess I had a right to take it.

MARIE. You did not. I just hate you. (*Stamps her foot.*)

HONG. (*To ITO.*) You get out of my garden.

ITO. Oh, I guess not. Who's going to put me out?

BALKAN CHILD. Mother, make him stop hitting me.

WORLD. Children, children, stop quarreling. Haven't you promised me often to play nicely?

MARIE. But mother, he's always taking my things.

FRITZ. Well, she won't stay on her own side.

SINGH. I do not like that John should always manage my garden.

JOHN. But somebody has to; you can't run things yourself.

SINGH. I should much like to try for myself.

JOHN. I like to do the bossing myself.

FRITZ. You think you know everything, but you'll find out someday.

(*WAR leers around his doorway, at the children.*)

WORLD. Children, hush; don't you see the robber? (*Children shrink back, in fear.*) You know, it's only when you quarrel and fight that he comes out.

IVAN. But of course we have to fight sometimes.

WORLD. Why do you have to?

IVAN. Oh, because we want the same things.

WORLD. But you can't all have them.

GUIDO. No, but the best fighter can. And I guess we like to fight.

BELGIAN CHILD. Yes, you like it if you beat, but if you don't it's different. I don't like to fight.

WORLD. Well, let your quarrels drop, and go back to your work.

(*WAR disappears. Children or some good singer sings a folk song.*)

MARIE. (*Angrily.*) Fritz gets in my way all the time.

FRITZ. I wouldn't if she'd stay where she belongs.

WORLD. Marie, now promise to stay on your own side.

MARIE. Well, I will, if Fritz doesn't bother me.

WORLD. Fritz, do you promise to let her alone?

FRITZ. Yes, if she lets me alone.

WORLD. Remember, then. If you are always fair to each other, there won't be any trouble.

(*Work and play resumed. Another folk song, if convenient.*)

WORLD. Children, how would you like this plan? When you can't agree, just come here to me, and I'll help you decide what to do. Then there needn't be any fighting.

BELGIAN CHILD. I should like that. I'm too small to beat fighting.

JOHN. But I like to have my own way about things.

SAM. I think the plan would be all right sometimes, but I want to settle my own affairs myself.

MARIE. I suppose we could try it a while. (*Aside.*) We can always fight if we want to.

FRITZ. (*Aside.*) Yes, nobody can stop us if we choose to start.

SAM. But there's always the Robber, you know.

MARIE. Yes, that's so. But still—

WORLD. Children, do you agree to the plan? Sometimes people call it arbitration, and I am sure it will help to keep the Robber away.

HONG. We quarrel too much, and I don't like the Robber. Maybe this will fix him.

IVAN. Yes, we all hate him. Let's try it, anyway.

WORLD. How many agree?

ALL. I, I, I do, etc.

WORLD. Very well; we'll try it then.

ITO. I can't do anything in this little place. I need more room.

MARIE. Mother, Hong and Sambo let John have part of their gardens, and they ought to let me have some too.

WORLD. Perhaps Sambo will give you some—his is too big.

HONG. I'm not going to give away any more of mine. I need it.

SEVERAL. I want some, Sambo; give me some too; me too; etc.

SAMBO. But I can't give away so much.

FRITZ. John has lots more than I have. Make him divide up.

JOHN. I won't do it. I have it all planted and why should I give it away? I'm going to keep it.

FRITZ. You just wait and see if you keep it.

JOHN. All right, you'll see too.

WORLD. Children, have you forgotten already?

FRITZ. We weren't fighting. But look there. (*Glancing back.*) Marie spoiled my flowers. You stepped over the line, missy.

MARIE. I never did either, smarty.

FRITZ. You did too. And you promised you wouldn't.

MARIE. Pig!

(*Both turn backs.*)

FRITZ. Ouch. Who threw that stone? Marie, you hit me.

MARIE. I did *not*. I didn't even have a stone.

FRITZ. Well, you got somebody else to do it, then.

MARIE. I tell you I didn't.

(*FRITZ picks up a stick; WAR appears beside his doorway, but children watching FRITZ and MARIE do not notice him.*)

WORLD. Children, come here. Remember the plan.

JOHN. Wait a minute; what happened?

FRITZ. She hit me.

(*Starts toward MARIE, who edges back.*)

IVAN. You let her alone, Fritz.

FRITZ. I'll show both of you.

JOHN. You better look out; you promised not to fight.

FRITZ. Pooh, who cares for that? We all said we'd fight if we wanted to. (*Striking at others.*) Take that.

WORLD. (*Starting up in dismay.*) Oh stop, stop.

(*Children, unheeding, push in a general scramble to back stage with cries and blows heard. HONG, SAMBO, and a few*

noncombatants follow, not fighting, but close to the rest. SAM stays in his garden watching the scuffle, but taking no part.)

WORLD. (*Agitated.*) Oh, the poor children; why will they do it? Oh. Sam, make them stop—they will kill each other.

SAM. I don't want to fight and they won't stop for me, anyway.

WORLD. Oh, see— Oh the Robber. (*In despair.*) Oh what can I do.

SAM. This has to be stopped— I'll have to try to stop it.

(*SAM starts back to fight. Inner curtain conceals it all as he joins. Cries and blows continue, but gradually cease. WAR, who has been watching chance, now comes openly into view, with huge sack, into which, with great glee, he thrusts all the toys, plants, tools, etc., that children have left.*)

WORLD. Oh, I beg you; I pray you, don't do it. Don't break the children's (*Rousing herself.*) hearts. Oh, leave these things, they need them so.

WAR. Give up a chance like this? I think not.

WORLD. Oh, I entreat you—the poor children will be ruined, starved, destroyed.

WAR. Ha. ha. what is that to me? My life is from the ruin of foolish quarreling children.

WORLD. Alas—their work and play alike destroyed. My poor desolate ones.

WAR. Pouf. They might have known. (*Marches back to his den.*)

WORLD. It is true. I have often told them, but they would not listen. And how is it with them now? Have they destroyed one another?

(*Inner curtain parts, disclosing children in various attitudes of pain and weariness. Bandages, bruises and torn garments are in evidence. They slowly approach WORLD, but stop in dismay on seeing their plundered gardens.*)

MARIE. My garden is all spoiled—who did it?

JOHN. I can't find my lunch, and I'm hungry.

IVAN. Fritz just about broke my arm, and it hurts like fury. Who stole my money? I had some here and it's gone.

BELGIAN CHILD. (*Crying.*) I have nothing left at all, and my head aches so.

BALKAN CHILD. (*Crying.*) So does mine. And I can't even tell where my garden was.

JOHN. Mother, where are our things? What has happened?

WORLD. My poor children, you all tramped the gardens down when you were fighting. And who would you think might steal your treasures? The Robber, of course, carried them all away.

(*ALL shudder.*)

MARIE. Oh that awful Robber.

FRITZ. I never thought of his doing this.

MARIE. Oh he took our dolls, too, our cunning babies. (*Sobbing.*) Oh, dear, why did we get to fighting?

JOHN. I guess our side beat, but the Robber took more of our things than Fritz's.

GUIDO. And we all got hurt about the same.

IVAN. And we're all hungry, but there's nothing to eat.

JOHN. We'll all starve. But Sam has some things over there. Let us have something to eat, Sam.

SAM. Even mine isn't very good, but here are some things. (*Gives some portions to others.*)

FRITZ. I thought the one who beat could get what the rest had, but everything is spoiled in all the gardens.

WORLD. Now, surely you see, children, how foolish and silly fighting is. You have lost your food and spoiled your clothes; your playthings and treasures are gone; your work ruined; besides, you are all hurt and unhappy.

SAM. Let's not fight any more, even if we want to.

MARIE. But we always forget.

JOHN. Somehow a dispute begins, and all at once there's a fight.

SAM. Well, we must find some way. We can't have this sort of

thing happening any more.

GUIDO. Let's punish anyone that starts a fight.

JOHN. But we want to stop it before it starts. My head still aches.

ITO. So does my shoulder. And I don't even know how the fight started.

FRITZ. Well, Marie started it. She hit me.

MARIE. I did not—you just say that. I don't believe anybody hit you, and you better keep away from me, so there.

FRITZ. Well, I like that. Somebody did hit me, I tell you.

WORLD. Children, don't get into another quarrel. What you need is to stop all that and get to be friends.

SINGH. If all are friends, they do not wish to fight.

SAM. That's so. Let's have a club and no one can belong unless he promises not to fight.

JOHN. I wouldn't quite promise that, but I would promise never to start a fight.

GUIDO. I would too.

OTHERS. So would I; I too; etc.

WORLD. If you really keep your promises, that will do very well for there can't be any fights if no one starts them. (*WAR looks out in alarm from his den.*) But you do quarrel so easily.

MARIE. Let's have a rule that anyone who quarrels can't belong.

SAM. Or if anyone forgets we all stop it right away.

JOHN. If we all talk things over together, and are fair, we can get most things settled and be better friends.

MARIE. And then, just think, that wicked old Robber can't make us any more trouble.

SAM. When we think of the way he left things here, we ought to be able to remember.

GUIDO. I don't see how we forgot this time.

FRITZ. He never spoiled things for everybody before.

JOHN. That's it. He's played his tricks—and mean ones, plenty

of times, but he never stole from all of us at once.

SAM. Well, I don't believe we'll give him another chance like that.

(WAR, in growing perplexity and terror, returns within his den, as children gather about WORLD in absorbed discussion.)

CURTAIN

SCENE TWO

Stage as at first, all war damage repaired; children at work.

MARIE. This is the best garden I ever had.

GUIDO. My things grow better when we don't quarrel.

SAMBO. What difference does that make?

GUIDO. Well, I don't have to stop and fight, or even keep watch that no one hits me, so I can take better care of my things and they grow better.

HONG. I think I will build a new house, something like Sam's.

SAM. Good idea—maybe I can help you.

WORLD. I have some news for you, children. Our dreadful enemy is going away.

MARIE. The Robber? Is he going away?

JOHN. Why is he going?

WORLD. Because you are all so friendly he has no chance to get food from your gardens, and he is afraid of starving to death if he stays here.

(ALL exclaim with delight.)

JOHN. Hurrah. (*Throws up hat.*) That comes of being friends.

MARIE. Isn't that grand?

HO. We don't want the old ruffian.

SAM. It even pays not to fight.

GUIDO. But will he stay away always?

WORLD. Oh, of course, if you should get to fighting again, he would hear of it, and come right back.

MARIE. Oh well, we don't want to fight any more.

JOHN. I don't want to. It's more fun and more useful to do some of the things I like to do.

IVAN. We always get hurt fighting, and things get so smashed up.

SAM. I don't believe any of us want to fight now.

FRITZ. I know I don't, but the rest of you don't seem to believe me.

MARIE. Well, we're afraid of you from last time.

FRITZ. You needn't be—I'm not going to hurt anybody—it doesn't pay.

GUIDO. Fritz is all right.

SAM. Yes, we needn't worry about him.

JOHN. Now, you little chaps there, don't you get to squabbling either, or some of us will box your ears.

BALKAN CHILD. No fair, just because you're bigger than we are.

SAM. Well, it isn't safe to start a fight. It's like a fire—it sometimes gets away from you, and does more damage than you expect.

BALKAN CHILD. But when he makes me mad, I like to knock his head off.

JOHN. Yes, but what does that get you? He just tries to knock yours off, and you both get hurt and have to begin the quarrel over.

WORLD. That is true. Whatever you win in a fight, you are sure to lose more. There are better ways of getting what you ought to have.

SINGH. But Madam Mother, I do not have my rights.

SEVERAL OTHERS. Neither do I; nor I; I ought to have—etc.

WORLD. I know; many of you have not your rights, but we all want everyone to have them; only it takes time to be sure what is just.

JOHN. We must all talk these things over carefully. It isn't so

easy to know just what is fair.

MARIE. We can't be pigs.

WORLD. Very true. Our first work now is to get all these things arranged so everyone has what he ought to have. But first, have we tried the friendship plan long enough so you are ready to vote for it always?

ALL. Yes, yes; Of course; I am; So am I; etc.

WAR. I cannot breathe here in this air of good will. I am starved and stifled; I shall die. Let me out.

(Exit, plunging and stumbling as if dizzy, through the inner curtain, which closes behind him as he seems about to fall.)

ALL. *(Cheering and clapping.)* He is gone; He has really left us; Oh joy; Hurrah; etc. *(ALL join hands in a circle dance, with music.)*

(Enter from inner curtains, WORLD PEACE. She comes to center of circle, and sets down a large flowering plant.)

PEACE. Dear children, now that your wicked enemy is gone, I can bring you this gift which is yours forever. These lovely blossoms are called Joy and Hope and Confidence, and they have other beautiful names as well. They are the flowers of peace, and they spring from the everlasting root of brotherly love among yourselves. Here in the midst of the gardens it will give its fragrance and beauty to you all, and so you may be ever reminded of the wonderful blessings of Peace.

CURTAIN

PEACE PAGEANT

BY HAZEL CARTER MAXON

As evening comes on, serve hot coffee and sandwiches and, as the crowd rests before going home, put on this PEACE PAGEANT. Or, if the day has been too long and wearing, have the pageant

the next night in your meeting hall. It is an appropriate entertainment for the birth month of the nation.

To insure a good pageant, you'll want to have it well planned and well rehearsed. Choose a pageant director and these committees: Cast, Stage and Property, Costume, and Music. The director will want to call a conference with these committees to choose a cast and get things under way.

At the first rehearsal, the script is read and the music played. Then have separate rehearsals for the different groups, a general rehearsal for each scene, and a dress rehearsal.

In the acting of a pageant of this sort, it is usually better to give a general idea and let the actors create their own interpretation, providing the director watches mass effects at each rehearsal.

The costumes and setting may be as simple as you wish for this type of pageant, since the theme, the music and the announcer carry the drama. It is important, however, to plan costumes with an eye to mass color effects which are pleasing and spectacular.

SYNOPSIS

Youth, on whom the future course of the nation rests, studies the history of our nation and ponders between war and peace. He studies each war with its successive period of depression and misery, while the Spirit of Peace hovers near, hoping he will decide for peace. Devastation who follows in the wake of each war puzzles Youth who is inexperienced.

Finally, however, won over by the martial music of the World War era, his spirit of adventure comes to the front and he rushes away from his books to join the hosts of War. Although the Armies of Peace are passing by, he pays little heed to them since Industry, Agriculture and Education hoist no flags nor march to band music.

The Leader of Future Wars steps out to welcome Youth to

his ranks, but the leaders of the armies of peace step forward to persuade him to join their ranks. A martial air is struck up by the War band and Youth is about to join their ranks when Peace appears. She puts a detaining hand on Youth's arm and points out the approaching army which is now coming into view, following in the footsteps of the soldiers. This is Devastation followed by his band of Hunger, Sickness, Misery, Depression, etc. Youth now sees Devastation in its true light and recognizes the misery which follows in the wake of every war. Taking Peace by the hand he is led over to the armies of Industry, Agriculture and Education, while the Leaders of Future Wars, frustrated without Youth to join them, turn back. With Youth on their side to put more excitement and adventure into the armies of Peace these armies of Industry, Agriculture and Education march forward singing enthusiastically as they go.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

YOUTH—*Class of '44—Collegiate clothes and sweater with numeral '44.*

SPIRIT OF PEACE—*White robe, flowing sleeves, flowing hair with white halo and silver star.*

DEVASTATION—*Black winding robe, sickly-green mask with weird features.*

SOLDIERS OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR—*Copies of uniforms*

SOLDIERS OF CIVIL WAR— “ “ “

SOLDIERS OF WORLD WAR A. E. F.— “ “ “

LEADERS OF FUTURE WARS (3 men)—*Bright uniforms with red capes and banners across chest, FUTURE WARS.*

FOLLOWERS OF DEVASTATION: MISERY, HUNGER, DISEASE and DEPRESSION—*Stretcher bearers, soldiers with bandages, tattered widows and orphans, beggars.*

ARMY OF INDUSTRY—*A Leader in blue jumpers and carrying an oil can is followed by carpenters, masons, etc.*

312 *CELEBRATIONS FOR ARMISTICE DAY*

ARMY OF AGRICULTURE—*A Leader in overalls, a hoe over his shoulder, is followed by others with implements, women with baskets of fruits, etc.*

ARMY OF EDUCATION—*A Leader with glasses and a book followed by children with books.*

Your stage can be the out-of-doors with a small platform with a table and chair on it to represent the college library where the boy sits. Curtains strung between trees off to each side of the acting space will serve to hide the other players.

THE PAGEANT SCRIPT

SCENE: YOUTH seated at the desk on the platform. A pile of American histories are on the desk.

ACTION: YOUTH picks up volume after volume while the pageant depicting each era passes in parade over the campus before his gaze. First, YOUTH opens a volume plainly labeled 1776 and after reading a moment, soft strains of "Yankee Doodle" are heard, growing louder and louder as the *curtain rises* and parade comes into view. YOUTH whistles softly and taps his feet to the rhythm.

ANNOUNCER (*off stage*): "Here they come! The boys of '76, the boys who fought the war of the wilderness. On to Bunker Hill!—faces eager, steps firm, flags flying music playing—the stirring beat of the drum. But little did they know of the hard-hips to come, of the suffering of that winter at Valley Forge."

ACTION: As the last soldier disappears off stage, DEVASTATION enters slinking into view to the beat of muffled drum, his head bowed, his movements weird. YOUTH appears puzzled by this unseemly intrusion. YOUTH next opens a volume labeled 1861 (Civil War) as the strains of "Dixie" are heard and the Civil War parade comes into view.

ANNOUNCER (*off stage*): "Again, they come! The boys in blue—the boys in gray. Brother against brother, marching to fight. 'TO ARMS! TO ARMS! VOLUNTEERS!' war posters of the day summoned, 'OUR COUNTRY CALLS!' And our youth laid down their tools and their rakes to follow, forced into the ranks by violence of public opinion and later by a merciless conscription law. While in the South, old men, women and children toiled to provide food and supplies.

ACTION: **DEVASTATION** enters again following the last soldier of the Civil War group. Again **YOUTH** is puzzled.

YOUTH now picks up a volume labeled 1917 (World War) as the strains of "Over There" are heard in the distance and the A.E.F. army comes into view. He watches entranced, tapping his feet and whistling louder.

ANNOUNCER (*off stage*): "And once again! This time in the memory of most of us, Youth leaves the plow for the gun. This time it is the machine gun and the deadly gas bomb. This time the cry is 'To Save Democracy!' 'The War to End War!' So valiantly they march off—little suspecting that in so short a time the newspapers will again carry headlines 'WAR IN EUROPE. WHAT STAND WILL AMERICA TAKE?' "

ACTION: As **YOUTH** sits entranced, **PEACE** softly glides into the library and stands behind his desk unnoticed. **YOUTH** rises, then stirred by the music of the World War rushes out just as the last soldiers of the World War file past and are followed by **DEVASTATION** and his army. **YOUTH** steps back at the sight, then there is a stirring blare of trumpets as the **LEADERS OF FUTURE WARS** appear. **PEACE** summons in her armies of Industry, Agriculture and Education but they come in quietly and **YOUTH** pays no attention to them.

One of the **LEADERS OF FUTURE WARS** slaps **YOUTH** on the back. Another holds out an enrollment blank for his

signature and another holds out a bright helmet. He puts on the helmet and looks in a glass, proudly. The three leaders of the *ARMIES OF PEACE* come up. One puts a hand on his arm but he shakes it off. Another tries to get him to look beyond at the *ARMY OF DEVASTATION*.

ANNOUNCER: "Which side will Youth choose? On his choice rests the destiny not only of this country, but of all of the nations of the earth!"

ACTION: *PEACE* enters, and a dramatic hush follows. She pushes the *LEADERS OF FUTURE WARS* back so the *ARMY OF DEVASTATION* can march by. She indicates to *YOUTH* that this army must follow any War. *YOUTH* is staggered by the ugliness! He pushes aside the *LEADERS OF FUTURE WARS* and takes the hand of *PEACE* who leads him to her *ARMIES OF PEACE*. Sadly the *FUTURE WAR LEADERS* turn back, and now with renewed pep and putting some of the glamour into peace which has always gone with war, the *ARMIES OF PEACE* headed by *PEACE* and *YOUTH*, march gloriously on singing.

MUSIC

Cornet, Trombone and drum for martial music.

Violins for sad music.

Muffled drums for *DEVASTATION*.

Such well-known songs for each year as:

Revolutionary War—Yankee Doodle

Civil War—Dixie, Tenting Tonight, and Stephen Foster
songs

World War—Over There, Tipperary, Keep the Home Fires
Burning

DEVASTATION—Mister Can You Spare a Dime?

Future Wars—The Stars and Stripes Forever

Armies of Peace—America the Beautiful

POEMS

WAR

BY DANA BURNET

All down the reeking trail of years the mailed armies go,
With mock of flags and bitter dreams and dead hearts in a row,
Behind them in a dream of blood the broken nations lie
And o'er them wheels their gruesome god, a buzzard in the sky.

For some have marched with heathen curse and some with Christian prayer.

But all have paid the vulture god that beats the darkened air;
And women know and children know that hear the trumpets
breath,

There is no god goes with them but the wheeling god of death.

A thousand vineyards rot and die, a thousand hearts lie cold
And still earth sends her armies down for some new shame of
gold,

And still the little mothers sit with faces white and wan,
And watch the buzzards wheeling in the crimson smoke of dawn!

Down all the reeking trails of years I see the armies go,
With mock of flags and waste of dreams and dead hearts in a row,
And high above the blighted road their iron feet have trod
I see the awful clouding wing that blots the face of God.

THE ILLUSION OF WAR

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

War

I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife! And I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street;
For yonder, yonder, goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break;
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

Oh, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden, in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this;
Oh! snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

WAR TIME

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

Yesterday I watched
My son's son run
Underneath my window
With another in the sun.

With the moon's waxing,
I saw them stray,
Turned youth and maiden,
Down a wood way.

This noon he marched past
In step with the rest,
While the bugles told me,
"Yours is the best."

Now he is far away,
Convoyed across the sea,
That lover, that lieutenant,
Own blood of me.

Now his lass sits beside me,
Many a long day;
And there's one thing we think on,
Whatever else we say.

FARRAGUT

[MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864]

BY WILLIAM TUCKEY MEREDITH

Farragut, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,

Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,
Watches the hoary mist
Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
Looms the black fleet.
Hark, deck to rampart calls
With the drums' beat!
Buoy your chains overboard,
While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar
Clear the boy sings,
"By the mark fathoms four,"
While his lead swings.
Steady the wheelmen five
"Nor' by East keep her,"
"Steady," but two alive:
How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways
Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads—Farragut,
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
Tops a green vale,
Men thy bold deeds shall tell,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke!

DULCE ET DECORUM EST

BY WILFRED OWEN

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,

And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs
Bitten as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori!

HIT

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

A crack and a zip!
I went to the ground

As if my hip
Had been caught in the path of a leaden bat
Which a demon batsman was whirling around
In the throes of some inter-stellar game.
I struggled to rise, but my side was aflame;
And I felt ashamed I had come to that.
My first thought was that it could not be
Me they had hit,—who was going scot free—
Me!

My next thought carried me back with a whirr
To a distant place and a distant day,
And sharply showed me an old dead-beat,
Pinned so flat that he could not stir,
Under a trolley in lower Broadway,
With one foot off, and his face in the street;—
A shameful way for a man to lie,
For one of our human clan to die,
Flat in the mud where he couldn't writhe free!
And the same
Old shame
I had felt for him
And his severed limb,
Rose for myself in me;—
Shame for my plight as if I were
Pinioned there like a fox in a trap,
Or a felon strapped to a murderer's chair,
Blind in the cap.

But, after that
Emotional riot
Had simmered to quiet—
Though the German bird
In the tree, who had shot me,

Kept trying to pot me,
And bullets spat
In the ground
All around,—
I pledge you my word:
Not another emotion
For months on end
Did fortune allot me,—
Not even a feeling of decent devotion
To that true friend
Who had crawled to my side
And dragged me to cover.

Like a pierced balloon. emotion went down.
No more could I glow like a friend or a lover.
The demons and gods I had cherished:
Compassion, hope, envy and pride,
Faith, reverence, thirst for renown,
Hate, loyalty,—all
The passions that make the heart wide,
The passions that make the heart small,—
Had been hit, every one,
By that sniper's gun,
And had perished.

When the war was done
I could scarcely rejoice
Or savor the sweets
Of the revelling, joy-drunk Paris streets.
I could barely find voice to curse at the Hun.
Emotion was dead.

Nor could I feel any jubilant thread
Strung white-hot from my heart to my head

When I waited on deck that dazzling day
And the crowded transport swung up the bay,
And we startled the streets of the milky way
As we cheered the girl with the silver torch
Who lights the path to America's porch.

Thus I lived like one in a trance,
Drawing dull breath
In a living death,
Until one day in a well-loved town,
As I stood in my old college hall again
And saw the seniors in cap and gown,
Bronzed young veterans back from France,
Sightless, some, or with empty sleeve,
Back once more
With laurels from No-Man's Land, to weave
In the laurel crown of the Mother of Men,—
Come out of horrors they could not tell
To offer their Mother a new renown
And to say "Farewell!"—
Gilding her name with a fresh romance
Snatched out of hell;—
Then the organ spoke and the young men sang
"The Son of God goes forth to war."
Poignant and deep through the vaulting rang—
Filled with the youth of that "chosen band":—
"Who follows in His train?"

Then,—why, I shall never understand—
Some note borne on that strong refrain
Paid to my heart its long arrears;
Red dawn flooded my frozen brain;
And hot in my eyes lay the gift of tears.

"THIS IS NOT THE TIME"

BY MACFLECKNOE

*Dedicated to critics of Disarmament, Revision, and
the World Economic Conference*

Whenever proposals are made for reduction
In the cost of preparing for mutual destruction;
Whenever proposals are made for securing,
By pacts and concessions, a peace more enduring;
We are told that while Russia or Germany's arming,
While the menace of war grows, each day, more alarming,
While bitterness, fear, and suspicion increase,
It is hardly the time to be talking of peace.

When proposals are made for removing the fetters
On the free flow of trade and on payments by debtors,
For giving exchanges a greater stability,
And helping demand to keep pace with fertility,
We are told that the state of the world is appalling,
That shipments diminish and prices are falling,
And that while each new quota fresh chaos produces,
It is hardly the time to be talking of truces.

When a patient's near death, I suppose his prostration
Increases the risks of a grave operation;
Yet no one, I fancy, would haggle about it
When 'tis clear that the patient must perish without it:
And we shouldn't think much of a doctor whose aid to us
Stopped short when our symptoms were fully displayed to us,
And who told us, in short, "While your sickness endures,
It is hardly the time to be talking of cures."

ARMISTICE MIRACLE

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

In spite of all the guards enrolled
To keep the armistice hour,
My city block was not patrolled,
But, from my watching tower,
In looking down that street
Where stood no traffic-guard,
I saw one halt his wingèd feet
Where cobble-stones were hard.

I saw he was my Dear, who came,
At Belleau Wood, to harm.
I saw a small wound, like a flame,
There in his lifted palm.
And then I saw the paving
Into strange quiet cease . . .
That armistice was saving
My soul with utter peace.

VICTORY BELLS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I heard the bells across the trees,
I heard them ride the plunging breeze
Above the roofs from tower and spire,
And they were leaping like a fire,
And they were shining like a stream
With sun to make its music gleam.
Deep tones as though the thunder tolled,

Cool voices thin as tinkling gold,
They shook the spangled autumn down
From out the tree-tops of the town;
They left great furrows in the air
And made a clangor everywhere
As of metallic wings. They flew
Aloft in spirals to the blue
Tall tent of heaven and disappeared.
And others, swift as though they feared
The people might not heed their cry,
Went shouting Victory up the sky.
They did not say that war is done,
Only that glory has begun
Like sunrise, and the coming day
Will burn the clouds of war away.
There will be time for dreams again,
And home-coming for weary men.

ARMISTICE DAY

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Drums, drums, and marching feet!
Drums, drums, and the busy street
Stops in its bee-hive mimicry
To stare at a tall flag floating free!
Drums, drums, and the old O.D.!

Drums, drums, drums, drums!
Slowly the procession comes.
The colors go to our heads like wine.
Brown guns in a slanting line,
Holsters and belts and a sword or two,

Slender cannon bright and new!
And I keep step to the drums, and you.

Drums, drums, drums, drums!
Near, near the tall flag comes!
Drums, drums, and marching feet,
And thin guns, up the clapping street;
Boys, but veterans grim and tried!
We never can show our love and pride,
Our awe and gratitude, but oh,
As we stand and clap, we hope they know!

And we thank each boy in the old O.D.
Because we know it is only he
Whose reckless courage, heady and gay,
Ever gave us an Armistice Day!

FIRST ARMISTICE ANNIVERSARY

(In the Rotunda at Washington)

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

The Unknown sleeps here, to the slow
Echoes of foot-falls from the dome,
As all the States their homage show
To him who brings our lost lads home.
Lincoln looks down on him all day,
A brooding sentry of the place,
And, every moment of the way,
Above him bends some mother's face.

As by some metamorphosis
There lies here each young lad who died;

And when a mother passes, this
Becomes her own, is close beside;
And Lincoln, too, escorts her here,
His hand on hers, beside the bier.

THE GODS OF WAR

BY GEORGE RUSSELL (A. E.)

Fate wafts us from the pygmies' shore;
We swim beneath the epic skies;
A Rome and Carthage war once more,
And wider empires are the prize;
Where the beaked galleys clashed, lo, these
Our iron dragons of the seas!

High o'er the mountains' dizzy steep
The winged chariots take their flight.
The steely creatures of the deep
Cleave the dark waters' ancient night.
Below, above, in wave, in air
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
Those stars that burst with fiery breath:
More loud the battle cries are poured
Along a hundred leagues of death
So do they fight. How have ye warred,
Defeated armies of the Lord?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour;
His victory, whoever fail;
His profits have not lost their power;
Caesar and Attila prevail.

These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes thine empire, Prince of Peace!
With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo, how thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessings from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts born
Could overthrow the pride of kings?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O nations. Is not Zeus today,
The thunderer from the epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold.
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride.
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O Outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon.

Come in the twilight of the world:
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

YOUNG MAN DEATH

BY MARGARET LATHROP LAW

Death is no weary patriarch mower
Who cuts us down like over-ripe grain
And leaves us to lie without roots or sustenance
On a deserted field.
Death is a gay, young man,
A glowing explorer
Who pauses only long enough to invite us
To adventure with him into the Beyond
Which we have been too sluggish and earth-bound to explore,
Who wants to persuade us to abandon crawling in the dust
And grovelling in the midst of little things.
If we yield to his guidance,
Perhaps he will whisk us
Through clouds to uncharted planets and spheres.
Life and death should both be winged.

THE ENGLISH GRAVES

BY GILBERT K. CHISTERTON

Were I that wandering citizen whose city is the world,
I would not weep for all that fell before the flags were furled;
I would not let one murmur mar the trumpets volleying forth
How God grew weary of the kings, and the cold hell in the north.
But we whose hearts are homing birds have heavier thoughts of
home,

Though the great eagles burn with gold on Paris or on Rome,
Who stand beside our dead and stare, like seers at an eclipse,
At the riddle of the island tale and the twilight of the ships.

For these were simple men that loved with hands and feet and
eyes,
Whose souls were humbled to the hills and narrowed to the skies,
The hundred little lands within one little land that lie,
Where Severn seeks the sunset isles or Sussex scales the sky.

And what is theirs, though banners blow on Warsaw risen again,
Or ancient laughter walks in gold through the vineyards of Lor-
raine,
Their dead are marked on English stones, their loves on English
trees,
How little is the prize they win, how mean a coin for these—
How small a shrivelled laurel-leaf lies crumpled here and curled:
They died to save their country and they only saved the world.

VIOLET FOR A STONE

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

It's twenty years and more since Armistice.
They said there'd be another war in ten.
The Unknown Soldier has his country's kiss,
In every land lies in his marble pen
Transparent to each mourning mother's eyes
Who sees her son there. Since all these receive
That miracle, a marvel to surprise
The unbeliever, then let all believe.

Lift up your heads, O everlasting doors!
Laugh in the light, O ye of lashes wet!

A Child shall come across the emerald floors,
Despising marble with a violet,—
The King of Glory! Lift your heads, ye gates!
It is His coming that this lad awaits.

PSALM FORTY-SIX

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

God is our refuge and our force.
He is a very present source
Of help when troubles rain.
Therefore will not we fear,
Though earth be moved from here;
Though every ocean roar,
Lashed by a hurricane,
With wrath unheard before;
Though Lebanon be drowned
In seas no man may sound.

Where tabernacles glorify
The holy place of the Most High,
There is a hallowed river
Flowing through sacred sod,
The streams whereof shall ever
Make glad the city of God.
Immovable is she;
For God inhabits her.
Right early he shall be
Her strong deliverer.

The heathen raged: kingdoms were moved.
He uttered his voice, — the earth was proved,
The Lord of hosts is on our side;
The God of Jacob is our guide.

Behold the wonders of the Lord!
He stretches out his mighty sword
And sweeps war from the earth entire.
He snaps the bow of yew,
Shivers the spear in two,
And burns the chariot in the fire.

Be still and know that I am God.
The heathen bow where I have trod;
My glory flames from every clod.

The Lord of hosts is on our side;
The God of Jacob is our guide.

A WORD

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

A word came forth in Galilee, a word like to a star;
It climbed and rang and blessed and burnt wherever brave
 hearts are;

A word of sudden secret hope, of trial and increase
Of wrath and pity fused in fire, and passion kissing peace.
A star that o'er the citted world beckoned, a sword of flame;
A star with myriad thunders tongued: a mighty word there came.

The wedge's dart passed into it, the groan of timber wains,
The ringing of the rivet nails, the shrieking of the planes;
The hammering on the roofs at morn, the busy workshop roar;
The hiss of shavings drifted deep along the windy floor;
The heat-browned toiler's crooning song, the hum of human
 worth
Mingled of all the noise of crafts, the ringing word went forth.

The splash of nets passed into it, the grind of sand and shell,
The boat-hook's clash, the boat-oars' jar, the cries to buy and
sell,

The flapping of the landed shoals, the canvas crackling free,
And through all varied notes and cries, the roaring of the sea,
The noise of little lives and brave, of needy lives and high;
In gathering all the throes of earth, the living word went by.

Earth's giants bowed down to it, in Empire's huge eclipse,
When darkness sat above the thrones, seven thunders on her lips,
The woes of cities entered it, the clang of idols' falls,
The scream of filthy Caesars stabbed high in their brazen halls,
The dim hoarse floods of naked men, the world-realms' snapping
girth,

The trumpets of Apocalypse, the darkness of the earth:

The wrath that brake the eternal lamp and hid the eternal hill,
A world's destruction loading, the word went onward still—
The blaze of creeds passed into it, the hiss of horrid fires,
The headlong spear, the scarlet cross, the hair-shirt and the
briars,

The cloistered brethren's thunderous chaunt, the errant cham-
pion's song,

The shifting of the crowns and thrones, the tangle of the strong.

The shattering fall of crest and crown and shield and cross and
cope,

The tearing of the gauds of time, the blight of prince and pope,
The reign of ragged millions leagued to wrench a loaded debt,
Loud with the many throated roar, the word went forward yet.
The song of wheels passed into it, the roaring and the smoke,
The riddle of the want and wage, the fogs that burn and choke.

The breaking of the girths of gold, the needs that creep and swell,
The strengthening hope, the dazing light, the deafening evangel,
Through kingdoms dead and empires damned, through changes
without cease,
With earthquake, chaos, born and fed, rose,—and the word was
“Peace.”

LET US HAVE PEACE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

The earth is weary of our foolish wars.
Her hills and shores were shaped for lovely things,
Yet all our years are spent in bickerings
Beneath the astonished stars.

April by April laden with beauty comes,
Autumn by autumn turns our toil to gain,
But hand at sword-hilt, still we start and strain
To catch the beat of drums.

Knowledge to knowledge adding, skill to skill,
We strive for others' good as for our own—
And then, like cavemen snarling with a bone,
We turn and rend and kill. . . .

With life so fair, and all too short a lease
Upon our special star! Nay, love and trust,
Not blood and thunder shall redeem our dust.
Let us have peace!

TWO SONNETS FOR ETERNAL ARMISTICE (1931)

BY ERNEST HARTSOCK

We who are given breath, no choice of ours,
Brothers against unfathomable odds,
By some dark headlong planetary powers
Kissing in haste to thwart the jealous gods,
How shall we feed the fear that is our burden?
Betraying beauty that we so seek after,
Shall we destroy the ages' golden guerdon
By armistice with Bedlam's hostile laughter?

Shall we whose timid flesh resents to die
Be torn like hares, the blood-eyed hawk's reward
When velvet of mouth to mouth and thigh to thigh
Proclaims a splendor to eclipse the sword,
And when on time's old cratered battlefield
One conqueror, Love, alone shall never yield?

Life has no quarrel but with dust and sadness;
Our enemy is death and hate and tears,
And more than all a Damoclean madness,
Prophetic finger at the feast of years,
O let us march, then, comradely and kind,
The little march against immortal losses;
We can not go alone for we are blind.
We can not bear alone the nations' Crosses.

Then with the voice of healing, let us cry
The clarion of eternal pentecost
Across the tempest where the martyrs die,
Like him who walked in peace when all was lost
In purple turbulence on Galilee —
Cleaving a path of rapture through the sea.

IN SALUTATION TO THE ETERNAL PEACE

BY SAROJINI NAIDU

Men say the world is full of fear and hate,
And all life's ripening harvest-fields await
The restless sickle of relentless fate.

But I, sweet Soul, rejoice that I was born,
When from the climbing terraces of corn
I watch the golden orioles of Thy morn.

What care I for the world's desire and pride,
Who know the silver wings that gleam and glide,
The homing pigeons of Thine eventide?

What care I for the world's loud weariness.
Who dream in twilight granaries Thou dost bless
With delicate sheaves of mellow silences?

Say, shall I heed dull presages of doom,
Or dread the rumoured loneliness and gloom,
The mute and mythic terror of the tomb?

For my glad heart is drunk and drenched with Thee,
O inmost wine of living ecstasy!
O intimate essence of eternity!

WAR RELICS

BY TERTIUS VAN DYKE

What shall we do with the battle flags
After they're church'd with a loud Te Deum?

*Label them carefully, glassed from dust,
For all to see in the great museum.*

What shall we do with outmoded guns
Brought from their place in the bloody fray?
*Set them up on the village green
To trouble the children in their play.*

What shall we do with the wounded men
Battered and torn in the fearful fight?
*Quick, take them up and put them away;
Hide them, hide them, out of our sight.*

FROM SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE FALL OF 1914

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

V

I pray for peace: yet peace is but a prayer.
How many wars have been in my brief years!
All races and all faiths, both hemispheres,
My eyes have seen embattled everywhere
The wide earth through: yet do I not despair
Of peace, that slowly through far ages nears,
Though not to me the golden morn appears;
My faith is perfect in time's issue fair.

For man doth build on an eternal scale,
And his ideals are framed of hope deferred;
The millennium came not; yet Christ did not fail,
Though ever unaccomplished is His word;
Him Prince of Peace, though unenthroned, we hail,
Supreme when in all bosoms He be heard.

VI

This is my faith, and my mind's heritage,
Wherein I toil, though in a lonely place,
Who yet world-wide survey the human race
Unequal from wild nature disengage
Body and soul, and life's old strife assuage;
Still must abide, till heaven perfect its grace,
And love grown wisdom sweeten in man's face,
Alike the Christian and the heathen rage.

The tutelary genius of mankind
Ripens by slow degrees the final State,
That in the soul shall its foundations find
And only in victorious love grow great;
Patient the heart must be, humble the mind,
That doth the greater births of time await!

VII

Whence not unmoved I see the nations form
From Dover to the fountains of the Rhine,
A hundred leagues, the scarlet battle-line,
And by the Vistula great armies swarm,
A vaster flood; rather my breast grows warm,
Seeing all peoples of the earth combine
Under one standard, with one countersign,
Grown brothers in the universal storm.

And never through the wide world yet there rang
A mightier summons! O Thou who from the side
Of Athens and the loins of Caesar sprang,
Strike, Europe, with half the coming world allied,
For those ideals for which, since Homer sang,
The hosts of thirty centuries have died.

BROTHERHOOD

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Of all things beautiful and good,
The kingliest is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
And till it comes these men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.

THE UNBORN OF YOUR DEAD

THOUGHTS ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1931

BY MAXWELL W. ALLEN

We are the Ones who might have been,
The Sons of those who bled,
The countless Daughters never seen,
The Unborn of the Dead!

Here is the boy who should have been—
You see him not, yet he is here
As he took form that cannot change,
An image in a brain that died

Between two searing bursts of flame.
A child all straight and brave and fine—
Had you not called, oh Land! And War!
Had guns not roared, had hate not killed,
Had Life gone on in a sweet relay
Of Peace, and Home, and Her, and Love!

You see her not, but there she is,
Undestined to exist for you,
Visioned all sweet amid the stench
Of death, by him to whom Death came.
For she is fair beyond your dream—
As fair to him as she who waits
For him who died that night in France.
You see her not, nor will you see
Her stalwart sons who could have been,
Her daughters born to other men!

Yes! Praise your sons on land and sea,
And sing the price they paid!
We are your price of victory—
The Unborn of your Dead!

AFTER ARMISTICE DAY

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

Two minutes' silence, now, for men
After these twenty years of—worse than war?
Two minutes' murder through the world and then
Twenty years' silence would be better far.

NEW EARTH

BY CARRIE WARD LYON

The dust of heroes will rise up again;
Martyrs and saints return upon the wind,
And fructifying tears wipe out war's stain,
And inner visioning requite the blind.
Our Lincoln, your Beethoven, rest content
That of their travail soul has come to flower;
Peace will find root in rotting armament,
A new race seek in truth, the way of power.

O radiant new world, world of tomorrow!
Hands flinging your new heavens into the sky!
Hands strongly fashioned from our love and sorrow,
Quiet below your banners though we lie,
Our song sounds in your bugles' golden strain
That will arise to build the world again.

GOD'S-EYE VIEW

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Vexed by the distant,
Maddeningly persistent
Bangs of a little planetary war,
God said: "I'll stand no more!"
This rascal Earth and his unruly child
Presume upon my fatherly predilection.
I've been too mild;
Now for correction!

"But there's one thing:
Before I swing

The sword I have in mind,
Perhaps I should endeavor to condone
These adolescent follies of mankind.
For one must own
That, on a model throne,
Calm study of each miscreant's way of life
Always precedes the knife.
So I'll review the human story
In every sorry category.

"But hold! I find
This vast historical agglomeration
Confusing to convenient contemplation."
Therefore, to make it bulk the less,
God placed all human history in a press
And diligently squeezed it to the span
Of the half-century life of mortal man.

II

After this condensation man appears,
For nine and forty of his fifty years,
Beneath God's altered sight,
A cave-brute, or a wandering savage bowman,
Before he starts to weave and till and sow.
Barely six moons ago
He learns to write—
Portentous omen!
Another three
Find poetry, sculpture and philosophy
Upon a height
Whose counterpart God vainly seeks
Through all of the remaining weeks.

For two months, now,
The Christian clan
Has decked its faith in creed and rite and vow
Fit to appal the simple Son of Man.

Li Po and Gutenberg are a fortnight old;
Watt is a week; Rodin and Brahms, a day;
The wingèd man has hardly learned to play.
A dawn ago astonished humans rolled
Their words from land to land the ether way.
And now, this dark night past,
Dazed by the glory of his perfected toy,
Man, like a half-wit boy,
Set up war's cannon-cracker, red and vast,
And gaily lit the fuse that might destroy,
In one magnificent blast,
All the creations of his year of joy.

III

God weighs the savage forty-nine
Against the single year of grace;
And a slow smile, half humorous, half divine,
Steals on the angry face.

AN EDITORIAL AND A SKETCH

THE LAST ARMISTICE AND ITS LESSONS FOR THE NEXT ONE

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS

(EDITORIAL IN *N. Y. World-Telegram*, Nov. 11, 1939)

On the night of Nov. 7, 21 years ago, five automobiles came to a halt at the Belgian town of Chimay.

In the cars, besides the soldier-chauffeurs and military aides, were four men with weary faces. They did not tarry long. They were in a hurry and still had far to go. They were Secretary of State Erzberger, Maj. Gen. von Winterfeldt, Minister Count Oberndorf and naval Capt. Vanselow—the German mission on its way to surrender to the Allies.

Crossing the lines during an interval of "Cease firing!" the Germans reached the French front at La Capelle and changed to the French automobiles which they found waiting. Thence on they went, along muddy roads, through Homblières to Tergnier, where they were provided with a sleeping car for the rest of the journey.

MISSIONS MEET

At 7 A. M. on Nov. 8 the car came to a halt on a siding at Rethondes, in the forest of Compiègne. Fifty yards away was another railway car—a car which had arrived the night before. It was the "office" of Marshal Ferdinand Foch.

After a hasty breakfast the Germans made their way to the Marshal's car. Promptly at 9 o'clock, the appointed hour, a

brisk-moving little man with white hair and mustaches entered and saluted. Behind him were other officers. Herr Erzberger, as head of his mission, introduced his colleagues and the Marshal presented his—the British Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Rear Admiral Hope and Foch's Chief of Staff, Gen. Weygand.

Erzberger handed over his credentials, which Marshal Foch examined.

"What," asked the Marshal, "is the object of your visit?"

Erzberger (stiffly): We are here to receive from the Allied powers the propositions relative to the conclusion of an armistice on sea, land, and in the air, on all fronts and in the colonies.

Foch (coldly): I have no propositions to make.

Oberndorf (interrupting): We desire to find out what are the conditions under which the Allies would consent to an armistice.

Foch (rather sharply): I have no conditions to make.

Erzberger (timidly): Nevertheless, President Wilson——

TERMS ARE READ

Foch (breaking in): I am here to listen to you if you are asking for an armistice. . . . Are you asking for an armistice? . . . If you are asking it, I can let you know the conditions under which it can be obtained.

Erzberger and Oberndorf (together): Ja.

All the time this was going on the entire group had remained standing. Now they sat down at designated places around the long table down the middle of the car.

Gen. Weygand read the terms of the armistice as prepared by the Allies.

Erzberger: May I communicate these propositions to my government?

Foch: You can send them by special courier.

Erzberger: Owing to communication difficulties I ask that the stipulated 72-hour limit for the reply be extended 24 hours.

Foch (with an air of finality): The time limit of 72 hours has been set by the Allied governments. It must be maintained. I will await your reply until the 11th of November at 11 o'clock in the morning, French time.

REVOLUTION ON

At once a cavalry officer, Capt. von Helldorff, one of Erzberger's aids, hurried off with the text. He had the utmost difficulty in reaching Spa, then the German headquarters.

Only 48 hours had passed since the mission had left Spa, but many cataclysmic things had happened to Germany. The Kaiser had abdicated and was in flight. A republic had been proclaimed. Herr Ebert had taken over as head of the new state. Revolution was beginning and the army was in rout.

With sinking hearts Ebert and his associates read the terms of the armistice. They called for the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, nonliberation of prisoners of war, indemnification for war costs, the delivery of 5000 cannon, 25,000 machine guns, 3000 trench mortars, 1700 airplanes, 5000 locomotives, 150,000 railway cars, 5000 motor trucks, the entire battle fleet, evacuation of her colonies, and so on.

Ebert wirelessly his instructions to the mission, ordering Erzberger to do all in his power to have the terms softened. Nevertheless the message ended significantly with these words:

"If you cannot obtain these attenuations you must conclude an armistice just the same."

The second and last meeting between Germans and Allies took place in the railway car during the night of Nov. 10-11. It lasted until 5 o'clock in the morning, at which hour, in black despair, the Germans signed.

Germany was through—finished—beaten.

ARMISTICE IS OVER

Today it is a different story. The second World War is on. German guns are thundering again almost within hearing distance of the spot where the Armistice was signed.

I recite the details of the Armistice for three reasons. First, they were not made known at the time.

Secondly, the details are absolutely authentic. They were related to me less than 90 days ago in the very car where the Armistice was signed. The dialogue was recorded by Herr Erzberger. I copied it down last August.

Thirdly, most of us need a reminder that since recorded history no war has ever ended in lasting peace. Only in a truce. For great nations have a way of getting back on their feet and seeking revenge against the victors of yesterday.

Today the whole world is wondering when and under what conditions the next truce will be arranged.

TWO MYSTERY MEN

Two major wars are on—one in Europe, the other in Asia. Almost half the population of the globe is involved, directly or indirectly.

Along the Maginot and Siegfried lines some 3,000,000 men are feeling each other out.

France and Britain are on the defensive. Germany is up again and at their throats, spurred on by one of the weirdest figures in history—Herr Hitler, mystic and man of hysterical moods.

And behind Hitler is yet another figure, as sinister as any known to the world since Attila. Josef Stalin's shadow falls longer and longer—and blacker—across Europe.

Already Germany has swallowed Austria, Czechoslovakia, Memel and half of Poland. And the Russia which deserted the democracies in 1918 on the ground that they, like Germany,

were imperialists, has imperially taken the other half of Poland, made puppets of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia and is threatening Finland and the Scandinavian states beyond.

A HITLER PEACE

What lies ahead is anybody's guess. What Hitler and Stalin are scheming nobody knows.

Red Russia has her eyes not only on the region around the Baltic but on the Balkans, Turkey, Istanbul, the Dardanelles and the Near East. She also is eyeing the Middle East and an outlet on the Persian Gulf, with a view to cutting Britain off from India, which country is now seething with unrest and which Russia hopes to convert to Communism.

In Soviet Russia's way is Japan. But Stalin can reverse himself as readily as he can double-cross his friends and enemies. Certainly if he can join up with the Fuehrer, as he has done, he is just as capable of making a similar deal with Japan. Sharing with Japan in the partition of China would require no greater effort on his part than to share with Germany in the partition of Poland.

In all this there is menace to the United States. A Russo-Japanized Orient would be full of peril for this country. If Hitler wins and dictates peace he will do to Britain and France what Britain and France did to Germany 21 years ago.

MEENACR TO U.S.

He will disarm and break up the British and French empires. He will demand the surrender of their fleets, both merchant and fighting. He will claim all the colonies those two countries now possess, including Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, British and French West Indies, British Honduras down near the Panama Canal, British and French Guiana.

"No," Americans are now saying, "he won't. We won't let him."

But there is only one way in which one nation can prevent another from doing what it wants to do. And that is by force. Should we lack the power to stop him, therefore, Hitler would do as he liked.

Which means we should have to maintain a standing army of at least a million men and a two-ocean navy at least twice the size of the one we have at present. And we should need another, and wider, canal connecting the two oceans.

All this would require an immense amount of money and sooner or later we should probably have to resort to some form of conscription.

UNKNOWN

BY BRUCE BARTON

From the grave of the Unknown Soldier the crowds melted away. The great men of the nation, who had stood there bare-headed, stepped into their cars and were whirled back to town. The music of the bands grew faint and ceased.

All afternoon little parties of curious, reverent folk came and stopped, and went on again until finally only the guard remained. The day ended. Night came silently and threw over the grave the healing mantle of darkness.

Then a strange thing happened!

Three dim figures from nowhere gathered and stood uncovered beside the tomb. No word of greeting passed between them; they seemed to know each other well. Slowly, one after another, they stooped and read the freshly carved inscription. Then the oldest spoke

"Things are improving a bit for us Unknown," he said. "I fought with Leonidas at Thermopylae. We fell side by side, we

and the other two hundred and ninety-nine. Our bones are mingled with the dust and rocks. No one marked our resting place. Our names have perished, but we held the pass.

"My mother wept when I failed to return," he continued. "Night after night she waited at the window until it was foolish to hope any longer. Then she, too, wanted to die. But the neighbors came in and cheered her. 'You have given a son to save your country,' they cried. 'The Persians are driven back and Greece is freed. He died, but he left us a better world.' "

The Unknown paused for a moment, his voice grew dull and hard.

"The Romans swept over the Greece that I died for," he said. "The barbarians swept over Rome. I sometimes wonder whether it was worth while to die at twenty-eight—to sleep at Thermopylae, unknown."

"I fought with Charles Martel at Tours," the second soldier said. "We turned back the Arab hosts; we saved Europe from Mohammedanism; we kept it a Christian continent.

" 'It is splendid,' they said to my mother, 'splendid to sacrifice a son on the altar of peace and good-will.' "

"That was twelve hundred years ago," the second soldier said. "And where is the peace that we died for? Where is the faith? The good-will?"

The third Unknown had stood with Wellington at Waterloo. It was a high enthusiasm that had carried him there—the vision of a world free from tyranny and wrong. He fell and was buried in a trench, under a rude cross marked "Unknown."

"We thought it was to be the world's last great battle," he said. "There would be no more wars, no more youthful lives snuffed out, no more mothers waiting and weeping at home.

"But a century went by and there came a war beside which ours seemed a little thing. Our friend over whom the bands played today was one of millions who gave their lives. Men have heaped honors on him such as we never had. Do the hon-

ors mean that the hearts of men have changed, I wonder? They broke faith with us; will they keep faith with him?"

The three dim figures disappeared. The moon stood guard over the silent grave. In the East the first rays of the morning crept into the sky. They reached out vaguely, hesitatingly, touching the city of Washington where men were to gather that day to speak of peace—touching an inscription which the nation had cut in the stone above the body of its unknown soldier.

A solemn inscription; a nation's promise that he who lies there dead shall not have died in vain.

The world has made the promise before; all its unknown dead have died in that faith. And the promise has died with them.

Will it die again?

We told that boy when he marched away that he was fighting a war to end all wars. He fell, believing; and we have buried him and carved an inscription over his tomb.

But the real inscription will not be written on any stone; it will stand in the dictionaries of the future. Only by writing it thus can the world keep faith with the long sad procession of its unknown heroes whom it has lied to and cheated and fooled.

This will be the inscription:

War
An Armed Contest Between Nations—
Now Obsolete
Unknown

Celebrations for Columbus Day

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hair parted in middle and reaching to shoulders. Tight-fitting gilt skullcap, with ornaments of colored beads to represent jewels.

QUEEN: Tight-waisted gown of bright blue, with full puffed sleeves to wrist, with lace. Long full skirt, draped at side and fastened with conspicuously beaded ornament. Full ruff of lace. Off face white lace cap, frill in back reaching to shoulders. Crown of gilt, jewels and necklace.

MARGARITA: Gown similar to Queen's but less elaborate and of contrasting color. Over hair, a short lace scarf. Rose behind ear.

COURTIERS: Similar to, but much less elaborate than King's costume. Caps omitted.

PEDRO: Short-sleeved, collarless shirt, covered with gilt paper, with slip, extending to knees, of red cloth. Upon breast of slip is pasted a large gilt paper cross. Wide belt of yellow, sword-belt and short sword. Long red stockings, yellow felt slippers. Wig but no cap.

PADRE: Long cassock of brown, with cord at waist. Skullcap of brown.

(As curtain rises, FERDINAND and LORENZO are seated at table, SEBASTIAN behind. All are intent upon the chessmen before them. Throughout the play they give most earnest attention to the game. Each piece is moved slowly and deliberately, and great thought apparently is given to each move. ISABELLA is seated on throne, MARGARITA on the hassock. PADRE in chair at right, PHILIP between and a little behind MARGARITA and PADRE. Curtain rises.)

QUEEN. (To PADRE.) You say he left the court today?

PADRE. Yes, he left at dawn.

QUEEN. (Thoughtfully.) To seek the aid of France?

PADRE. Yes, your Highness, so he said.

QUEEN. I am sorry - sorry indeed. If only the King, my hus-

band, had been interested.

(*Enter PEDRO.*)

PEDRO. (*Bowing low before KING.*) Your Majesty!

KING. (*Slowly looking up from game.*) Eh? (*Crossly.*) Well, what is it?

PEDRO. An Emir from Arabia would see your Royalty!

KING. (*Fiercely.*) He would, would he? Well, I've no time for Emirs now! Tell him to come tomorrow. (*PEDRO bows low and exits. KING resumes game.*) I'll move my bishop thus and threaten your rook!

LORENZO. So be it, King. Yet—I think your move is poor, for I will use my knight and so attack your queen. (*Moves piece.*)

KING. (*Disgusted.*) Fah! I had not noticed that.

(*Enter PEDRO.*)

PEDRO. (*Bowing low to KING.*) Your Majesty, the Bishop of Seville—

KING. (*Interrupting.*) Tell him to come tomorrow—or next week!

PEDRO. But he insists—

KING. (*Impatiently.*) Tell him, I say! No Bishop from Seville nor any other place shall take me from this game!

(*PEDRO bows and exits. KING resumes game.*)

QUEEN. (*To PADRE.*) You see how it is! Since Prince Lorenzo came, the King knows naught but chess. (*Wistfully.*) If only he would give attention to affairs of State as is his duty, privilege!

KING. (*Hurriedly to LORENZO.*) Ha, Prince! Another move and you are checked—checked. I say! (*Moves piece.*)

LORENZO. (*Thoughtfully.*) True, yet—if I move my bishop here (*Moves piece.*) I still have advantage.

(*KING shakes head and a study of the board is resumed.*)

QUEEN. And as to this man, Columbus, though the King has heard the arguments of men about the Court, he will have none of it, and I could not, alone, without the King's consent, consider

the expedition, since the price asked is far too great for me. (*Sighs. PADRE is thoughtful.*) Our wars against the Moors have drained our treasury as you know, and our people are too poor for heavier taxes.

PADRE. True, Queen, yet, when all is considered, this man asks very little—a few ships and men sufficient for the voyage!

QUEEN. But he would be admiral of the ocean and ruler of such countries as he may discover!

PADRE. Yet under orders, Queen, and subject always to the Crown of Spain!

QUEEN. And in addition he demands one-eighth of all the profits gained!

PADRE. True, yet he promised all his profit shall be used to send an expedition against the infidel Turks, who hold the sacred city of Jerusalem in their grasp. Is not that worthy?

QUEEN. Yes, but—

KING. (*Interrupting.*) Ha! Check! (*Moves.*) I have you checked Lorenzo!

LORENZO. (*Slowly moving.*) My knight, so, your Highness, and still I have advantage!

(*KING shakes head and game is resumed.*)

PADRE. Then too, your Majesty has not forgotten the mighty risks this good man must encounter in this enterprise—unknown seas—strange peoples, dangers far beyond our knowledge! He is brave, your Highness, brave indeed! (*To PHILIP*) What say you, Prince?

PHILIP. A brave man—surely, Father—Soldier and adventurer I myself have been these many years, and not unacquainted as you know with danger, yet I would scarce want to undertake so difficult an enterprise as this man contemplates!

QUEEN. You are indeed brave, Prince, as well I know when I recall your many years of faithful service for Castile against our recent enemies, the Moor—

MARGARITA. And we must remember, too, your Highness, that

Prince Philip has even braved a journey to the distant East, amongst barbarous tribes, and even to Jerusalem itself.

PHILIP. Yea, but even so, fair Princess, that journey was not o'er unknown seas with waves that boil and with horrible monsters that would devour the very ships themselves.

QUEEN. True.

PADRE. Yea, Prince, and yet, perchance these tales of monsters and a boiling sea are false. They must be!

MARGARITA. But good Padre, how can these tales be false? We ourselves on cloudy days have sometimes seen the steam arising from this dreadful sea, far to the west.

PADRE. That, Princess, is but fog such as can be seen in valleys or on tall mountain peaks, as near Madrid.

(Enter PEDRO.)

PEDRO. (*Bowing low to KING.*) Your Majesty! (*KING pays no attention*) Your Majesty!

QUEEN. Speak louder, Pedro. He does not hear.

PEDRO. (*Raising voice.*) Your Majesty!

KING. (*Turning reluctantly.*) Eh? What? (*Crossly.*) You? Again?—Begone! Begone, I say!

QUEEN. But Ferdinand, perhaps it is important!

KING. (*Indignantly.*) Important! How could it be? (*Turns toward game.*)

PEDRO. (*Hurriedly.*) Your Majesty, an embassy from Florence requests audience.

KING. From Florence, eh? Well, what care I? I have no time for Florentines today. (*Angrily.*) Must I always be interrupted?

(PEDRO turns helplessly toward QUEEN.)

QUEEN. Ferdinand, you'd better see them.

KING. (*Paying no attention to QUEEN, but resuming his game*) Begone, I say! I'll never win this game when interrupted thus.

(QUEEN nods to PEDRO, who exits.)

QUEEN. (*Helplessly, to PADRE.*) You see how it is. Affairs of

state mean nothing to him now. Two games Lorenzo's won, and two the King. This is the fifth. Perhaps when it is finished— (*She regards the KING puzzled. Then shakes her head and turns to PADRE.*) This man Columbus says so much I cannot understand. He says the world is round. Dear Padre, is that true?

(*PADRE hesitates. He wants to be sure of his answer.*)

PHILIP. Aye, that puzzles me, also, your Highness, for though I've traveled much— (*Regards PADRE inquiringly.*)

MARGARITA. Surely he's wrong, good Padre. How can it be? (*To QUEEN*) Some people here about the Court declare he is insane.

PADRE. (*Positively.*) That he is not, my daughter. This man, Columbus, is both sane and wise, of deep thought and reasoning and some day the world will know his greatness and bow down to him in admiration.

QUEEN. You really think so?

PADRE. Yes.

MARGARITA. But how does he *know* the world is round, and that he can sail west and get the precious spices, jewels, which people say are in the distant east?

PHILIP. I traveled far and yet I never found the world a ball.

PADRE. You did not travel far enough— Besides the earth is larger than you think, and as to being round--the man is right. (*To QUEEN.*) Your Highness, do you recall how he explained the moon at full, its shape, and how, at such awesome time as in eclipse, its shadow's curved?

QUEEN. Yes, I remember.

PADRE. And how a ship, far in the distance, disappears, first its hull then masts and spars, and finally all is gone? You've noticed that?

(*QUEEN nods.*)

PHILIP. Yet, if it be round, as this man says, how could there be, upon the other side, people walking? Would their heads be down or up?

MARGARITA. (*Laughing.*) Fancy, Prince, such queer folk, who must of course be walking with their feet in air. I'm glad I live not there.

PADRE. But you remember, Princess, in these tales we've heard of Marco Polo and the land so far to the east whence our jewels and spices come, this very land Columbus seeks, no word is said of people walking thus upon their heads.

KING. (*Gleefully.*) Ha, I have you again, Lorenzo. Only a pawn this time, but every little helps. Three moves more and I am victor.

LORENZO. Nay, King, two moves, and with my bishop here, I'll checkmate you.

KING. (*Regretfully.*) True. I had not seen your bishop and my rook. I'll have to think— (*Attention to game.*)

QUEEN. If only the King would heed—but do go on, dear Padre, and explain again about this distant east. It interests me greatly.

PADRE. We know from Marco Polo and the great Italian traveler, Toscanelli, that far toward the rising sun lies Cathay, Cipango and the Isles of spices, jewels and gold; and we have heard this man, Columbus, very logically explain the roundness of the earth.

QUEEN. Yes, Padre.

PADRE. If he is right, and I am convinced he is, then certainly it's common sense to sail westward to go east, and 'tis plain the dangers that beset a sea are not to be compared in hazard with those the travelers meet by going overland, across high mountains, deserts, past barbarous tribes of robbers, infidels, to face both pestilence and death.

QUEEN. Aye, true.

PADRE. He asks so little for a chance to try, and if he wins, 'twould add these barbarous countries and their wealth to Spain!

(*Enter PEDRO.*)

PEDRO. (*Bowing before KING.*) Three envoys from the King

of England do await your Majesty.

(KING *turns and glowers at PEDRO.*)

KING. (*Angrily.*) Again you're back to interrupt my game! Would you have this man (*Indicating LORENZO.*) win? Have me a laughing stock of Spain! If you come here another time to interrupt me thus (*Threateningly.*) you'll pay the price! Dost hear?

QUEEN. But King, these envoys you sent away yesterday. Today you *must* see them. Their mission is important—and besides we dare not grieve the King of England.

KING. (*Angrily.*) See them yourself. You are the queen. You share equally with me the throne of Spain. See them yourself, I say. (*Turns to game.*) *I'm busy.*

QUEEN. But Ferdinand—

KING. (*Angrily to PEDRO.*) Get out—begone, I say, and do not dare come back until this game is over. Dost hear? Think you I'd lose this game because of you and your fool messages? Go—begone, I say.

QUEEN. (*Distressed.*) But you *MUST* see them! If you refuse, it may mean war with England

KING. (*Positively.*) I WILL NOT SEE them. What care I? (*To LORENZO.*) 'Tis your move, Prince, and then— (*To PEDRO.*) You tell these envoys to come here tomorrow at this time. Then I will see them—that is, if I win this game! If not, we play again, eh, Prince?—and they can wait!

(*The game is resumed.*)

QUEEN. (*To PADRE.*) And that means trouble, for the King will play until he wins, and Prince Lorenzo will not give in!

(*PEDRO is looking from one to another. He does not know what to do.*)

KING. (*Positively.*) I'll play until I win—you understand!

QUEEN. Go, Pedro, go, and tell the men that I myself will see them this midday; or else— (*Suddenly.*) No, wait, Pedro, until I think what should be done. (*To PADRE.*) What think you, Padre? What shall I do?

(PEDRO *withdraws toward entrance and stands with folded arms.*)

PADRE. (*Thoughtfully.*) Although 'tis bad, your Highness, thus to keep an Emir of Arabia waiting and the Bishop of Seville, an Embassy from Florence and Envoys from far-off England, because the interest of the King is centered on a game of chess—important as these are—yet far greater is the fault, methinks, of letting this Italian go to France!

QUEEN. But why, good Padre, feel you so keenly this man's going?

PADRE. Because, my Queen—and this is not some snap conclusion—if this great man can but sail west and find a shorter route, 't would mean the adding of untold wealth to your domain, and greater far than this, these barbarous peoples could be brought to Christ and blessed labor wrought by you for our beloved Virgin. Mary!

MARGARITA. (*Thoughtfully.*) Mayhap you're right, dear Padre—To help the Church and for the Blessed Virgin's sake, perhaps it should be tried!

QUEEN. (*Histfully.*) If only it could, and yet, it seems impossible. What think you, Philip?

PHILIP. Although I myself would hesitate to undertake so hazardous a journey, and go upon this voyage, yet, if this man is willing to take such a risk, I'd say it's worth the trying; and besides, whene'er I think perchance the King of France will hear his argument and be convinced, and send an expedition out with this Columbus—then Spain would lose these lands of jewels and spices and the Church its converts!

QUEEN. You think so, Prince? You think, as Father here, this man's achievement would mean so much to Spain and to the Holy Church?

PHILIP. I do, your Highness.

QUEEN. But he has left the Court, and if this game continues as it seems most likely, he'll reach the Court of France before I'll

dare approach the King again upon the subject.

PADRE. But you, oh Queen, could manage it yourself. You have the means, the power.

QUEEN. The treasury is empty, as I said.

PADRE. But you have wealth, your own.

QUEEN. Wealth? My own?

PADRE. Yes.

QUEEN. (*Slowly comprehending.*) You—you mean—my jewels?

PADRE. I do. What matters it to you, my daughter, this store of pearls and rubies, when Spain's glory is at stake and the souls of countless heathen do await the message of the Christ?

QUEEN. (*Thoughtfully.*) The jewels *are* mine—my very own! And I could give them all to fit this expedition—and without the King's consent, if I so choose; yet— Oh, I love them, every one—my pretty jewels!

PADRE. But you love the Blessed Virgin more, dear Daughter.

QUEEN. Yes? (*Slowly.*) Perhaps I may decide—to part with them. I'll—I'll—look them over and—meanwhile— (*Suddenly to PEDRO.*) Pedro, my jewels bring hither! (*Exit PEDRO. To PHILIP.*) What think you, Philip?

PHILIP. The Padre is right. Your jewels are pretty baubles, Queen, but Spain's glory is far greater.

QUEEN. Yet, even though the world of heathen tribes await this man's arrival, my jewels are not enough. My husband's sanction I must have for such a mighty enterprise. Yes, that I must have!

LORENZO. (*Gleeefully.*) Ah, King! The game is mine without a doubt. See! I take your queen. (*Moves.*) The victory's mine.

KING. (*Mournfully.*) You took my queen? Alas, I quite o'erlooked her in my eagerness to catch you unawares!—and yet, perhaps—

(KING, LORENZO and SEBASTIAN study board.)

QUEEN. (*To PADRE.*) If but this game could end in victory to the King. He'd listen then unto my plea.

LORENZO. Another move, your Highness, and you are checkmated, and without hope of winning.

QUEEN. You see? I would not dare to ask him now. (*Wistfully.*) If only he would win!

PADRE. Wait, Queen, perhaps e'en yet there is some chance. (*Almost to himself.*) The future of a world hangs on this game. Surely the Sweet Virgin will bring aid unto her Church and to the cause of Spain!

KING. Ah, Prince, you took my queen; but even so, in one more move, I queen a pawn!

LORENZO. True, sire, but even so, you are too late, for in two moves I checkmate you.

PADRE. (*Fervently.*) Oh, Blessed Virgin, intercede for us.

KING. (*Surveying board gloomily.*) The game is yours, Lorenzo, and beyond a doubt.

(*Still studies board. LORENZO, much pleased, and SEBASTIAN, very thoughtful, do likewise. QUEEN, PADRE, MARGARITA and PHILIP softly and silently group behind players. A momentary pause as all study the board. Then SEBASTIAN starts, looks, looks again.*)

SEBASTIAN. (*Eagerly.*) Say not so, your Highness! Your game, it is not hopeless.

KING. (*Looking about board eagerly.*) Not hopeless? Not hopeless, you say?

PADRE. Be with us now, sweet Virgin!

KING. (*Suddenly and with start.*) Ha, Sebastian! You're right! You're right! I win! I win! (*Springs up and slaps SEBASTIAN on the back enthusiastically.*) Hurray!

LORENZO. (*Puzzled.*) You win? But how? How?

KING. (*Making move.*) See, Prince. I move my pawn into the royal line—but I do not make it queen! No, no. I choose to make

my pawn into a knight— My knight doth checkmate you, Lorenzo, and your king—you cannot move your king! Ha, ha!

(*Shows evidence of intense satisfaction. Enter PEDRO with jewel case.*)

KING. (*To QUEEN.*) I've won. Hurray! Bring on your Emirs, Bishops, Embassies, I'll meet them all—I won the game! (*Prances about enthusiastically.*)

QUEEN. (*Pleased, but astonished. To PADRE.*) He won?

PADRE. (*Quickly.*) Speak, speak to him. Now—of Columbus and the voyage west.

PHILIP. (*Suddenly.*) Aye, Queen, at once. He'll grant you any wish.

QUEEN. Ferdinand, you've won, and now I'd ask a favor.

KING. (*Delighted with himself.*) A favor say you? Speak, woman, speak. Ask what you will! I've won from Lorenzo, greatest chess man in all Spain! Your wish is granted now, without another word.

QUEEN. I'd ask that you and I send this man, Columbus, who believes the world is round—I'd ask to send him westward to find the east, the land of gold and spices. I planned to pawn my jewels, but if you'll help—

KING. Help? Your jewels you'd pawn? Fie, fie, put them away! We'll send Columbus and a thousand more such dreamers, if you wish, to seek as many countries in the east as they deem fit! (*Triumphantly.*) I WON MY GAME! (*Suddenly.*) Where is the man?

QUEEN. He's on his way to France. He went this morning.

KING. (*Briskly.*) Then bring him back at once, and give him ships and gold—aye, anything he asks. I WON MY GAME. My knight did it. Sebastian, that it did! Lorenzo, surely I am much too much for you!

QUEEN. (*Hurriedly to PEDRO.*) Quick, Pedro, go at once, and beg Columbus to come back— (*To PADRE as PEDRO exits.*) This game of chess a pawn has won!

PADRE. A game of chess—a pawn—has won to Spain a world
—and to the Church, renown!

CURTAIN

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

BY MARILTA F. RUSSELL

CHARACTERS

QUEEN ISABELLA

KING FERDINAND

COLUMBUS

COURT ATTENDANT

PAGES

ANNOUNCER

TWO CAPTAINS

FIRST SAILOR } *on the "Pinta"*

SECOND SAILOR }

THIRD SAILOR } *on the "Santa Maria"*

FOURTH SAILOR }

FIFTH SAILOR } *on the "Niña"*

SIXTH SAILOR |

SIX INDIANS (*two women and four men*)

SETTING: *Before each act, children form a line across the front of the room while the stage is being set. Two chairs with automobile robes thrown over them make the thrones, which are placed at one side of the stage. ISABELLA and FERDINAND are seated on them. A PAGE stands back, and to the right, of ISABELLA, and a PAGE stands back of FERDINAND. (Crowns are made out of lightweight pasteboard covered with gold paper.)*

ACT I

ANNOUNCER. Columbus is granted an audience with Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand.

COURT ATTENDANT. (*Enters from side door and bows to KING and QUEEN.*) You wished to speak to Columbus, Your Majesties.

QUEEN ISABELLA. Ask Columbus to enter.

(COURT ATTENDANT *then escorts* COLUMBUS *to* QUEEN. COLUMBUS *bows to* KING *and* QUEEN.)

COLUMBUS. Your Majesties, my name is Columbus.

QUEEN ISABELLA. You have been waiting a long time for the assistance of my country in your endeavor.

COLUMBUS. Yes, eighteen years, Your Majesty.

QUEEN. (*To KING.*) Don't you think we might help this man?

KING. What is it you want to do, Columbus?

COLUMBUS. I want to sail to the west and discover a new route to the Indies. I hope to find precious stones and spices. I'll extend the kingdom of Queen Isabella.

KING. You might sail off the earth.

COLUMBUS. I couldn't, Your Majesty, because the earth is round.

KING. Even if it is, you could never get across the Torrid Zone.

COLUMBUS. Sailors have found carved wood floating in from the west. That proves that another part of the world is inhabited.

QUEEN. We might let him try, King Ferdinand. We'll have the honor of the attempt, even if he doesn't find a new route to the Indies.

KING. That would please me, but the wars have taken so much money, I can't spare anything for a trip on unknown waters.

QUEEN. Then I'll sell my jewels so that Columbus can make the trip. How soon can you start, Columbus?

COLUMBUS. As soon as the ships are ready and I can find men to go with me. I will furnish one ship and one eighth of the cost of the voyage. In return, I shall expect my share of treasure from the new land, and shall want to hold an important office there.

QUEEN. Your requests shall be granted, Columbus. We'll furnish two ships and the rest of the cost of the voyage. I'll order preparations started at once.

COLUMBUS. Thank you, kind Majesty.

(Between the first and second acts a child from the upper grades may read the poem, "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller.)

ACT II

For exchange with natives, the Spaniards have six strings of colored beads, six colored caps (made in drawing class), and bells. Beards for COLUMBUS and the men are made from black crinkled paper, braided. Scarlet robe for COLUMBUS is made from cheesecloth dyed red.

Three oblongs are drawn with chalk on the floor. These represent the three boats. Have them large enough for the children to walk around in. The trinkets for exchange with the natives and the scarlet robe should be in boxes on the "Santa Maria," which is the center ship. On each boat there should be a box of food and a bottle of water. The "Pinta" and the "Niña" each have a banner, rolled up and covered with cloth or paper. A stout chair or stool is placed in the "Santa Maria," from which flies the royal naval standard of Spain.

ANNOUNCER. Columbus has set sail to find a new route to the Indies.

CAPTAIN. (*On first ship.*) I'm captain of the good ship "Pinta."

COLUMBUS. (*On the second ship.*) I am sailing on the "Santa Maria," the largest of the three ships. I am Columbus.

CAPTAIN. (*On the third ship.*) This ship is the "Niña." I am captain.

FOURTH SAILOR. Look, oh, look, Columbus! The needle has changed. It doesn't point to the North Star.

(*The two SAILORS on the "Santa Maria" cling together in fright.*)

COLUMBUS. The North Star has moved a little. The needle is all right. Have no fear.

CAPTAIN. (*On "Pinta."*) Oh, look! There are weeds on the water!

FIRST SAILOR. (*Looking toward horizon.*) I see birds.

(*All eyes look toward horizon.*)

COLUMBUS. That proves we must be near land. Those birds are not found far from land.

FIFTH SAILOR. (*Pointing toward left.*) A whale. They are always near shore.

CAPTAIN. (*On "Pinta."*) Land!

(*All eyes look toward horizon.*)

SIXTH SAILOR. (*On "Niña."*) Alas, it's only a cloud.

(*The SAILORS moan.*)

FIRST SAILOR. Columbus should take us home. Let's tie him up and go home ourselves.

SECOND SAILOR. But we haven't enough food to return home. Besides we couldn't find the way.

FIRST SAILOR. More birds.

SECOND SAILOR. (*Looking toward horizon.*) What beautiful colors those birds have!

COLUMBUS. (*Seeing birds, too, and speaking to men on his boat.*) Those birds could not fly far from land. Look at their weak wings.

FIRST SAILOR. (*Looking over boat.*) There is a branch with berries on it.

SECOND SAILOR. Those berries would have been spoiled if they had been long in the water.

COLUMBUS. I think we shall make land by tonight. We have sailed 700 leagues to the west, as agreed. We will not sail any more after midnight. Keep a sharp watch. (*All men look toward horizon. COLUMBUS mounts a chair and looks toward horizon.*) Come here, men. Do you see anything toward the west?

(*Men mount chair in turn.*)

THIRD SAILOR. I see a light.

FOURTH SAILOR. A light it is, indeed.

CAPTAIN. (*On "Niña."*) The sun is coming up.

FIFTH SAILOR. We shall soon know whether land is near.

CAPTAIN. (*On "Pinta."*) Land, real land, this time!

(*Cries of "land" from all the SAILORS and CAPTAINS.*)

ACT III

Beads, caps, and bells, in a box, and the royal naval standard of Spain are carried by COLUMBUS. He wears a scarlet robe.

INDIANS should have cotton yarn, parrots, and gold for exchange with COLUMBUS and men. Parrots can be made from peanuts and colored paper. Gold can be fashioned from yellow paper.

Two CAPTAINS carry banners of the enterprise. The banners are decorated with a green cross having on each side the letters F and Y (the word "ISABELLA" used to be spelled with a Y), surmounted by crowns.

Indian costumes for the INDIANS may be Indian suits and headbands of feathers. If the children do not have headbands, they can make them, using feathers cut from colored paper.

ANNOUNCER. Columbus lands in the New World.

(*COLUMBUS, dressed in scarlet, has sword at side, and*

carries box of trinkets in one hand and naval banner in the other. CAPTAINS follow, each with banner. SAILORS follow. INDIANS are hiding behind desks.)

COLUMBUS. (*Planting royal naval banner in place ready for it, and raising sword.*) I claim this land for the kingdoms of Castile and Leon.

CAPTAIN. (*Of "Pinta," placing banner of the order of the green cross in a prominent place, followed by CAPTAIN of "Niña."*) I do hope the natives are friendly.

FIRST SAILOR. I wonder where they are.

SECOND SAILOR. We saw them clearly from our boats.

THIRD SAILOR. Columbus, forgive us for having had so little faith in you.

(All men beg forgiveness.)

COLUMBUS. All is well, my good men.

FIFTH SAILOR. Let's see what you brought to exchange with the natives. Columbus.

(COLUMBUS takes beads out of box and holds them up to the light. INDIANS tiptoe up to the strangers. COLUMBUS gently slips a string of beads around the neck of each squaw. COLUMBUS' men each take beads or caps and give one of each to the other INDIANS. INDIANS put them on and smile.)

CAPTAIN. (*Of "Niña."*) Why not show them the bells, Columbus?

(COLUMBUS gives the INDIANS the bells, and the NATIVES ring them. NATIVES feel beads of COLUMBUS and men. They look puzzled and run to shelter of trees [desks].)

FIRST SAILOR. Their skins are olive.

THIRD SAILOR. They look strong.

CAPTAIN. (*Of "Pinta."*) Look, the natives are returning.

FIFTH SAILOR. They have parrots with them.

THIRD SAILOR. They also have something that looks like cotton yarn.

FOURTH SAILOR. Those gold ornaments look valuable. Per-

haps we can get some of them.

COLUMBUS. We won't take them unless they give them to us.

(NATIVES *creep up to COLUMBUS and men, giving them the parrots and cotton yarn. The chief offers COLUMBUS gold.*)

COLUMBUS. We must save the gold for the crown.

ANNOUNCER. It was a weary voyage from September 6 to October 12. Columbus thought he discovered a new route to the Indies, but in reality he discovered a new world.

THE WESTWARD VOYAGE

BY LOTTIE E. MORGAN

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES: *Suggestions for the costumes of the principal characters and the members of the court will be found in famous paintings of COLUMBUS.*

COLUMBUS, *costume of the period, improvised. See pictures*
DIEGO, *Dark blue or green garment to knees, belted at waist*
A small girl with a "long bob" and a band around the forehead may be used for this character

KING FERDINAND, *purple or other rich-colored robe, crown, and ruff*

QUEEN ISABELLA, *long gown with high ruff, lace, jewels, and a crown*

TWO PAGES, *tights improvised from long hose, smocks to knees, belted, bands around forehead*

LORDS AND LADIES, *ornate costumes of the period, improvised*

LADY DOLORES, *court costume*

DON JUAN, *court costume*

JESTER, *usual jester's costume*

ORGAN GRINDER, *dark garments, red kerchief, "organ" made from rough boards with crank attached. (Mouth organ*

behind scenes makes the music.)

MONKEY, *brown cotton crêpe garment fitting figure rather snugly, cut from sleeping garment pattern, long, wired tail, monkey-face mask, small cap, cup for pennies*

SPANISH CAVALIER, *bright shirt and sash, wide trousers, high broad hat*

GYPSY GIRLS, *full red or yellow skirts, black boleros, and bright kerchiefs*

MATE AND A NUMBER OF SAILORS, *sailor costumes*

INDIANS, *Indian costumes*

ACT I

SCENE: *A room in KING FERDINAND'S palace with two high-backed chairs, over which may be thrown any rich material, to give an effect of elegance.*

Enter FIRST PAGE, LADY DOLORES and DON JUAN, other LORDS and LADIES. KING FERDINAND, and QUEEN ISABELLA. KING and QUEEN sit in chairs, with LORDS and LADIES grouped at either side.

QUEEN. Your Majesty, I should like to tell you more of the stranger who came here while you were at the bullfight.

KING. The fight would have been better had the matador used his head.

QUEEN. The earnestness of this man impressed me. He believes that the world is round and not flat, that monsters do not inhabit the deep, and that no lake of fire is beyond the horizon.

KING. Nonsense! We can all see that the earth is flat! And as for monsters in the deep, Don Juan has seen many of them. *(To DON JUAN.)* Is not that true?

DON JUAN. Aye, Sire, I have seen many monsters with fiery breath which wrecked ships that came too near. My own

brother was on a ship thus destroyed.

KING. Do you hear, my Queen?

QUEEN. Yes, but good Father Pierre has faith in this man who says by sailing west he will reach the East, even distant India. (*To LADY DOLORES.*) Tell the King what you know of him.

LADY DOLORES. Your Majesty, my own brother spent many months of his childhood in Genoa. He and Christopher Columbus studied together and played together. They have ever since been close friends. My brother tells me that Columbus was always interested in maps and navigation. If this man should find a way to India, our perfumes and spices, our beautiful silks and shawls that are now brought to us on the backs of camels across the burning sands of the desert, might be brought to us much more quickly and safely across the sea in ships, thus avoiding the cruel Turks.

KING. (*Condescendingly.*) Their love of finery causes our ladies to fail to use their reason.

QUEEN. The time for the Court Performances is at hand. We shall discuss this important matter after the performers have entertained us.

(Enter the Court Performers. The FIRST PAGE announces each in turn. The COURT JESTER skips, pirouettes, snaps fingers, and so forth. He bows in an exaggerated way before the KING and QUEEN, approaches a courtier, teases him and skips to another, examines him, and then takes his place near one group of LORDS and LADIES. Then the ORGAN GRINDER and MONKEY approach the KING and QUEEN. The ORGAN GRINDER directs the MONKEY to stand at attention, shoulder arms, march, catch peanuts, remove cap and bow to the KING and QUEEN, and pass tin cup. LORDS and LADIES drop in pennies. The two take their places near the other group of LORDS and LADIES.)

Next the SPANISH CAVALIER and GYPSY GIRLS come for-

ward. The CAVALIER sings "*The Spanish Cavalier*," with guitar accompaniment, as a solo, or with others. The GYPSY GIRLS then do a fantastic dance with tambourines. When they finish, all take their places, some near one group of LORDS and LADIES and some near the other. SECOND PAGE enters.)

SECOND PAGE. Your Majesties, a stranger is at the gate of the castle who insists on seeing the Queen.

QUEEN. What is the stranger's name?

PAGE. Christopher Columbus of Genoa. Your Highness.

QUEEN. Christopher Columbus! The man of our conversation!

KING. Let us grant him an audience. (*To PAGE.*) Bid him enter.

(*Enter COLUMBUS, with maps and charts, and DIEGO. Both kneel before the KING and QUEEN.*)

QUEEN. Christopher Columbus, what is your wish?

COLUMBUS. Your Majesty has already listened most sympathetically to my beliefs. I have asked in vain in my own land for boats to explore the seas, in order to find a water route to India. I should be honored if Your Highness would allow me to show you these maps and charts of the land and sea as I know them.

(*QUEEN nods assent. She and COLUMBUS confer.*)

QUEEN. What leads you to believe that the earth is round?

COLUMBUS. When a ship departs, the hull disappears first, the sails last. When the moon is "new," the larger part of it is covered with what I believe to be the shadow of the earth.

QUEEN. (*Half convinced.*) This sounds somewhat reasonable. My King, shall we not help this man to reach India by a shorter route?

KING. (*Pompously.*) My Queen, this all sounds very foolish to the wiser ones of us. Besides, why waste money which we need to carry on wars abroad and pleasures at home.

QUEEN. (*Sadly.*) I fear I can do nothing for you, Columbus.

(COLUMBUS bows low, kneels, and kisses the QUEEN'S hand; then rises and departs, sadly, followed by DIEGO. The QUEEN rises with a gesture as if calling COLUMBUS to return. The KING stands. The LORDS and LADIES follow COLUMBUS with their eyes. Meanwhile "Santa Lucia" is played softly off stage.)

QUEEN. King Ferdinand, Lords and Ladies of the Court, I believe in this man. I am determined to give him help—if—if—I have—to—sell my jewels to do so!

(*A gasp from the LADIES*.)

KING. My Queen without jewels? Never! We shall see what can be done. Don Juan, follow this dreamer and bid him return on the morrow. Now let us away. It is high time we dine!

(*Exeunt all.*)

ACT II

SCENE I

Deck of the "Santa Maria." Clear stage.

MATE. Admiral, we have passed the Azores. The shores have gone from our sight.

Now must we pray,

For lo! the very stars are gone.

Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?

COLUMBUS. Why, say, "Sail on! sail on! and on!" Tell your men that when we reach India, rich rewards will be given them.

MATE. (*Talks to SAILORS; they are sullen; returns to COLUMBUS.*)

My men grow mutinous day by day;

My men grow ghastly wan and weak.

What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,

If we sight naught but seas at dawn?

COLUMBUS.

Why, you shall say at break of day,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

MATE. (*Again talks to SAILORS; returns to COLUMBUS.*)

This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

COLUMBUS. (*Sternly.*) Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!

(*SAILORS approach COLUMBUS.*)

FIRST SAILOR. Did I see a light?

SECOND SAILOR. (*Excitedly.*) Was that a light?

MATE. A light! A light! At last a light!

SCENE II

On the shores of the New World. Clear stage.

(*Enter COLUMBUS, MATE, DIEGO, SAILORS, and INDIANS.*)

COLUMBUS. (*Left hand holding the staff of flag of Spain; sword in right hand.*) In the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, I take possession of this land!

CURTAIN

NOTE: In Act II of this play are used several quotations from the poem, "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller.

POEMS

LANDFALL

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

"The Pinta made the signal of seeing land, which was first discovered by Rodrigo de Triana at about two leagues from the ship."
—From the narrative of Ferdinand Columbus.

Rodrigo de Triana—
His name is all we know
Except that near the dawning,
Five hundred years ago,
It was his eye that sighted
That slender shining strand—
A silver tongue of moonlight—
And his the shout of "Land!"

Then boomed the Pinta's cannon!
Then swift across the dark
From the commander's vessel
New torches caught the spark;
And black groups in the moonlight
Strained eager, doubting eyes,
As sailors swarmed the crosstrees
Against the brightening skies.

He thought he saw the Indies
Of silk and spice and gold;
And swaggered as, thrice over,

His braggart luck he told;
But never one who listened,
Who thought he saw so clear,
Guessed that their own Rodrigo
Had glimpsed a hemisphere!

THE DISCOVERY

BY J. C. SQUIRE

There was an Indian, who had known no change,
Who strayed content along a sunlit beach
Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
Commingle noise; looked up; and gasped for speech.
For in the bay, where nothing was before,
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,
With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,
And fluttering coloured signs and clambering crews.

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

THE YOUNG COLUMBUS

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

The little son of the weaver went up and down the room -
Two paces out, two paces back, to the drone of the driving
loom.

His hands were deft with the shuttle, but his fancy wandered free—

He was full of an old, old wonder: What lies beyond the sea?

In the open door of the cottage he saw a picture framed—
The sweep of the waters wide and blue when the western skyline
flamed,

With a golden pathway shining when the sun was very low.
He shaded his eyes to watch it: Where does the bright way go?

Down on the wharves at evening he marked the turning tide,
The long waves pulling outward slow, the water surging wide,
Forever drawn to the distance, and restless evermore.
He sat and mused in the twilight: What of that other shore?

The little son of the weaver wove on, the long years through,
And, watching still and wondering still, to manhood's stature
grew;
He traced with trembling finger dry scroll and map and chart.
What lies beyond the sea? he said, the old dream in his heart.

The long tides swung to seaward, the wind drew to the west.
He gathered ships for his going because he could not rest.
The white sails filled and fluttered; the old shores dimmed behind;
He set his course unflinching for the goal that he must find.

America, my country! the years are very long,
But still we lift our praise today, and still we sing our song
For him, the weaver's little son, who questioned wistfully:
What's over on the other side? What lies beyond the sea?

OVERSIGHT

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Columbus came from Italy—
Columbus went to Spain—
Columbus sailed a savage sea
For glory and for gain.

He dreamed of charting Europe's trade—
He dreamed they'd make a fuss
And knight him—but he never made
A single dream of us.

He drove a stern determined prow
For pepper and for tea—
But never gave a thought to how
Important *we* should be!

ON THE DEFEAT OF A GREAT MAN

BY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE LORD

Fallen? How fallen? States and empires fall;
O'er towers and rock-built walls,
And perished nations, floods to tempests call
With hollow sound along the sea of time:
The great man never falls.
He lives, he towers aloft, he stands sublime:
They fall who give him not
The honor here that suits his future name,—
They die and are forgot.

O Giant loud and blind! the great man's fame
Is his own shadow, and not cast by thee,—

A shadow that shall grow
As down the heaven of time the sun descends,
And on the world shall throw
His god-like image, till it sinks where blends
Time's dim horizon with Eternity.

COLUMBUS

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Yesterday we sailed due west, which was our course.
—Log of Columbus

He held his course—he faced due west
In spite of dread and mystery;
He missed the object of his quest,
But wrote his name in history.

If, resolute when ways are dim,
We hold our course, however bleak,
Who knows but we may find, like him,
A something better than we seek?

BOOB BALLADS

Chris the Nut

BY BERTON BRALEY

A Boob blew in from Genoa, and what a laugh we had,
It got about the dumb-bell lout was pretty nearly mad;

He said the earth was like a ball—now whaddyuh think of
that?

When all the really clever folks have shown us it is flat!

He said he'd sail around it—oh gee, we nearly died,
 Asking him how his ship would stick upon the under side.

We tried to kid him out of it, the simple rustic rube,
 But what can you do with such a guy—no use, a Boob's a
 Boob!

* * *

And when he found another world beyond the ocean's rim,
 The wise guys said, "The lucky stiff—a perfect Boob like him!"

Q. E. D.

BY DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Columbus had a thesis, and
 The core of it was clear:
 "By sailing west one reaches east
 Around this cosmic sphere."
 And all the time he didn't know
 America was here.

Columbus had a theorem
 He started out to prove—
 He headed west as if his ship
 Went sliding in a groove,
 And stumbled on this continent
 Because it didn't move.

Columbus had a vision, and
 He proved his dreaming true
 (It didn't change his premise to
 Discover something new)
 And that is all that any man
 Can ever hope to do!

Columbus proved a thing or two
A lot of years ago
And when again he went to Spain
(Of course I do not *know*
But I *suspect*) Columbus said,
“Ahem! . . . I told you so.”

ESSAYS

GREATEST OF DISCOVERERS

BY EMILIO CASTELAR

The name of Columbus suggests mysterious analogies to all those redeemers who owe their influence on humanity, and their renown throughout the ages, to suffering and sacrifice. Fortunate, thrice fortunate was the Genoese mariner in the attainment of his ambition. While yet in the full maturity of his powers, long before the infirmities of age had begun their blighting inroads, he lifted the veil from a new and beautiful world. True, after Columbus had brought America to light he did not grasp the significance and full extent of his achievement; nor would blind fate consent to the linking of his immortal name with his discovery, reserving that well-earned honor to a pilot of inferior merit. But, as if to make amends for this, he leaves in the background of fame all other navigators whose names are written in the priceless annals of discovery. . . .

When Columbus, greatest of discoverers, appears at last, in an era when the intellects of men are ripening, and when mind and nature are becoming reconciled under the influence of religious and scientific reformation, his personality stands out in such exact proportions, drawn in colors so bright, that it can never be confounded with another, or be hidden behind the glamorous mists that hang around other prominent historic characters who, less fortunate, have never with all their worth, risen so high as Columbus rose, nor won what he won—universal remembrance and recognition.

HIS SOUL WAXED STRONG AND HEROIC**BY JOHN L. SPALDING**

In the wholesome air of poverty, living from boyhood upon the ever-moving wave, in rude conflicts with the elements, buffeted by storms and with frequent noise of battle around him, his soul waxed strong and heroic. His cradle was rocked by the side of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. From the hills of Genoa, with their Alpine background of eternal snow, his young eyes looked out upon the white sails and saw them fade away southward, while his heart followed after them. And later, in the silent watches of the night, clinging to the mast, or leaning over the dark mysterious waters, what dreams have come to solace him! what vague forebodings of the task which God had set him! His father may comb wool; he will seek the golden fleece . . . and he will find a New World deep hidden through the ages and guarded by dragons of more horrid shape than those which affrighted the imaginations of the heroes who sailed with Jason in the good ship Argo.

The greatest men stand out from their fellows, and the character of their age and other environment throw but a partial and uncertain light upon the causes which make them what they are. However favorable to the appearance of the great poet the England of Elizabeth's day may have been, we are left in the dark when we come to ask ourselves why an untutored country boy, growing up in an obscure corner, remote from the busy haunts of men, should among millions be the only mind capable of endowing with immortal life the Middle Ages, when they were about to dissolve and disappear before the breath of the modern world. Genius, like sanctity and heroism, remains forever marvellous and inexplicable. Its vesture, woven in the looms of time, we may behold; but the eternal Infinite, whence it draws its inspiration and its power, throws about it deep

clouds of mystery which we can penetrate only by the fitful gleam of the lightning flash. . . . We see the parts; we see what is done; he beholds the boundless possible, which whispers from infinity, asking to be done; we tread the beaten path of dull routine; he leads to fresh thoughts . . . or sails away to discover new worlds.*

THE GREATEST EDUCATOR WHO EVER LIVED

(FROM *The New York Herald-Tribune*)

The voyage of Columbus was a protest against the ignorance of the mediaeval age. The discovery of the New World was the first sign of the real renaissance of the Old World. It created new heavens and a new earth, broadened immeasurably the horizon of men and nations, and transformed the whole order of European thought. Columbus was the greatest educator who ever lived, for he emancipated mankind from the narrowness of its own ignorance, and taught the great lesson that human destiny, like divine mercy, arches over the whole world. If a perspective of four centuries of progress could have floated like a mirage before the eyes of the great discoverer as he was sighting San Salvador, the American school-house would have loomed up as the greatest institution of the New World's future. Behind him he had left mediaeval ignorance encumbered with superstition, and paralyzed by an ecclesiastical pedantry which passed for learning. Before him lay a new world with the promise of the potency of civil and religious liberty, free education, and popular enlightenment. Because the school-house, like his own voyage, has been a protest against popular ignorance, and has done more than anything else to make our free America what it is, it would have towered above everything else in the mirage-like vision of the world's progress.**

* From an article, *Columbus* In *Catholic World*. By permission of the publisher

** By permission, *The New York Herald Tribune*

THE FAITH THAT SAVED COLUMBUS

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

It was faith that saved Columbus. It was faith that made him true to his purpose during those long waiting years—not mere human faith in the things of sight, in those concrete evidences of the strange, unknown world which the billows of the sea had brought, but a stronger belief that God . . . and St. Michael, who had conquered the demon, and St. George, who had vanquished worse monsters than those of the Atlantic, were with him. . . .

He was a man in a million, an apostle, a prophet, a seer.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC MAKES PAYMENT TOWARDS COLUMBUS MEMORIAL LIGHTHOUSE

From the *Bulletin* of the Pan American Union, November, 1938

On September 27, 1938, the Dominican Republic became the first country to make an actual appropriation towards construction of the Columbus Memorial Lighthouse when Dr. Andrés Pastoriza, Minister to the United States, deposited with Dr. L. S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan American Union, an initial contribution of \$2,098.13. This is the first of four annual payments that the Republic will make in accordance with a report recently adopted by the Governing Board of the Pan American Union recommending that \$1,500,000 be contributed by the American Republics, towards construction of the monument, this sum to be distributed proportionately among the governments on the basis of population. The report also recommended that the sums corresponding to each government be paid in four annual installments, payments to begin in 1938, in view of the plan to complete the lighthouse by 1942 so that it

may be inaugurated on October 12 of that year, the 450th anniversary of the discovery of America. The government of El Salvador recently announced its willingness to contribute the sum assigned to it in the report, but the Dominican Republic is the first country to make an actual payment.

Continental approbation of the project to erect a monument to the memory of Columbus in the Dominican Republic was first obtained at the Fifth International Conference of American States, which met at Santiago, Chile, in 1923. As set forth in a resolution of the Santiago Conference, and as reiterated in the resolutions approved at succeeding conferences, most recently at the Buenos Aires Peace Conference of 1936, it is contemplated that the monument shall be erected with the co-operation of all the republics of the Western Hemisphere. In the United States, approval of the project was signified in a concurrent resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives which declared that "it is the desire of the people of the United States to participate in this movement to honor the memory of the great navigator and discoverer."

The monument will be built at Punta Torrecilla, just outside of Ciudad Trujillo (formerly called Santo Domingo), the capital of the Dominican Republic and the oldest permanent European settlement in the New World. The remains of Columbus now buried in the cathedral of Ciudad Trujillo, will be removed to a special repository beneath the center of the cross.

AN ACTIVITY AND A LESSON

A COLUMBUS PROCESSION

BY EDNA FORTSCH

My pupils were studying about Columbus in history class. In art class they made illustrations of scenes from the life of Columbus, and then decided to make a large picture of the procession formed when Columbus returned from his first voyage to the New World.

For their picture, the children pasted together seven sheets of manila paper 18 x 24 inches, making a long panel. All the drawing was done free-hand, with soft chalk.

Columbus on his horse was drawn first, in about the middle of the panel. In front of him were sailors carrying stuffed birds, gold ornaments, and banners of red and gold. In front of the sailors were six Indians with bright head-dresses, carrying trinkets. At the far right of the panel were the king and queen, sitting under a canopy of red and gold. Back of Columbus were more sailors with banners, and, following them, some Spanish soldiers.

After the figures were drawn, they were painted with easel paints. Next the cobblestone street was painted in with light gray, so that there would be a contrast between the street and the figures. In the background, houses were drawn and painted in light colors. Red and gold flags were shown waving from windows of some of the houses.

When the figures and objects were finished, they were outlined in black. Strips of black construction paper 4 inches

wide were pasted around the back of the picture, forming a 3-inch black border.

A LESSON FOR COLUMBUS DAY

BY RUSSELL L. CONNELLEY

I. Aim.

To become familiar with the life and work of Christopher Columbus.

II. Outline for study.

A. Parentage.

1. Nationality of parents.
2. Occupation of parents.

B. Date and place of Columbus' birth.

C. Boyhood of Columbus.

D. Education.

1. His liking for geography and astronomy.
2. Continued study outside of school.

E. First experiences as a sailor.

F. Columbus in Portugal.

1. Marriage.
2. Maps and charts.
3. Columbus and Toscanelli.

G. Westward to the East.

1. Need for a new trade route.
2. The earth as Columbus thought it to be.
 - a) Size.
 - b) Shape.
3. Getting aid for the voyage.
 - a) Difficulties encountered and the reasons for these difficulties.
 - b) Different attempts made.
 - c) Ultimate success attained by persistent effort.

4. The voyage.
 - a) Actual dangers encountered.
 - b) The fears of the sailors and their attitude toward Columbus.
5. The discovery of America.
 - a) Date of discovery.
 - b) Importance of discovery.
6. The return to Spain.

H. His other voyages to the New World.

I. Later life of Columbus.

1. Importance of discovery not realized.
2. The death of Columbus.

III. Suggested pupil activities.

1. Locate the birthplace of Columbus.
2. Make a map showing the route followed by Columbus on each of his four voyages to the New World.
3. Compare the "Santa Maria" with a modern steamship as to size.
4. Find pictures of ships such as were used at the time of Columbus.
5. Compare the voyage of Columbus with a similar voyage today as to time required.
6. Read the poem, "Columbus," written by Joaquin Miller.
7. Prepare a paper on one or more of the following subjects:
 - a) Superstitions of Columbus' Day.
 - b) Getting Aid for the Voyage.
 - c) Why Columbus Succeeded.
 - d) First Glimpse of Land.
 - e) Columbus in the New World.
 - f) The Return to Spain.
8. Make posters to illustrate some phase of the work of Columbus or some incident in his life.

IV. Completion test.

Fill the blanks in the following statements with the word or words needed to complete the meaning.

1. Christopher Columbus was born in —, Italy.
2. In school, Columbus was especially fond of the study of — and —.
3. The capture of — by the — in the year — made the people of Europe anxious to find a new trade route to the East.
4. Columbus believed that the earth was —.
5. Columbus received aid for his voyage from — and —, the king and queen of —.
6. The king and queen could not help him for a time because they were engaged in a war with the —.
7. The names of Columbus' ships were — —, —, and —.
8. The date the voyage began was — —, —.
9. The place from which he set sail was —, —.
10. The date of the discovery of America was — —, —.
11. Columbus called the natives of America — because he thought he had reached —.
12. He named the island where he landed — — —, which means — —.
13. The American natives thought that the white men were —.
14. Columbus made — voyages in all to the New World.

KEY TO TEST

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Genoa | 3. Constantinople, Turks, |
| 2. geography, astronomy | 1453 |

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 4. round | 9. Palos, Spain |
| 5. Ferdinand, Isabella, Spain | 10. October 12, 1492 |
| 6. Moors | 11. Indians, India |
| 7. "Santa Maria," "Pinta,"
"Niña" | 12. San Salvador, Holy Savior |
| 8. August 3, 1492 | 13. gods |
| | 14. four |

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